

MARCH 1987

\$2.00

The Atlantic

FICTION BY JAY MCINERNEY / HOLLY BRUBACH ON TWYLA THARP

THE IMPORTANCE OF PLAY

BY BRUNO BETTELHEIM



248*****3-DIGIT 757
690976 LAB A0000098 144B JAN88
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIB
1000-001
PO BOX 111
BIG SANDY TX 75755

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GIVE A TRADITIONAL DRINK A WHOLE NEW SPIRIT.

Nobody blinks when soda pours into a tumbler of whiskey.

It's a tradition. Safe, comfortable (yawn), the same old thing.

Rum and soda, ahhh. Now there's a refreshing idea. Especially if it's one of the rums from Puerto Rico.

They're the only ones that are aged by law, for a minimum of one year. So

smoothness is assured.

A gold rum from Puerto Rico not only feels good going down, it delights any taste-bud it happens to meet on the way.

Treat a world-class rum as you would any world-class whiskey. Try it with soda. Or on the rocks.

You won't really be breaking tradition. Just bending it.

THE SPIRIT YOU'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR.

RUMS OF PUERTO RICO



ARTICLES

- 35 THE IMPORTANCE OF PLAY** **BRUNO BETTELHEIM**
The most normal and competent child encounters what seem like insurmountable problems in living. Play is a child's best tool for coping with those problems and preparing himself for the future and its tasks.
- 58 THE GAME'S STILL AFOOT** **CAIT MURPHY**
"The rule of the game is that it must be played as solemnly as a county cricket match at Lord's," Dorothy Sayers once wrote. The game is Sherlockian scholarship, and in recent years it has taken a new turn.

REPORTS & COMMENT

- 14 NOTES: THE IDS OF MARCH** **TIMOTHY FOOTE**
- 16 EAST ASIA:
GRADGRIND'S HEIRS** **JAMES FALLOWS**
- 24 WASHINGTON:
THE ZAP GAP** **CHUCK DE CARO**
- 30 DEVELOPMENT:
THE LESSONS OF BHOPAL** **FERGUS M. BORDEWICH**

FICTION

- 47 THE YEAR OF GETTING TO KNOW US** **ETHAN CANIN**
- 68 SMOKE** **JAY MCINERNEY**

POETRY

- 43 THE VERY FIRST
DREAM OF MORNING** **ROBERT SIEGEL**

- 52 STRAWBERRYING** **MAY SWENSON**

- 74 IN PRAISE OF THE POTATO** **DAVID WILLIAM**

BOOKS

- 90 A COUNTRY OF THE MIND** **JACK BEATT**
Reagan's America by Garry Wills
- 92 PRESENT AT THE DISASTER** **WALTER LA FEBER**
The Closest of Enemies by Wayne S. Smith
- 94 BRIEF REVIEWS** **PHOEBE-LOU ADAM**

OTHER DEPARTMENTS

- 4 CONTRIBUTORS**
- 6 LETTERS TO THE EDITOR**
- 12 THE MARCH ALMANAC**
- 67 FIRST ENCOUNTERS** **EDWARD SOREI
AND NANCY CALDWELL SOREI**
- 83 MUSIC: AMERICAN
SOUNDINGS** **WILLIAM H. YOUNGREN**
- 86 DANCE: TWYLA THARP'S RETURN** **HOLLY BRUBACK**
- 96 ACROSTIC NO. 20** **DOROTHY OSBORNE**
- 99 THE PUZZLER** **EMILY COX AND HENRY RATHVON**
- 100 WORD WATCH** **ANNE H. SOUKHANOV**

Cover illustration by André François



Subscriptions: 1 Year \$9.95,
2 Years \$15.95, 3 Years \$29.95
in the United States and its possessions;
\$3.00 additional per year in Canada;
\$5.00 additional per year elsewhere.
Address all subscription correspondence
to Atlantic Subscription Processing Center
Box 2547, Boulder, Colorado 80322
(800) 525-0643
In Colorado 1-447-9330

Printed in the U.S.A.
Copyright © 1987, by
The Atlantic Monthly Company
(ISSN 0276-9077) All rights reserved

Advertising sales:
599 Lexington Avenue
New York, New York 10022
(212) 326-5350

Atlanta (404) 435-1681
Lagomarsino & Dempsey

Chicago (312) 527-2707
James Sheridan

Detroit (313) 626-6704
Nicolette Phillips

Public relations:
Richard L. Plepler
RLP Incorporated
(212) 688-4058
445 Park Avenue
New York, New York 10022

The Atlantic March 1987
Vol. 259 No. 3

Published monthly by
The Atlantic Monthly Company
8 Arlington Street
Boston, Massachusetts 02116

Second-class postage paid at
Boston, Toronto, and additional
mailing offices

Unsolicited manuscripts will
be returned *only* if accompanied
by a return envelope and
adequate postage

Postmaster:
Send address changes to
The Atlantic
Box 2546, Boulder, Colorado 8032

B · O · E · H · M



THE SCREECH OWL IN PORCELAIN AND BRONZE

An investment in beauty

Boehm Porcelains (pronounced "Beam"), of New Jersey and Malvern, England, are exhibited in 119 museums, royal palaces and embassies including The White House, Smithsonian Institution, Metropolitan Museum of Art, Buckingham Palace, Elysee Palace, and The Vatican. Our last eight presidents have presented Boehm Porcelains to visiting heads of state.

The Screech Owl is the first in a collection of North American Owls by Boehm. By joining the delicacy of porcelain with the nobility and strength of pure bronze, the Studio has revived an art form that has an ancient history of more than 2,000 years.

To achieve the detail that has been the trademark of the Boehm Studio demands skilled craftsmanship — from design to sculpturing, casting, clay assembly, first firing, hand-painting, and multiple color firings.

Should you wish to call in your order: Toll-free 1-800-222-0994. In New Jersey call collect: 609-392-2207. Delivery in three to four weeks. You may return the Owl for full reimbursement or credit for any reason within thirty days of the billing date.

Screech Owl in Porcelain and Bronze

Edward Marshall Boehm, Inc.
P.O. Box 5051, Trenton, New Jersey 08638

- ☐ Accept my order for the Boehm Screech Owl. I need send no money now and will be billed in three equal monthly installments of \$45* beginning with shipment of my Owl.
- ☐ I prefer a single billing of \$135.*

I understand that delivery will be three to four weeks from receipt of my order and that I may return the Owl for full reimbursement or credit for any reason within thirty days of the billing date.

*For New York and New Jersey residents we will add state sales tax where applicable.

Signature _____

Mr./Mrs./Ms. _____

Address _____

City _____ Tel: () _____

State _____ Zip _____

- ☐ I would like to be advised of other owls in the Boehm Collection.

26-3

CONTRIBUTORS

BRUNO BETTELHEIM ("The Importance of Play") is the Distinguished Service Professor Emeritus of Education, Psychology, and Psychiatry at the University of Chicago, and the Visiting Professor Emeritus of Education, Psychiatry, and the Behavioral Sciences at Stanford University. He is also a senior research fellow of the Hoover Institution. Bettelheim, who was born in Austria, studied psychology and philosophy at the University of Vienna, from which he received a Ph.D. in 1938. He came to the United States in 1939 and subsequently became a professor of educational psychology—and later of psychology and psychiatry, as well—at the University of Chicago. He retired as the head of the university's Sonia Shankman Orthogenic School, a residential laboratory school for emotionally disturbed children, in 1973. Bettelheim's article in this issue of *The Atlantic Monthly* was drawn from his new book, *A Good Enough Parent: A Book on Child-Rearing*, which will be published in May.

ANDRÉ FRANÇOIS (cover artist) was born in Romania in 1915 and attended the École des Beaux Arts in Budapest. He has been a citizen of France since 1939. A retrospective exhibition of François's work was held last year at the Palais de Tokyo, in Paris, and a book about his life and work, *André François*, will be published in the United States this month.

CAIT MURPHY ("The Game's Still Afoot") is an assistant city editor of *The Burlington Free Press*, in Vermont, and was previously an assistant editor of *Policy Review*, published by the Heritage Foundation, in Washington, D.C. She is a 1983 graduate of Amherst College.

TIMOTHY FOOTE ("The Ids of March") is an editor at *Smithsonian* and a former senior editor of *Time*. Foote is the author of *The World of Peter Bruegel* (1968) and *The Great Ringtail Garbage Caper* (1980).

JAMES FALLOWS ("East Asia: Gradgrind's Heirs"), *The Atlantic's* Washington editor, is currently based in Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia. Fallows will be reporting for the magazine from Asia during the next eighteen months.

CHUCK DE CARO ("Washington: The Zap Gap") is the founder of Sea Aerospace Ground Evaluations, a news agency specializing in defense and high-technology issues, and a consultant to Cable News Network, where he was previously a special-assignments correspondent.

FERGUS M. BORDEWICH ("Development: The Lessons of Bhopal") has written about political and social change in developing countries for *The New York Times Magazine*, *Harper's*, and *Geo*, as well as for *The Atlantic*. He is at work on two books—one on modern perceptions of ancient Greece, the other on his experiences as a resident adviser to the Chinese national news agency, Xinhua.

ETHAN CANIN ("The Year of Getting to Know Us") is a third-year medical student at Harvard Medical School. His story in this issue, as well as two previous stories in *The Atlantic*, will appear in a forthcoming collection.

JAY MCINERNEY ("Smoke") is the author of the novels *Bright Lights*, *Big City* (1984) and *Ransom* (1985). He is at work on a third novel.

ROBERT SIEGEL ("The Very First Dream of Morning") is a professor of English at the University of Wisconsin. Siegel is the author of several novels and volumes of poetry, including *In a Pig's Eye* (1980).

MAY SWENSON ("Strawberrying") was born in Logan, Utah, in 1919. She is the author of many books of poetry, including *Another Animal* (1954), which was her first, and *New & Selected Things Taking Place*, published in 1978 by the Atlantic Monthly Press. Her new book, *In Other Words*, will be published this fall. Swenson has received numerous awards for her work, including the Bollingen Prize in poetry from Yale University in 1981.

DAVID WILLIAMS ("In Praise of the Potato") is an adjunct professor of English at Worcester State College, in Massachusetts.

JACK BEATTY ("A Country of the Mind") is a senior editor of *The Atlantic*.

WALTER LAFEVER ("Present at the Disaster") is the Noll Professor of History at Cornell University, where he has taught since 1960. He is the author of *Inevitable Revolutions: The United States in Central America* (1984).

PHOEBE-LOU ADAMS (Brief Review) is a staff writer for *The Atlantic*.

EDWARD SOREL and NANCY CALDWELL SOREL (First Encounters) live in New York City. Edward Sorel has been a free-lance illustrator since 1957. He is the author of *Making the World Safe for Hypocrisy* (1972) and the illustrator of many other books, including *Word People* (1970), written by his wife. Nancy Caldwell Sorel's second book, *Ever Since Eve*, was published in 1984.

WILLIAM H. YOUNGREN ("America Soundings") teaches English at Boston College. Youngren also is pursuing a doctorate in musicology at Brandeis University.

HOLLY BRUBACH ("Twyla Tharp's Return") is a staff writer for *The Atlantic*.

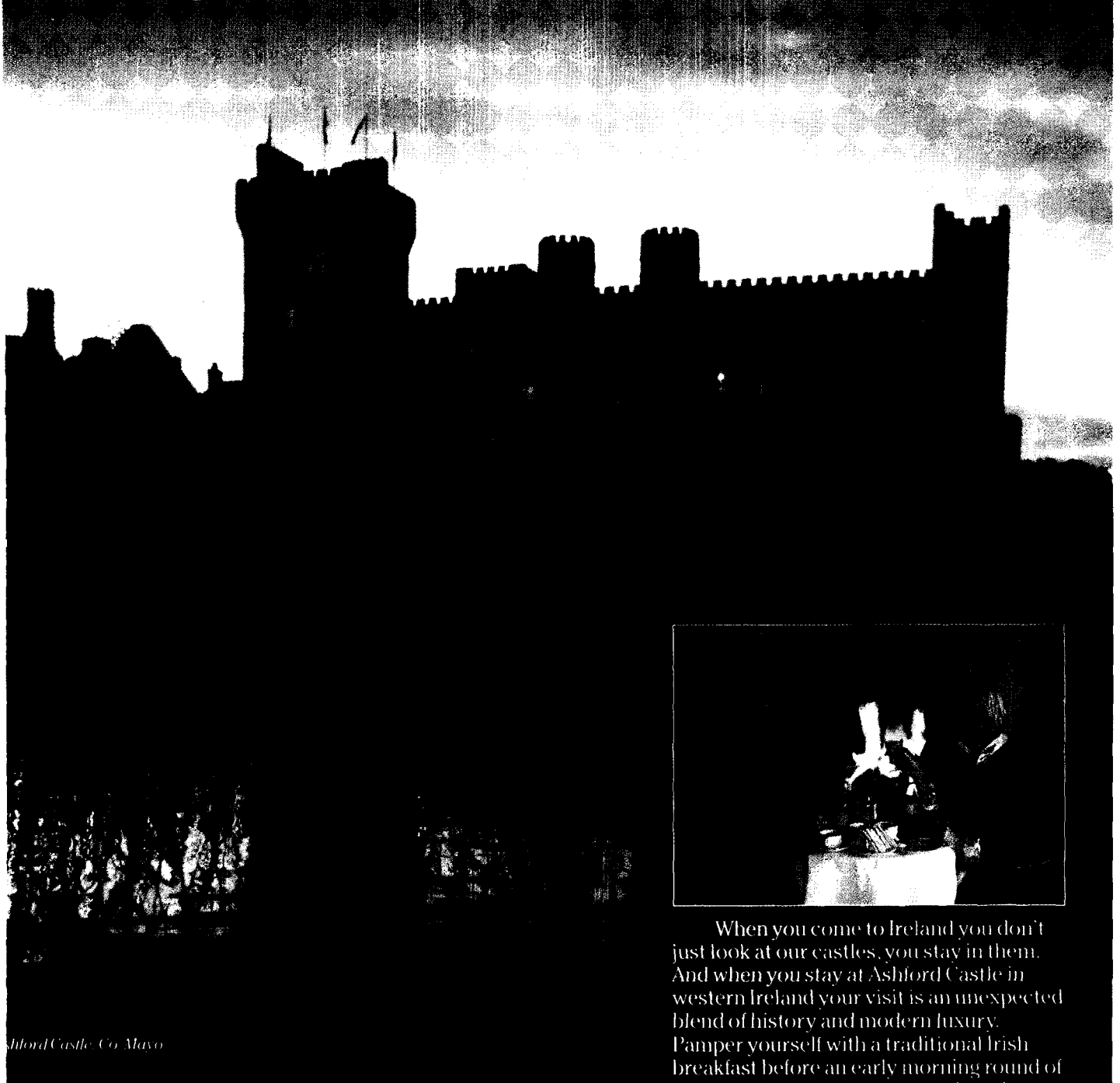
DOROTHY OSBORNE (Acrostic No. 20) crafts puzzles at her home in Hershey, Pennsylvania.

EMILY COX and HENRY RATHVOI (The Puzzler) are the authors of *The Atlantic Monthly Puzzler Book* (1986).

ANNE H. SOUKHANOV (Word Watch) is an executive editor of the trade and reference division of Houghton Mifflin, publishers of *The American Heritage Dictionary*.

The March Almanac was compiled with the assistance of Gail Cleere and the staff of the U.S. Naval Observatory; Thomas Exter, a senior editor of *American Demographics*; the U.S. Centers for Disease Control; the U.S. Bureau of Engraving and Printing; the Philatelic Affairs department of the U.S. Postal Service; David Blankinship, a research biologist with the National Audubon Society; Daniel Litwak, the research director of *Supermarket Business* magazine; and The Academy of Motion Picture Arts & Sciences.

Greet the Irish morning from your room in an Irish castle.



Ashford Castle, Co. Mayo



When you come to Ireland you don't just look at our castles, you stay in them. And when you stay at Ashford Castle in western Ireland your visit is an unexpected blend of history and modern luxury. Pamper yourself with a traditional Irish breakfast before an early morning round of golf. Or take a sunset cruise on Lough Corrib, the much-fabled lake that this thirteenth-century castle was built to guard. And after you've worked up an appetite exploring the surrounding countryside, you'll find some of the best seafood in Ireland here in County Mayo.

Please send me your free book
"Ireland. The Unexpected Pleasures."

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Mail to:  **Irish Tourist Board**
P.O. Box 7728, Woodside, NY 11377
Or call 1-800-722-5000

AT 3007

IRELAND

The unexpected pleasures.

The Atlantic

Editor

WILLIAM WHITWORTH

Washington Editor

JAMES FALLOWS

Senior Editors

JACK BEATTY, C. MICHAEL CURTIS

Managing Editor

CULLEN MURPHY

Art Director

JUDY GARLAN

National Correspondent

NICHOLAS LEMANN

Associate Editors

PETER DAVISON (poetry),
CORBY KUMMER, DEBORAH MCGILL,
SUE PARILLA, MARTHA SPAULDING,
BARBARA WALLRAFF

Staff Writers

PHOEBE-LOU ADAMS, HOLLY BRUBACH

Assistant Art Director

RHODA GUBERNICK

Staff Editors

MAUREEN BROWN, LINDA GREGERSON,
ERIC HAAS, LUCIE PRINZ

Assistants to the Editors

AVRIL CORNEL, ROBERTA GIGNAC,
AMY HALLISSEY, DEBORAH HOFFENBERG,
LISA MIRABILE,
KAREN SONTAG (archivist), LISÉ STERN

Editorial Promotion Manager

SARAH FINNIE ROCKWELL

Contributing Editors

ROY BLOUNT, JR., GREGG EASTERBROOK,
SEYMOUR M. HERSH,
TRACY KIDDER, MICHAEL LENEHAN,
JAMES ALAN MCPHERSON,
CONOR CRUISE O'BRIEN, DAVID OWEN,
THOMAS POWERS, SANFORD J. UNGAR

Editor Emeritus

EDWARD WEEKS



Chairman

MORTIMER B. ZUCKERMAN

Vice Chairman and Chief Executive Officer

FRED DRASNER

President

WILLIAM ANDERSON

Operations

ROBIN JOHNSON, Vice President
KIMBERLY KILLINGER, Business Manager
MARC G. JACOB, Circulation Director
JAMES GILLMAN, Vice President, Manufacturing
JAN MORRIS, Production Manager
JOSEPH O'CONNELL, Production Director Emeritus

Advertising

JAYNE YOUNG, Vice President
JAMES SHERIDAN, Associate Publisher
ANN WALLACE, Marketing Director
VANESSA REED-STAGLIANO, Promotion Director
ORIN KENNEDY GREENE, Research Director
PAULA ANASTASIO, WILLIAM BAIRD,
ROBERT CONNERY, WALLACE B. GREENE,
ELIZABETH MURTAGH, DEBRA SCHNEIDER

Editorial and Production Office

8 Arlington Street / Boston, Mass. 02116

Business Office

2400 N Street, N.W./Washington, D.C. 20037

Advertising Office

599 Lexington Avenue / New York, N.Y. 10022

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

MEESE VERSUS MADISON

In his otherwise excellent study of the framers' original intent ("Mr. Meese, Meet Mr. Madison," December *Atlantic*), Jack N. Rakove yields much too readily to Attorney General Meese's parameters of debate, namely, the "unamended" Constitution. Any focus limited to the original document may be good right-wing politics, but it is not accurate history.

Meese's history, shored up by Rehnquistian scholarship, centers on the framers' understanding of the relationship between government and religion. Government, the constitutional revisionists hold, may support religion in general, so long as it does not favor one sect over another. Madison would have been appalled, but, as Rakove correctly observes, the opinion of one framer, even the chief architect of the governing provision, does not necessarily reflect either the original intent of all the framers or the popular understanding of the times.

Meese's "unamended" Constitution, however, cannot long be separated from the demand of a consensus of the ratifying States for a bill of rights to limit the powers of government. Indeed, and notwithstanding his own concerns about singling out certain rights for constitutional recognition, the exigencies of Madison's campaign for Congress forced him to take the lead in drafting the first articles of amendment in the House of Representatives.

In the matter of governmental support of religion, much of the First Congress's original intent may be gleaned from what it refused to adopt. After the House approved a religion clause that read, "Congress shall make no law establishing religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; nor shall the rights of conscience be infringed," the very first motion in the Senate would have adopted Meese's neutral-support policy: "Congress shall make no law establishing one religious sect or society in preference to others." This motion failed, however, as did an attempt to adopt a substitute providing that "Congress shall not make any law infringing the rights of conscience, or establishing any religious sect or society." Finally, the

reference to "rights of conscience" was stricken from the House version.

Whatever else the First Congress may have intended when it adopted the Bill of Rights, it seems fairly clear that it did not mean for government to play any role, neutral or otherwise, in the support of religion. Scholars Meese and Rehnquist should take note.

RALPH H. BROCK

Lubbock, Texas

Jack N. Rakove may believe that the Framers "dangers of allowing lawyers to meddle with history," but his article better demonstrates the dangers of historians' meddling with law. Professor Rakove takes issue with Attorney General Meese's call for a "jurisprudence of original intention" on the grounds that this approach to constitutional interpretation is at odds with the views of the Founding Fathers, or at least with those of James Madison, the subject of Professor Rakove's new book.

An original-intention jurisprudence does not stand or fall on our ability to divine the personal intentions of James Madison or any other particular framer. Indeed, Mr. Meese agrees with Madison's position as described in the article—that "in trying to interpret the Constitution, the judge . . . should defer to the popular understanding of the Constitution that prevailed at the time of its ratification. It is the 'original intention' of the document itself, not the subjective aims and intentions of those involved in writing and ratifying it, that should be the guide in expounding the Constitution.

DWIGHT G. RABUSE

Office of Public Affairs

U.S. Department of Justice

Washington, D.C.

Jack N. Rakove replies:

Fidelity to the "original intention" of the Constitution seems a simple enough rule of interpretation until one asks what it means in practice. Mr. Rabuse endorses the idea that "the popular understanding of the Constitution" circa 1789 should limit the reach of judicial interpretation. But then he tells us that what matters is the original text itself, and not what the framers and ratifiers thought they were adopting. All the interesting questions of interpretation, however,

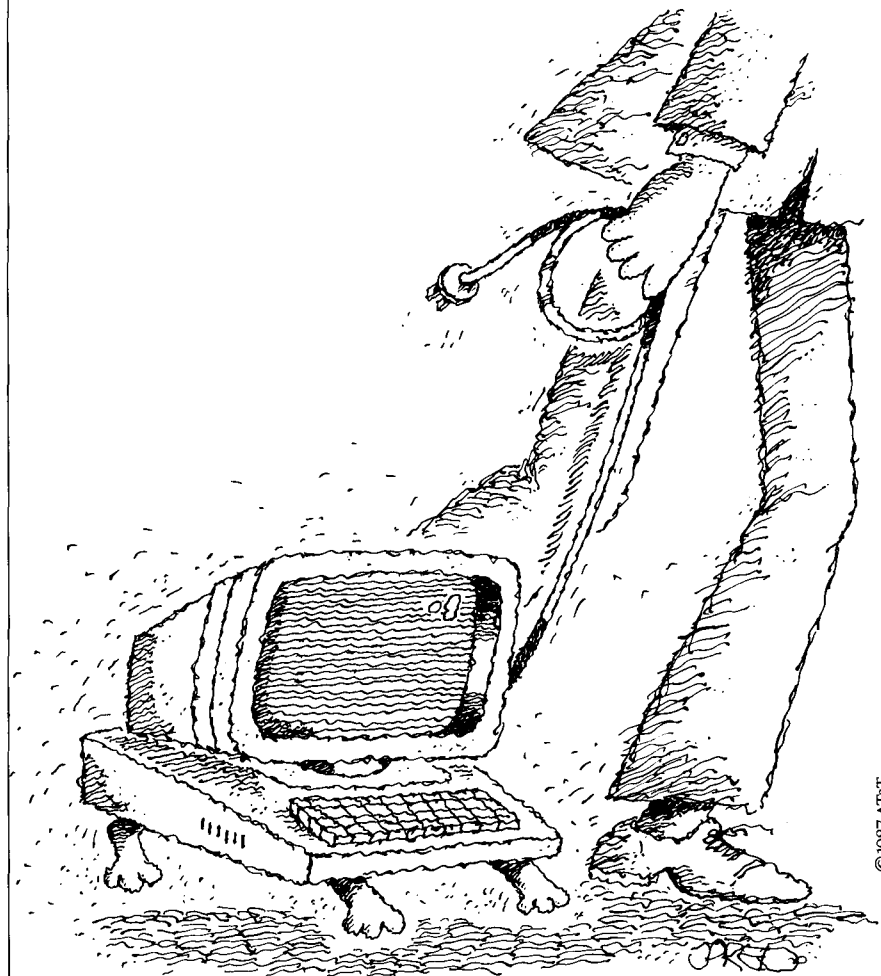
The paradox of power.

The Information Age, for all its potential, has brought with it a new kind of problem. Often, the machines that contribute so much to the flood of information do little to help most of us cope with it. They are difficult to use, rigid in their demands, almost arrogant in their inability to work with any but their own kind. They are the muscle-bound tools of specialists.

In our view, the problem is not that the machines are too powerful for the rest of us. They are not powerful enough.

This is the paradox of power: the more powerful the machine, the less power it exerts over the person using it. We define a more powerful machine as one that is more capable of bending to the will of humans, rather than having humans bend to its will. The definition is deeply ingrained in AT&T. The telephone is such a powerful device precisely because it demands so little of its user.

AT&T foresees the day when the Information Age will become universal. People everywhere will participate in a worldwide Telecommunity. They will be able to handle information in any form—conversation, data, images, text—as easily as they now make a phone call.



© 1987 AT&T

That day is coming closer. One example: scientists at AT&T Bell Laboratories are developing "associative" memories for computers, further enabling the machines to work with incomplete, imprecise, or even contradictory information. That's perfectly natural for a human. What makes it a breakthrough is that these computers won't ask you to be anything else.

Telecommunity is our goal.
Technology is our means.

We are committed to leading the way.



arise in areas where the meaning of the Constitution is not self-evident. And here I remain at a loss to understand how one can tell what the Constitution originally meant without probing the "subjective aims and intentions" of Madison and his contemporaries—with all the difficulties, evidentiary and even epistemological, that that search entails, and that my article sought to explore.

A QUESTION OF NAMES

Please remind Nicholas Lemann ("England, Whose England?" November *Atlantic*) that Britain cannot be equated with England. As a Canadian living among Scots, I have developed a touchiness about such things. This issue is particularly relevant in an article that purports to assess the chances of a Welshman, Labour Party leader Neil Kinnock, for becoming Prime Minister of what is properly called the United Kingdom. Though many of them are not happy about it, this union includes the citizens of Wales, Scotland, Northern Ireland, and the Isle of Man as well as

those of England. Moreover, by concentrating on issues and personalities especially prominent in the south—the residue of class divisions, a distrust of entrepreneurial ambition, the fatuous Jeffrey Archer—Lemann may leave readers with an impression of doubtful validity. "We can safely stop worrying about the British," he seems to suggest. "I have found that they are as archaic and quaint as we Americans have long suspected. Fancy that some of them even think public service more important than making money!"

Not everyone shares Lemann's apparent faith in the healing power of capitalist activity, nor would some of us judge the United States a "classless" society—even in contrast to Britain. Readers of your magazine interested in current British politics, especially the upcoming general election, deserve better.

MARK KINGWELL
Edinburgh, Scotland

Nicholas Lemann replies:

Mr. Kingwell's first point is, in general, well taken. But in this case I'm not sure that "United Kingdom, Whose United

Kingdom?" would have been an improvement over the title printed—assuming that space had been available for it. On Mr. Kingwell's more substantive count, I understand, having grown up in the American provinces, how upsetting it is to see writing about the nation concentrate on the capital. But if you're trying to summarize British politics in one reasonably short article, you have to devote the most space to the south of England, which is the national center of power and population. Also, on my trip to the north I found plenty of residue of class divisions and distrust of entrepreneurial ambition, though maybe not Jeffrey Archer.

THE HISTORICAL JESUS

Regarding Cullen Murphy's article "Who Do Men Say That I Am?" (December *Atlantic*): Interpreting Jesus Christ without spirituality is like describing the ocean without water. The dry, scholarly search for the historical Jesus may fascinate the intellect, but it will never satisfy the heart.

Here's to more, more, more, more gin taste.

GILBEY'S
DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN

Distilled London Dry Gin, 80 Proof, 100% Grain Neutral Spirits. W. & A. Gilbey, Ltd., Distr. by National Distillers Products Co., N.Y.C.

The Christ event was above all else a spiritual event, and the Gospel writers were men with highly developed spiritual perception who recorded heavenly mysteries in veiled, earthly language. Only spiritually enlightened research can penetrate the veils, reconcile the apparent contradictions in the Gospels, and truly interpret the mission of Jesus Christ for modern man.

EDWARD C. SHOPE
Seattle, Wash.

“Who Do Men Say That I Am?” is a priceless contribution to those of us who have been seeking help with this troubling topic.

HAROLD E. WISWELL
Elkhart, Ind.

TERRORISM IN CHILE

In her article “Chile: The Moral Limits of Self-Interest” (December *Atlantic*), Tina Rosenberg says nothing about the “National Accord,” the most serious proposal made by civilians for a political transition in Chile. Had she wished to illustrate the evolution of Chilean attitudes, for which she uses me as an example, she might have identified me as one of the promoters of this accord and one of the three coordinators appointed by the Cardinal.

Rosenberg also says nothing about terrorism, officially supported by the Chilean Communists and other groups of the Marxist left, or about the innocent victims of this terrorism. To understand why we, with all our democratic traditions, had, and welcomed, a military coup in 1973, she should have described the chaos that the Allende government had created in the country, as a result not of “economic pressure from the United States, or constant sabotage by the regime’s opponents,” but of mismanagement, generalized strikes, violence, and takeovers of farms and industries by members of the government coalition that was determined to impose a Marxist regime as a response to the chaos they were purposely creating.

I do not “support Pinochet” today (I left the government eleven years ago), and I do not favor a re-election of Mr. Pinochet. But it would be naive not to recognize the obstacles that organized terrorism is putting in our way.

I am glad to be described as “charming, gracious, fluent in English, well educated and well dressed” (though I

don’t go to the opera, I don’t take my children to soccer practice, and I have never lived abroad), but I strongly object to the judgment that I, and other people like me, have been “enticed to avert [our] eyes.”

FERNANDO LÉNIZ
Santiago, Chile

Tina Rosenberg replies:

The National Accord, of which Mr. Léniz was one of several sponsors, was one of the few dim signs of hope for those in Chile who want a peaceful end to the Pinochet regime. As for terrorism, no reasonable person in Chile condones it. One of the strongest arguments against Pinochet today is that incidents of violence from the left are now more and more frequent. And under him the strength of the Communist Party has grown. For Mr. Léniz to be sensitive to violence from the left but silent about the murderous excesses of the Pinochet government is symptomatic of the aversion of eyes I referred to in my article.

ADVICE & CONSENT

James Fallows (“The Far East: No-Fat City,” November *Atlantic*) rightly points to Japanese diet (and not exercise, or lack thereof) as the greatest determinant of the slim, trim Japanese physique. However, I think the answer is more complicated than the idea that “the Japanese somehow avoid getting carried away [with ingesting fat in their diets].”

The Japanese (and some other Mongoloids) are known to assimilate alcohol differently from their Western counterparts, because of differences in enzymatic makeup. Is it not possible that centuries of subsistence on a low-fat diet has induced a genetic resistance to fats which enables the Japanese to maintain their weight?

EVE KAPLAN
Tokyo, Japan

Every time I’ve had an opinion on an *Atlantic Monthly* article, a wait of a month or two has rewarded me with another person’s expression of it, but in the case of George Gilder’s article “Women in the Work Force” (September *Atlantic*), my wait was in vain.

Married women may be choosing to exploit less of their earning capacity, but the fact that they *have* a choice doesn’t

mean that the choice they *make* is unrelated to discrimination. Discrimination doesn’t end the day a woman is hired into a blue-collar job—assuming that slander, physical violence, and attempted rape may be said to matter. As a single woman who used to sail in the merchant marine for a living, I can easily understand why married women who have a choice choose not to subject themselves to the rigors (and dangers) of working “in a man’s world.”

I’ve had to quit sailing, though I know more about aligning pumps than about knitting mittens.

JEAN T. ARNOLD
Guilford, Conn.

Robert S. McIntyre’s article “VAT Is a Bad Idea” (January *Atlantic*) gives an excellent explanation of the operation of the value-added tax. One problem with VATs that was not mentioned is how foreign VATs operate to the disadvantage of American industry.

When American goods enter a VAT-levying nation, the importing nation imposes its own VAT on the American goods. Thus American goods are doubly taxed overseas. Conversely, foreign goods enter the United States without American taxes and with major portions of the foreign nation’s taxes forgiven. With this 10 to 30 percent advantage for foreign goods in the U.S. market, it is little wonder that American manufacturers find themselves against the wall.

I don’t propose an American VAT; rather, the United States should impose a countervailing duty. VATs vary by nation and by product. The German VAT on autos is 13 percent, the French is 33 percent, and the British is 25 percent. The United States should impose a 13 percent countervailing duty on German cars, 33 percent on French, and 25 percent on British.

A countervailing duty would enable American manufacturers partly to overcome unfair foreign advantages. Furthermore, a countervailing VAT would contribute billions to our Treasury, which sorely needs the funds.

LAWRENCE BRISKIN
Centerville, Ohio

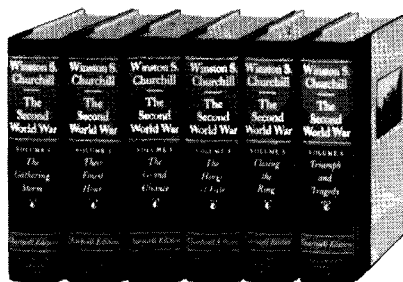
Congratulations to Sue Miller for her extraordinarily fine short story in the November issue, “The Quality of Life.”

CATHERINE K. DOYLE
Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

Either.

Choose one of the 5 valuable sets below as your introduction to membership in the Book-of-the-Month Club.

You simply agree to buy 4 additional books within the next two years.



The Second World War by Winston S. Churchill

for \$27.50 (Pub. price \$295)

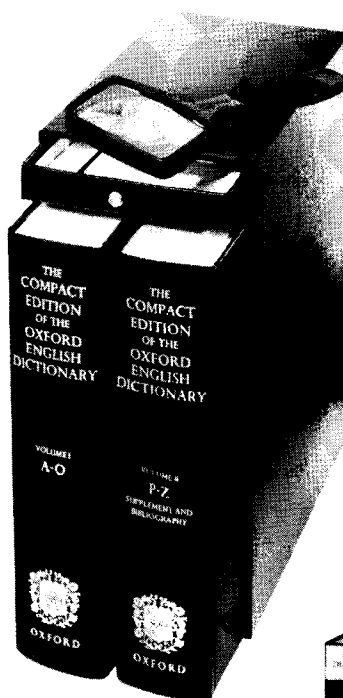
New Chartwell Edition of this six-volume Nobel Prize-winning masterwork, in genuine leather quarter-bindings, with a foreword by William L. Shirer. Churchill's Olympian wisdom, passion and wit—and his unique role as a wartime leader—make his account of World War II unforgettable reading. Frontispiece photographs, 3-color battle-map endpapers, 195 additional maps, charts and diagrams.



The Encyclopedia of Philosophy

for \$24.95 (Pub. price \$225)

Regarded as the most comprehensive encyclopedia of philosophy ever published, this superb set—compiled in collaboration with the world's foremost philosophers—encompasses vital aspects of ancient, medieval, modern, Eastern and Western thought. The four volumes represent an essential aid for students and a rewarding reference source for home libraries.

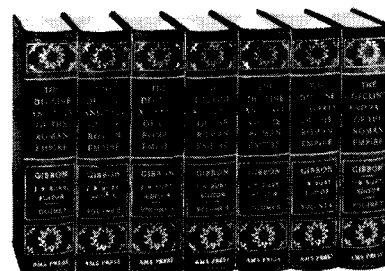


The Compact Edition of The Oxford English Dictionary

for \$27.95

(Pub. price \$195)

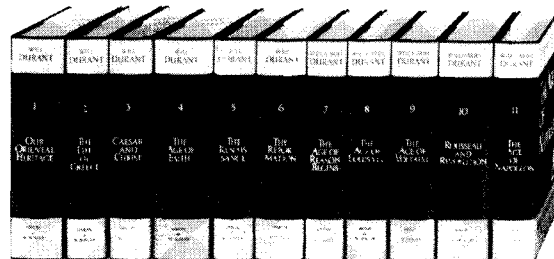
"The most complete, most scholarly dictionary of the English language"—*The Christian Science Monitor*. Through photoreduction, the original 13-volume set has been reproduced in this two-volume *Compact Edition*. A Bausch & Lomb magnifying glass is included.



The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire by Edward Gibbon Edited by J. B. Bury

for \$24.95 (Pub. prices total \$300)

The definitive Bury edition of the most acclaimed history of all. Gibbon evokes a world of grandeur and decadence, masterfully tracing its collapse under emperors noble and ignoble. Seven-volume set, available with maps and illustrations on long-lasting acid-free paper, quarter-bound in genuine leather.



The Story of Civilization by Will and Ariel Durant

for \$29.95 (Pub. prices total \$335.45)

For almost half a century Will and Ariel Durant traced the continuity of world history—the religions and philosophies, the political and economic tides, the arts and sciences, the customs and conquests—to show the foundations of society today. A Book-of-the-Month Club exclusive for almost 50 years, the Durants' illustrated masterwork is history come alive.

Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc., P.O. Box 8803, Camp Hill, PA 17011-8803

Please enroll me as a member of Book-of-the-Month Club and send me *either* the one set I've checked in the "Either" boxes at right, billing me the appropriate amount, plus shipping and handling charges, *or* the four books I've listed in the "Or" column, billing me \$2, plus shipping and handling charges. In either case, I agree to buy four more books from the Club over the next two years. A shipping and handling charge is added to each shipment. **A8-3**

Name _____ (Please print plainly)

Address _____ Apt. _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Prices shown are U.S. prices. Outside the U.S., prices are generally higher.
All orders are subject to approval.

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB®

Either.

Check one box only

- | | |
|--------------------------|---|
| ☐ | 959. The Second World War \$27.50 |
| ☐ | 905. Compact OED \$27.95 |
| ☐ | 951. Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire \$24.95 |
| ☐ | 917. Ency. of Philosophy \$24.95 |
| ☐ | 913. The Story of Civ. \$29.95 |

7-64

Or.

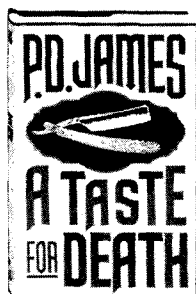
Indicate by number the four books you want

7-04

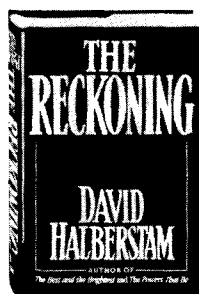
Or

Choose any 4 books below for \$2 as your introduction to membership in the Book-of-the-Month Club.

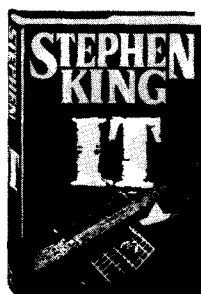
You simply agree to buy 4 additional books within the next two years.



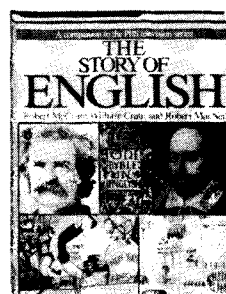
173 Pub. price \$18.95



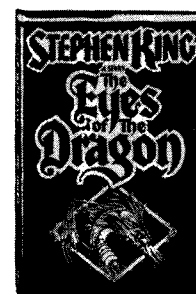
100 Pub. price \$19.95



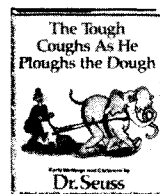
591 Pub. price \$22.95



594 Pub. price \$24.95



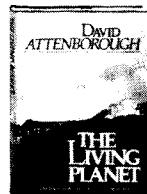
552 Pub. price \$18.95



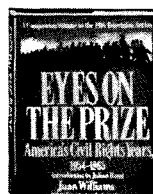
203 Pub. price \$14.95



606 Pub. price \$19.95



678 Pub. price \$25



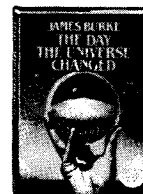
139 Pub. price \$24.95



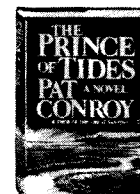
697 Pub. price \$16.95



558 Pub. price \$17.95



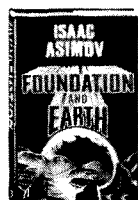
063 Pub. price \$27



074 Pub. price \$19.95



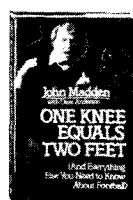
422 Pub. price \$25



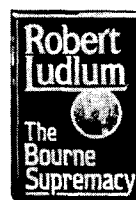
548 Pub. price \$16.95



617 Pub. price \$19.95



549 Pub. price \$16.95



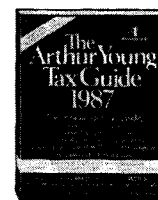
025 Pub. price \$19.95



037 Pub. price \$19.95



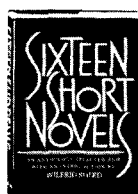
266 Pub. price \$18.95



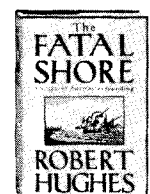
060 Pub. price \$10.95



096 Pub. price \$16.95



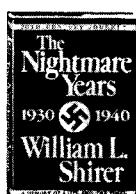
657 Pub. price \$29.95



405 Pub. price \$24.95



014 Pub. price \$15.95



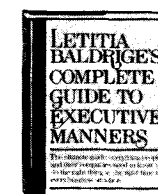
563 Pub. price \$22.50



116 Pub. price \$24.95



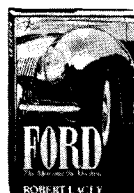
395 Pub. price \$25



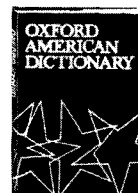
285 Pub. price \$22.95

Facts about Membership

As a member you will receive the *Book-of-the-Month Club News*® 15 times a year (about every 3½ weeks). Every issue reviews a Selection and more than 100 other books, which are carefully chosen by our editors. If you want the Selection, do nothing. It will be shipped to you automatically. If you want one or more other books—or no book at all—indicate your decision on the Reply Form and return it by the specified date. *Return Privilege:* If the *News* is delayed and you receive the Selection without having had 10 days to notify us, you may return it for credit at our expense. *Cancellations:* Membership may be discontinued, either by you or by the Club, at any time after you have bought 4 additional books. Join today. With savings and choices like these, Book-of-the-Month Club is where book lovers belong.



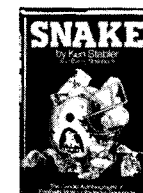
046 Pub. price \$24.95



624 Pub. price \$16.95



129 Pub. price \$24.95



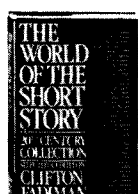
649 Pub. price \$15.95



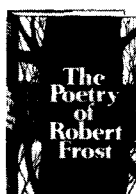
414 Pub. price \$16.95



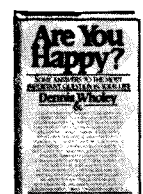
301 Pub. price \$22.50



344 Pub. price \$24.95



127 Pub. price \$17.50



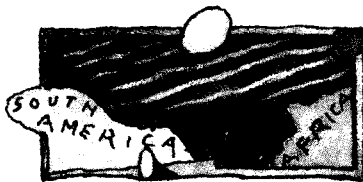
326 Pub. price \$16.95



244 Pub. price \$18.95



THE MARCH ALMANAC



THE SKIES

March 11, Halley's Comet crosses the path of Jupiter, outbound. 15, Full Moon, also known this month as the Sap Moon. 20, 10:52 P.M. EST, the Vernal Equinox, when the sun crosses the Equator and heads north; spring begins in the Northern Hemisphere. A persistent bit of folklore has it that at the moment of the Equinox an egg can be made to stand on its rounded end. 29, New Moon; an annular eclipse of the sun occurs, visible in southern Argentina, the South Atlantic, Africa, and the Indian Ocean east of Somalia.

GOVERNMENT

March 1, Statehood Day in Nebraska. Nebraskans this year are celebrating the 50th anniversary of their unicameral legislature; Nebraska is the only state with a single-house legislature. During March, Sirhan Sirhan will have his ninth parole hearing, after 18 years of incarceration. March 31, end of the first quarter of the fiscal year, by which time the Bureau of Engraving and Printing will have begun printing a new U.S. currency with slight design changes intended to foil counterfeiting on advanced color-photocopying machines. Among other things, the new bills will have a polyester "security thread" (spelling USA and ONE, FIVE, and so on) that is visible only when held up to the light.



FOOD

Grocery-store cash registers will ring up well over \$1 billion worth of frozen food in

March—the month in which Americans tend to buy the most frozen food. Sales have been growing rapidly—by 38 percent from 1980 to 1985. At the grocery store in 1985 a typical household spent as much on frozen food as it did on beer and more than it did on fresh fish or poultry. "Frozen prepared foods," such as pre-cooked dinners, pizzas, and pot pies, account for more of the grocery-store total than any other category of frozen food. If food bought in other kinds of establishments is added in, though, the ice-cream category leads. And the category that's growing fastest is "frozen breakfast entrees," such as French toast, pancakes, and waffles.



NEW STAMPS

March 12, a 22¢ stamp to be issued in Washington, D.C., commemorating the 75th anniversary of the founding of the Girl Scouts by Juliette Gordon Low, at her home in Savannah, Georgia.

ARTS & LETTERS

March 18, Academy Awards Nominees' Luncheon, during which the awards' producer will "suggest" that winners limit their acceptance speeches to 60 seconds. Lengthy speeches have always been a problem—in the past the Academy's tactics have included sending guideline letters in advance and placing a monitor in front of the winner which flashes first a yellow and then a red warning light as the speech drags on. March 30, the 59th Annual Academy Awards Presentation. Films are eligible only if they opened between January 1 and December 31 last year and played for at least one week, for money, in Los Angeles. This year the presentation will "reflect a time when Hollywood was glamorous."

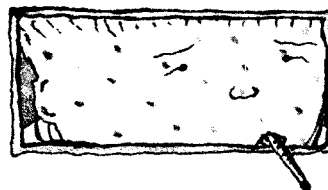


ENVIRONMENT

"The stormy March has come at last,/ With wind, and cloud, and changing skies;/ I hear the rushing of the blast,/ that through the snowy valley flies"—William Cullen Bryant. This month frozen ground is gradually being thawed from the surface down, but until all of the soil has thawed, an ice layer will prevent rain and snowmelt from percolating deeper, giving rise to "mud season" in the north. By mid-month the planting of corn will have begun as far north as Arkansas. The planting of spring wheat will have begun in the Midwest. Late in the month the world's only wild breeding population of whooping cranes will prepare for its annual migration from the Texas coast to northwestern Canada.

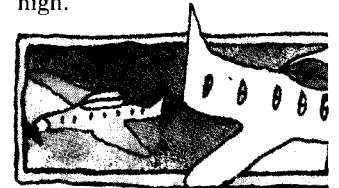
HEALTH & SAFETY

The season for chicken pox, or varicella, commences; it will continue through April and May. Incidence of chicken pox in any of these months is likely to be double the average monthly incidence, and it may be more than 10 times as high as the incidence in a late-summer month. About 3 million cases of chicken pox occur every year, according to Dr. John Mullen, of the Centers for Disease Control. "That's the birth rate," he says. "Virtually every person who gets born gets chicken pox." The statistical picture may begin to change as soon as next year, if a vaccine developed by the Merck Sharp & Dohme Research Laboratories and now being tested for the FDA is approved.



DEMOGRAPHICS

March is the demographic benchmark month for official household and income statistics. This month the U.S. Census Bureau will survey 56,500 households in order to estimate the number of families and individuals living in various degrees of poverty and affluence. Last March the affluent became suddenly more affluent when the bureau raised, from \$99,999 to \$299,999, the top income figure that could be checked off on its questionnaire. As a result, the share of total national family income taken by the top 5 percent of all families showed a statistical increase of almost 6 percent. Measured homelessness peaked in March, as the number of homeless people taking refuge in shelters (where, as it happens, they can most easily be counted) also reaches its annual high.



75 YEARS AGO

William D. Parkinson, writing in the March, 1912, issue of *The Atlantic Monthly*: "The regulations by which passing air-ship shall be governed when their paths intersect will present new problems, and one of those problems ought to impress upon us the value of a certain early invention which marked long stride in civilization, and which has not received the recognition due it. The discovery of the law of right and left should be ranked with that of the mariner's compass or the law of gravitation. Here was a law, simple, understandable, applicable to both parties. When we meet, we may both turn to the right or both to the left, both to port or both to starboard, and not collide. We may both shout 'Gee,' or both shout 'Haw,' without danger of confusing each other's oxen, and we pass each other safely. . . .

A few individuals know how to keep
their heads, even when their necks
are on the line.

Here's to
rare character.



We blend 36 male whisky, aged for one and two centuries
to create a rare character. Available in all 50 states. Call 1-800-241-1234

© 1986 James Watson & Co.



REPORTS & COMMENT

NOTES

THE IDS OF MARCH

THE ONE thing that everyone knows about English hares is that they go mad in March. "Mad as a March hare" has been an everyday expression since at least 1529. Lewis Carroll, of course, gave us a memorably certifiable March Hare, who displayed his dottiness by buttering the Mad Hatter's watch to make it run again and then dipping it into his tea.

The notion of leporine "madness" in March is actually based on repeated reports of hares wildly boxing each other's ears in that month, doing so for the most part with clublike forepaws, though now and then with roundhouse rights or lefts from their powerful hind legs. To generations of male English field observers nothing seemed more evident than that March was the big mating month for *Lepus europaeus*, the English hare, and that the pugilists were males fighting males over females. One reputable animal en-

cyclopedia describes how several male hares "pursue" a "female in heat, getting into tremendous fights with each other . . . until one emerges victorious and takes the female."

In the late 1970s a pair of British naturalists, Anthony Holley and Paul Greenwood, took up the study of hares in the county of Somerset. Harboring no thought of sex-role revisionism—a flammable topic among feminist-minded biologists these days—but simply determined to study hares in a natural habitat, they set to work on an elevated spotting site, installing long-lens video cameras to provide day-and-night surveillance of a drove of hares.

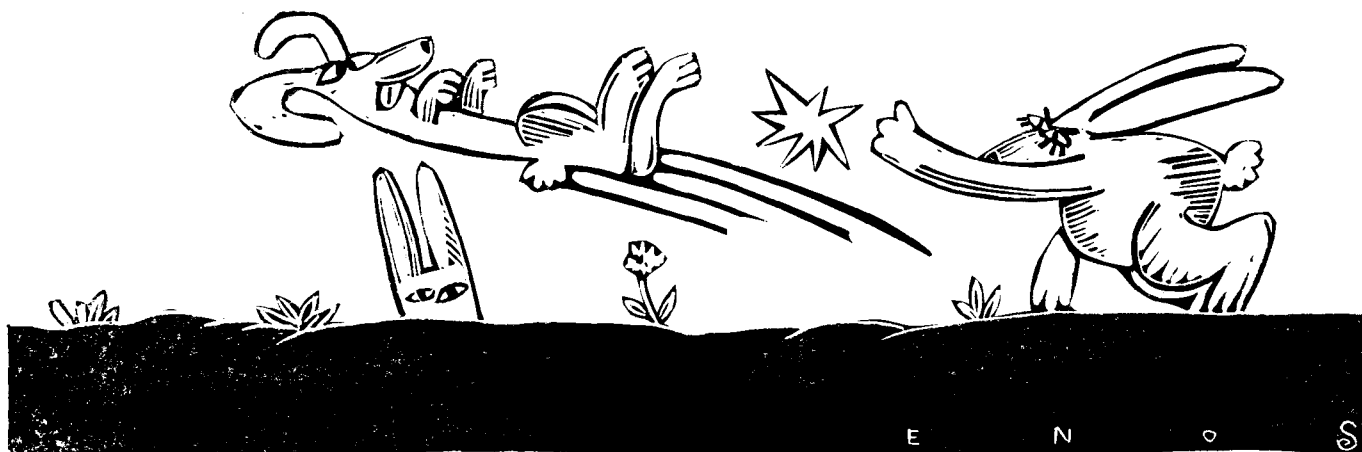
The inhabitants turned out to be a fractious lot. But to everyone's surprise, their comportment was intolerable not merely in March but from January until August. Earlier hare-watchers had missed this crucial fact—apparently because English hares are mainly nocturnal, tending to schedule the first event on the nightly card for after 5:00 P.M. Before March, in England, it tends to be too dark at five to see hares easily. After March the grass is high enough to obscure them from view. Evidently, then, the singular madness

of hares in March is something of a misrepresentation.

But there was more. If hares in fact mate from January through August, then why, Holley and Greenwood wondered, should the randy bucks be rutting—a behavior associated, in their words, with "polygynous species where females are available for mating for only a short, synchronous period." In time the researchers were able to distinguish males from females by sight, and even to identify individual hares. Playing back the videotapes in slow motion, they discovered that males were not fighting other males in pursuit of power and sex. Rather, females were pummeling males, presumably to resist their advances.

The fights lasted as long as two minutes. The pattern was a short chase followed by a flurry of female blows, then another chase and another one-sided encounter—and so on for as many as thirty-four bouts. Though amorous males sometimes retaliated, they more often did not, even when heavily cuffed about the head and shoulders. Doe hares being larger than buck hares, some of the males ended up visibly scarred around the ears.

These goings-on, tersely described in

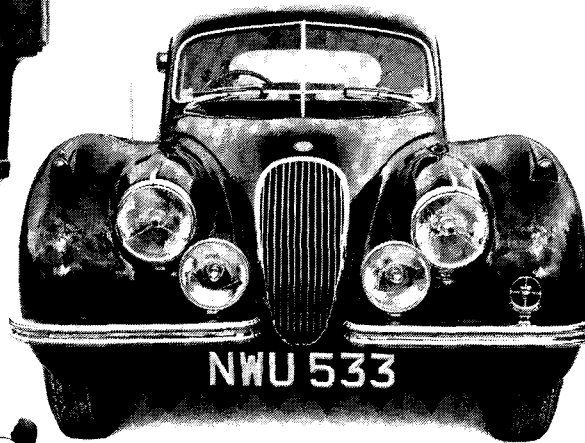


All Life Insurance Lets You Provide For Your Children.

Ours Lets You Buy Toys Of Your Own.



Toy pianos are fine for three-year-olds. But we can help you get one that's really grand.



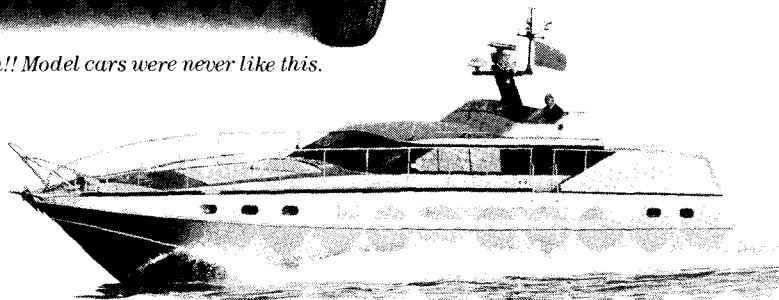
Vrooom!! Model cars were never like this.



Why settle for being the first kid on the block when you can be the first one over it.



Every kid wants a bike. We'll help you get one that's just your size.



Don't take a bath. Get the boat of your dreams.

It's very commendable to provide for your children. But with an Integrity Single Premium Life insurance policy, you can provide for yourself.

How is it possible?

Simple. You pay your premium in one single payment. From that instant, your money grows substantially. As long as your policy is in force, all gains are completely tax-deferred.

A loan with real interest—it's free.

If you wish to borrow against your policy, you can do it at a cost that nets out to zero. You suffer no adverse tax consequences. And you never have to pay back any of the money (although your loan does affect the amount of your death benefit or cash surrender value).

Here's even more insurance.

It's risk free! Your principal and interest are guaranteed against loss by contract with Integrity Life. And they're *always* available to you (less, of course, any surrender charges where applicable).

Now that you know that, why toy around with ordinary insurance?

For more information on Single Premium Life[®] and other Integrity products, send us the coupon or call 1-800-241-0025, 9 A.M.-9 P.M. Seven days a week.

Integrity Life Insurance Company, Phoenix, Az.

*Not available in all states. Single Premium Life is a Single Premium Endowment at age 95 plan.

I want to know more about Single Premium Life and other Integrity products. Please send me more complete information. I understand there is no obligation.

Name

Address

City State Zip

Telephone

Integrity Financial Services, 65 Commerce Rd., Stamford, CT 06904

INTEGRITY[™]

AM **A New Way Of Looking At Life.[™]**

© 1986 Integrity

Britain's *Nature* magazine, in some ways raise more questions than they answer. It would be tempting to believe that the females were simply testing males for their ability to take punishment, the better to identify strong and persistent fathers for their eventual offspring. Alas, contrary to the widespread male notion that no really means yes, the outcome of these exchanges fell short of intimacy. Nor was any later mating recorded between onetime sparring partners, an occurrence that might have led to speculation that while no doesn't mean yes, it's always nice to be asked twice.

Holley and Greenwood, who know

something about hare social hierarchies, think they know what is going on. Female hares, they suggest, are being loosely guarded by hopeful, run-of-the-mill kinds of males until near the moment of estrus, when a dominant male comes forward and drives the merely average males away. Sometimes, though, a subordinate male gets ideas, and then gets his ears boxed by a female. Perhaps his timing is wrong. Perhaps he is somehow genetically unsuitable or socially inept. Whatever the case, it seems likely that the whole thing makes him hopping mad.

—Timothy Foote



EAST ASIA

GRADGRIND'S HEIRS

Despite what the U.S. Department of Education says, you would not want your kids to go to a Japanese secondary school

THE ONE TRULY magnificent office I have seen in Japan does not belong to a cabinet minister or the head of a major bank or an executive with Matsushita or Nissan. Japanese managers are famous for working in big partitionless areas like old-fashioned newsrooms, with the desks pushed together to form long lines. The big men at MITI, as they coordinate Japan's next industrial campaign, operate from cubicles that U.S. government typists might disdain. Private offices do exist, but most are unim-

posing. So who merits a wood-paneled office some thirty feet square that resembles the one that Darrell Royal occupied when he was the head football coach at the University of Texas? Like Royal's, this office has an academic affiliation and reflects the priorities of an entire culture. It belongs to the director of Japan's university-entrance-examination system.

The importance of entrance examinations, and the "exam hell" through which Japanese students must pass if they hope to succeed, are to Americans the second-best-known feature of Japanese education. The most famous feature, of course, is the intimidating success of Japanese schools in teaching nearly everyone to read, think, calculate, and perform. Almost all Japanese students (90 percent or more) finish high school, while only about 75 percent of American ones do. The Japanese spend more hours per day at school, and more days per week and weeks per year. (One

account dryly notes, "The school year begins on April 1 and ends at the end of March the following year.")

Even before Prime Minister Yasuhiro Nakasone reminded his countrymen, and the world, of the intelligence gap last fall, most Japanese seemed well aware that the nation's IQ scores are, on average, eight to ten points higher than America's. For reasons I will discuss later, most Japanese believe that the difference owes more to schools and culture than to genetics. Thomas Rohlen, a professor of anthropology at Stanford University, recently wrote that "in many respects the upper half of Japan's graduating high-school students possess a level of knowledge and the analytic skills equivalent to the average American graduating from college." Many of those same Japanese students are still about even with American college graduates four years later, when they finish college, but that's a different story. No one has ever bragged about Japanese universities, which are viewed as a Club Med-style interlude between the exam-hell years and life as a salaryman.

The schools' contribution to Japan's economic success is obvious, and a report on Japanese education recently released by the U.S. Department of Education is right to single it out. The country is said to have the world's most literate work force. Executives and union officials have told me that when they set up manufacturing plants in other countries, including the United States, their first challenge is to screen the blue-collar force for reading and math skills, or train it.

It's natural for Americans to look at the good side of Japanese schooling and think there might be some useful lessons that we, too, could apply. But my impression is that this quest will be ever more frustrating than, say, trying to sell rice to the Japanese or getting them to cover our defense costs would be. From what I've seen of the schools, they are of interest mainly as windows onto deep cultural differences between Japan and the United States—differences that do more to explain Japan's success than do simple details of pedagogy.

AS AMERICANS HAVE debated basic school reform in the past few years, so have the Japanese. In fact, education is a rare case of mutual grass-is-greenerism in the U.S.-Japan relationship, with each side admiring the strengths of the other's system. While most Japanese

WITH MEMBERSHIP

g with more details on how the service is serviced from Toronto (offer may vary)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

seem to take for granted the mastery of academic skills that we find so enviable, they complain bitterly about the system as a whole—more, it seems, than about any other national institution. The official reports, personal complaints, private conversations, letters to the editor, and so forth turn on two criticisms: that students are put under too much pressure, and that they are taught too much by rote.

The pressure on students is readily apparent to the outside observer. Yes, everyone in Japan seems to be putting in long hours; the average Japanese worker puts in 300 more hours a year, or the equivalent of seven and a half more forty-hour weeks, than the average American. But somehow the impact on the children is most sobering.

Last summer a Japanese magazine quoted Merry White, of the Harvard School of Education, who was said to be writing a book on the Japanese mother-child relationship. By the time the book was published, early this year, the title had become *The Japanese Educational Challenge*. In the book White repeats the slogan I heard at several high schools: "Pass With Four, Fail With Five!" The numbers refer to the hours of sleep a student allows himself while preparing for exams. According to White, examination fever is confined to a relatively small group of students, for relatively few years. On the whole, she claims, Japanese students like school and schooling better than American students do, and feel more amply nurtured during their educational trials by parents and teachers alike.

Maybe she's right, but to the casual observer Japan's young people look as if they're under tremendous strain. I recognize that this is partly an irrational aesthetic impression. Japanese boys of junior-high-school age seem to live in severe, dark tunic-style uniforms, which the Meiji-era reformers modeled on Prussian cadet outfits of the late nineteenth century. At the end of the afternoon, when the subway is full of students traveling from school to after-school special classes, it looks as if some grim Orwellian youth patrol has taken command. At a minimum, since the girls are dressed in sailor-style outfits, the uniforms make Tokyo look like the mobilized home front of a nation at war.

Appearances aside, most parents I have spoken with say that competitive pressure is much greater now than it was when they were students, and that their

children need to buckle down much earlier. When I asked a group of high-schoolers in suburban Tokyo how important the tests were, one girl said, "They're the only thing that's important. If I weren't here I'd be studying right now." She had nearly three years to go before taking her university-entrance exams. (Merry White says that American students of the same age list sex as most important.) Outside Shinto shrines visitors hang prayer cards. Many request world peace or the blessing of a child, but a sizable minority ask for success on the tests.

An obsession with tests is in fact perfectly rational, because they matter much more in Japan than they ever have in the United States or Europe. At two stages in life a Japanese student's test scores place him at his precise rank on the nation's Great Chain of Being. The first stage comes at the end of junior high school, with the high school admissions tests. In theory the nation's compulsory schooling system runs only through grade nine, even though almost everyone goes on to finish high school. (Japan uses the six years, three years, three years sequence of elementary, junior high, and high school that is typical in America, because it was introduced by American officials after the war.) The first nine years of schooling are handled mainly in neighborhood schools, with little or no classroom "tracking." But high school, being "optional," is competitive and specialized, and admission is by test scores. The only students who are spared this weeding-out process are those who have enrolled in "linked" private schools that provide an automatic transfer from junior high to high school.

Then comes the struggle for college admission, which for the white-collar part of the populace is the most important hurdle they will ever have to jump. Americans sometimes grumble that standardized tests are too important and that the Old School Tie counts for too much. Compared with Japan, America seems to offer a big, open lottery on life's prospects. Admission to Japan's most prestigious universities, the former imperial universities at Tokyo, Kyoto, and elsewhere, is by examination scores only. No glowing recommendations, no well-rounded history of activities, no skill as an athlete, no amount of artistic promise, counts for a bit. Each student's *hensachi*—statistical deviation from the standard test score—is calculated, and universities start accepting strictly from

the top of the list. The ruthless efficiency of the admissions process is compounded by the equally clear-cut ranking of the "top" and "bottom" schools. There's no real equivalent in American life, because the American hierarchy isn't quite so clear. The closest comparison might be clerkships for law-school graduates, where the Supreme Court is clearly the big prize. If all law students in the country took a standardized clerkship test, with top scorers going to the Supreme Court and the next group to appeals courts, the U.S. system would begin to resemble the Japanese one.

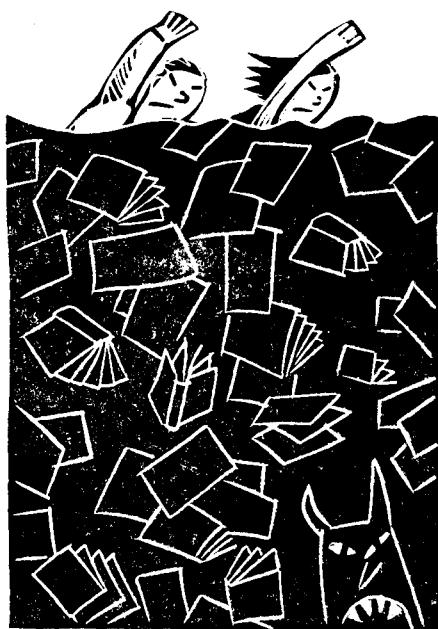
Among Japanese universities the University of Tokyo is undoubtedly number one. Naturally, there are fine gradations of prestige within "Todai," the common abbreviation from the Japanese name, Tokyo Daigaku. Even in this non-litigious society admission to the (undergraduate) law school has traditionally been the most prized, since it is the most reliable route to a high-prestige job in the Ministry of Finance or Foreign Affairs. After Todai come other old imperial universities, especially the University of Kyoto, and private schools in Tokyo, such as Waseda and Keio.

THE CONSEQUENCES OF university admission can hardly be overstated. In the United States there are dozens of excellent universities and a hundred more that could be considered very good. Some offer better connections than others, but none would be considered a real handicap. Moreover, in America being admitted to a good university and then doing poorly isn't much of a life-long advantage. But in Japan. I've been told time and again, getting into the university is all that matters, except for the few people who plan to become academics. When companies do their hiring, they're much less interested in the college grade-point average than in the college's name. (Herbert Passin, of Columbia, has pointed out that in pre-war Japan private companies paid new employees according to their university. Mitsui Mining's pay schedule for administrative workers, for example, listed seventy-five yen a month for graduates of the imperial universities, sixty-five yen for Waseda and Keio, and so on.) Public and private power in Japan is dominated by Todai graduates, with a supporting cast from Kyoto and the top private universities, to a degree that resembles the role of Oxford and Cambridge in pre-war England.

In short, because university admission is important, the tests are important. Success on the tests, which are heavily based on memorized knowledge, depends on boning up during the long preceding years. This brings us to another building block of the system, and a source of pressure on students: the famous “cram schools,” known as *juku*. Before visiting them, I had imagined grim Dickensian warrens, where hapless students worked bleary-eyed at the abacus. In fact the several *juku* I saw, usually housed in office buildings, looked cleaner and spiffier than the average public school, which is drab and Dickensian. The big Tokyo *juku* I saw were run like ordinary schools, except that students were overwhelmingly male and there were more students to a classroom—150 or more, instead of the forty or fifty per class typical of Japanese public schools. At the Sundai Juku, one of Tokyo’s most famous, the 200-odd students in one mathematics class followed a strict rotation for seats in the front rows—lest those who lined up early and rushed to the seats nearest the teacher have an unfair edge.

Leaders of the *juku* industry talk with unselfconscious joy about the “seven golden years” that are about to begin. A miniature baby boom will raise Japan’s college-age population in the next few years, but the country does not plan to increase the number of university admissions. Steadily through the postwar years the proportion of high school graduates who go to college has increased. (It’s now 29 percent in Japan, while it’s 58 percent in the United States.) The result is a supply-demand imbalance that makes the tests more important, and creates business for the *juku*.

Business is even better for *juku* operators because of the phenomenon of *ronin*. In the old days a *ronin* was a samurai warrior who had somehow lost his master. The *ronin* wandered the country, purposeless, deprived of the feudal duty that had given him a reason to live. Today’s *ronin* are students who didn’t do well enough the first time they took the exams. Instead of entering an inferior college—thereby accepting a miserable station in life—they spend an extra year or two cramming full-time and then re-take the exams. One fifth of male high school graduates are said to become *ronin*—about 140,000 at one time. They are allowed to take the tests as many times as they like, and they are not



looked down on if they make it into To-dai on the third or fourth try. In his recent autobiography Akio Morita, the chairman of Sony, gave hope to *ronin* by disclosing that he had been one of them, in pre-war Japan.

The practical pressures, from exams and *juku*, that are piled onto Japanese children are generally assumed to create psychological problems. Although the teenage suicide rate is actually lower in Japan than in the United States, the cases seem much more flamboyant here. That is partly because the rest of Japanese life is so tame and controlled, and partly because the suicide notes, talking about the shame of bad exam scores, suggest such a weight on these young hearts.

In the past few years a different kind of teen suicide has become even more famous in Japan. This is deaths induced by *ijime*. The phenomenon probably has more to do with the group-oriented culture of Japan than with the schools themselves, but it is usually cited as part of the general high-pressure school syndrome. *Ijime* is usually translated as “bullying,” but it must have a much more powerful connotation, since its destructive power exceeds anything that we associate with school-yard bullies. Every week or two the papers carry a story about an *ijime* victim who has hanged himself or jumped off a bridge, to escape the torment that awaits him at school. I have talked to groups of students perhaps a dozen times. Every time they have turned the talk to *ijime*, as the problem most on their minds. Apparently, something in the life of today’s

young Japanese makes them single out a victim who seems vulnerable or “different,” and something in Japan’s ethos of fitting in makes this treatment unendurable. One chubby high school girl in Tokyo, who had been *ijimed* for three months the previous year, said, “It feels like you’re always strangling in your neck.” I met another girl with a bad stutter, who had suffered so much from *ijime* that she had dropped out of high school altogether and was trying to work as a cartoonist. “It is like a small killing field,” she said. Here is an aspect of Japanese education that you won’t find celebrated by our Department of Education.

THE SECOND STANDARD criticism of Japanese schools concerns what they don’t teach—namely, creativity. I don’t propose to raise the deadly question of whether Japanese culture is inherently “uncreative,” which touches off more irresolvable discussions here than abortion does in America. But when it comes to the school curriculum and the tests, one can see what parents are complaining about.

Compared with American or European schools, those in Japan seem more designed to pour in facts. The tests determine how much the student can pour back out. In some disciplines, such as the hard sciences and, above all, the written Japanese language, brute-force memorization is unavoidable. But many people complain that it dominates schooling far more thoroughly than it should.

Nowhere is the problem more obvious than in foreign-language instruction. Nearly all students headed for college study “English” in preparation for their entrance exams, but what they learn bears almost no resemblance to what we speak. (Students can choose to take the foreign-language portion of the exam in French or German, but only a handful do.) English is taught not as a language at all, in the sense that students might actually speak it, but as a corpus of abstract facts and symbols that students must memorize to prove they are serious about school—the way theology students learn Greek. On the basis of the four or five classes I have seen, it would seem that English is taught from passages so stupefyingly vacuous that the students are lucky they can’t really understand them. In a famous *juku* in Tokyo students were asked to translate the likes of “It is well to be thoroughly impressed with a sense of the dif-

ficulty of judging about others; still, judge we must, and sometimes very hastily; the purposes of life require it." In another class, for sixth-year English students, I heard the teacher expound for ten minutes, in Japanese, on the supposed difference between *attain* and *attain to* in English. It is no wonder the Japanese think they can't learn languages—nobody could with this approach.

The upshot of all the emphasis on memory work is a system that foreigners in Japan regard with suspicion. I have a few friends who have placed their children in Japanese elementary schools. At that stage, the schools are a clear plus: the students learn all the math-and-science basic skills, they are encouraged in art and music, and they grow up speaking Japanese. I'm sure there are exceptions, but I have not yet met a foreigner who is eager to send his children to a Japanese high school. It is great preparation for life as a full-fledged Japanese, working in a Japanese company and living by Japanese rules. But no foreigner will be accepted in that role anyway, and for any other life path a Japanese education is limiting—like being apprenticed to a silversmith at age thirteen. The United States has ten to fifteen times as many foreigners coming to study in its colleges as it has citizens going overseas. Japan has only about half as many foreigners coming in to college as it has citizens going out. The number of foreigners in Japanese high schools is practically nil. The explanation might be that the Japanese are more willing to learn about the outside world, but it might also be that Japanese higher education is not attractive to anyone outside the fold.

Owing to the pressure and the lack of creativity, many Japanese seem uneasy about what the system does to their children. "It's all so well designed to produce very good mediocre people," I was told by Shuichi Kato, a famous literary critic in his sixties. "It's geared to a high level of mediocrity. The best second-rate engineers. The best second-rate workers." But most parents also say that they will keep sending their children to *juku*, because it's too risky to do anything else. Theirs is a more dramatic version of the quandary that has American parents supporting public schools but, motivated by a similar fear, sending their own children to better, private schools. According to a nationwide survey conducted in 1984 by *Yomiuri Shimbun*, a major newspaper, only four percent of

Japanese favored keeping the test-and-admission system unchanged. Forty-five percent wanted to see significant changes, and 38 percent favored outright abolition of the tests. Still, enrollment in *juku* is steadily rising. "People are now aware that this is a stupid competition," I was told by Naohiro Amaya, a very well known figure in Japan, who was once a senior official at MITI and now directs an education-reform panel. "But it is difficult for anyone to step off the moving machine."

IS THERE ANYTHING for outsiders to "learn" from Japanese schools? I think not, if we're looking for practical improvements we could make tomorrow. But I find impressive the social assumptions the schools reveal—assumptions that do suggest the steps toward better education that America can and cannot take. The principles that undergird Japanese schooling are connected, but I think they consist of two fundamental kinds.

The first is a sweeping idea of equality surpassing anything the United States has ever known. America is of course the land of political equality—one man—one vote, jury of your peers, don't tread on me. The Japanese are not so interested in such abstractions, but they have built a society in which the distance from top to bottom makes the distance in ours look like a chasm.

The average IQ *is* higher in Japan than in the United States. If the bell curve showing the distribution of IQ scores had the same shape in Japan as in America, then a small difference in average scores would mean an enormous disproportion at the upper end. According to statistical theory, the ten-point difference in average scores should give the Japanese forty or fifty times as many people with 150-plus scores on IQ tests. But that's not the case, according to Japanese psychologists I have spoken with. Japan's average score is higher because its *lowest* scores are so much better than ours. Their bell curve has a different shape: fewer people at the extremes, many more in the middle.

I am ignoring the endless arguments about IQ tests, because the bell curve makes an important symbolic point: not just in IQ but in almost every aspect of society the Japanese curve is different from ours. It's clearly better to be rich in America than in Japan. Japan has nothing to match the mansions in Beverly Hills and Southampton (although some

Japanese now have the money to buy those mansions for themselves). The highest levels of just about everything, from physical comfort to highly refined academic skill, are higher in America than in Japan. But our lowest levels of just about everything are *much* lower than Japan's, and the difference is beginning to tell. One American reporter told me not long ago, "Japan's secret is that it has the best bottom fifty percent in the world."

Japan's practically applied equality probably rests on its much advertised racial "purity." It's easier to form a consensus on sharing society's benefits if everybody feels part of one big tribe. We can't imitate that. We haven't ever ruled out real excess at the top, because American culture has nursed the dream of making it to the top and enjoying the excess yourself. Still, Japan's example suggests that social compacts can change. Material equality is hardly a time-honored principle in Japan. Up until the beginning of the Second World War, it was as thoroughly feudal and class-ridden a society as anything found in Europe. Even now Japan is socially less democratic than America: women defer to men, the young defer to the old, everyone fits in above and below someone on the nationwide chain of command. These facts suggest that societies can deliberately be made more egalitarian (although in Japan's case the process required nothing less than *total* military defeat, followed by the benign dictatorship of the American occupation), and that material equality can coexist with a proudly hierarchical social system. Most of all they suggest that if we're serious about reforming American education, we don't need to pour more money into the Harvards and Berkeleys, where we're already strong. The battle should instead be fought where we're now weakest: in the big-city public high schools and the mediocre elementary schools. In the past twenty years the best bottom half in the world has been up against the best upper half, and the bottom half is winning.

THE SECOND SOCIAL assumption also concerns equality. When you discuss higher education in America, sooner or later you get trapped in the aptitude-versus-achievement debate. Are students' native abilities (aptitude) more important than anything else—and are they inherited, and do they differ by race and class? Or is a certain level of



Q. Would you buy a pair of shoes from this man?

A. Thousands of Lands' End customers do, for reasons this interview makes clear.

Above is a rare photo of Jim Jennings, the "old shoe dog" who governs the buying and selling of Lands' End shoes. Rare, because Jim is seldom caught in repose. But Carol Sadtler, one of our resourceful creative people, cornered him one day, and what follows are excerpts from an interview that may lead you to rethink whatever prejudice you may have against ordering shoes from a catalog. Even ours.

Carol: How long have you been in the business, Jim? And how does that affect your buying shoes for your customers?

Jim: Let's see... about 20 years, I guess. When you've been around that long, you see a lot of companies come and go. You get to know the good, reliable ones. The ones that make the Lands' End kind of shoe.

Carol: And what kind of shoe is that?

Jim: The kind of shoe that goes with the clothing we sell. Not "high fashion", or a "hot seller". But classic. We offer casual shoes, as you know, and a very controlled line of dress shoes. Always in style. And as well made as possible.

Carol: What steps do you take to get that kind of quality?

Jim: Extra steps, frankly. When we look at a shoe, we'll see what we can add to it to give it more quality. Like a leather lining instead of vinyl, so the shoe wears longer and breathes better. Or a wool lining instead of acrylic in a pair of slippers. Or we'll add a better sole.

(JIM PAUSES, RUMMAGING AROUND IN SOME SHOE BOXES AND COMES UP WITH A PAIR OF LANDS' END "DUSTY BUCKS".)

Here's a perfect example. We took these traditional Bucks. Nice suede leather, but the rubber soles wore out in a big hurry. And they were heavy. So we added a lightweight Vibram® sole, with a real tough skin to make it long-lasting. Now, instead of a Buck, we give you a Buck-and-a-quarter.

Carol: They warned me about your puns, Jim. Let's get serious again. I'm told you visit manufacturers quite often. Right? What do you look for?

Jim: Actually, as a company we probably do make more factory visits than most. That's really the only way to maintain quality. You just can't run our business from an "ivory tower". And when we do visit, we look to see how things are organized. And at how many points the shoes are inspected. After a while, you can tell how neat and careful the work is at every step.

Carol: Do you literally look over a handsewer's shoulder?

Jim: You bet. You look to see how neat and even the stitches are.

Carol: That kind of quality control must take a lot of travel.

Jim: It does. But we're fortunate in having built up a very strong domestic structure of suppliers. Which means for the customer that we can keep an eagle eye on quality, and keep the shoes they want in stock too.



Carol: But you buy shoes overseas, too?

Jim: Yes, indeed. We go where we can get the best shoe. Italy, for example, for the fine leathers and excellent craftsmanship for some of our dressier shoes.

Carol: How do you do all these extra things and still keep prices as low as they are?

Jim: We have several things going for us. We don't operate on the normal 50% retail mark-up. We're direct merchants, with no middlemen to raise costs. Also, we order in large quantities. And we have long-standing relationships with our suppliers, which helps.

Carol: What would you say to the person who hesitates to order shoes from a catalog because of fit?

Jim: We make an extra effort to standardize sizes within our offerings. We've used the same lasts—which determine fit—for ten years or more in many of our shoes. And we fit-test a shoe on 20 to 25 people before we offer it.

Carol: Gee, you seem to have things all worked out. Don't you have any problems?

(LONG PAUSE. JIM LAUGHS A LITTLE NERVOUSLY. FINALLY, HE ANSWERS.)

Jim: Frankly, the hardest thing to do is managing the variety of sizes and colors we offer in each style. We try our darndest to fit everybody, and that means we have to keep track of something like 1863 offerings.

Carol: That ought to keep you busy. And your customers happy.

Jim: Well, Carol... that's the idea!

* * * * *

It is, indeed. Whether it's Lands' End shoes you're buying, or any one of our other catalog items. All quality offerings, all priced to reflect remarkable value, all GUARANTEED. PERIOD.

Call our toll-free number for a free catalog. Or send in the coupon below. We'll tell Jim Jennings he can expect to hear from you. Okay?

Please send free catalog.
Lands' End Dept. V-71
Dodgeville, WI 53595



Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

Or call Toll-free:
800-356-4444

AT ABOUT \$8 A BOTTLE, EASILY THE BEST VALUE IN THE HAUT-MÉDOC.

We went through 400 chateaux to find the best value in Haut-Médoc. And our long search ended at Château Larose-Trintaudon. Here was a wine on the verge of classic proportions. Well-balanced. Distinguished. A fine red wine that would hold its own in the most formidable of cellars.



There's an epidemic with 27 million victims. And no visible symptoms.

It's an epidemic of people who can't read.

Believe it or not, 27 million Americans are functionally illiterate, about one adult in five. Forty-seven million more are able to read on only the most minimal level. Together, that's almost 75 million Americans...one third of our entire population.

The solution to this problem is you...when you join the fight against illiteracy. So call the Coalition for Literacy at toll-free **1-800-228-8813** and volunteer.

Illiteracy may be an epidemic, but with a little caring from you, we can stop it.

Volunteer Against Illiteracy.
The only degree you need
is a degree of caring.



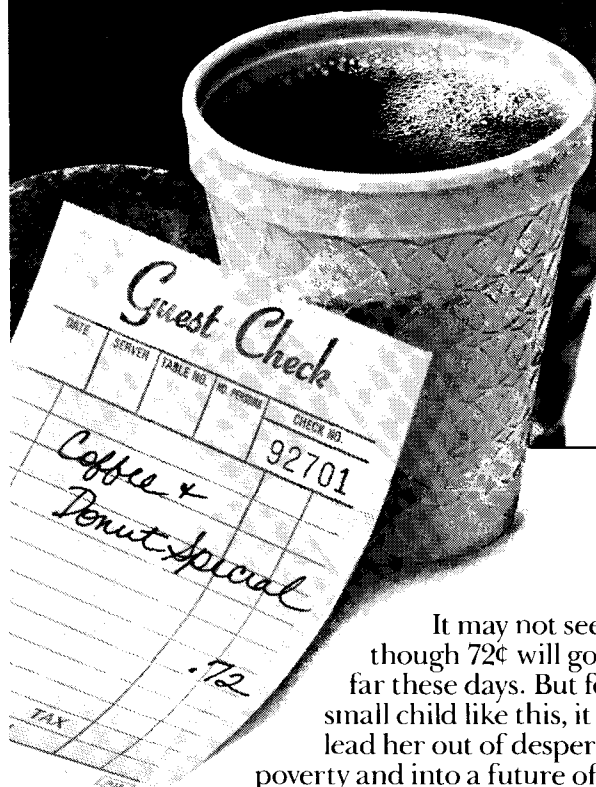
Coalition for Literacy

achievement—mastery of specific facts and skills—across the board more important?

These arguments never seem to get started in Japan, because most people, including educators, act as if ability didn't matter. Yes, some students are quicker than others, but almost everyone is assumed to have "enough" ability. What counts is how hard he tries. I will repeat, because in my experience it is difficult for Americans to believe, that Japan allows virtually no tracking or ability grouping before high school. The whole class is supposed to move along together. Sure, some students are going to more-advanced *juku* than others, but that doesn't prove that they were born smart. It mainly demonstrates a superior will to succeed. With effort anything can be done.

This assumption is visible in hundreds of aspects of Japanese life. When I was touring Sanya, Tokyo's one real slum, a tenderhearted doctor explained how the local derelicts sometimes died. They would decide one day to shake off their years of alcoholism, steel their will for day labor at a construction site, and collapse while lifting bricks. The most illuminating book I have read about Japan, and the funniest, is Robert Whiting's *The Chrysanthemum and the Bat* about Japanese baseball. (The title is, of course, a takeoff on Ruth Benedict's famous Second World War-era study, *The Chrysanthemum and the Sword*.) Its subtheme is the cultural war between the Japanese baseball players and the two *gaijin* (foreign) players each team is allowed to bring from America each year. The *gaijin* stars seem to be of a different species from the Japanese. They are enormous, they have big moustache and muscles, they often seem selfish and crude. Two of last year's *gaijin* stars were known, in the newspaper box scores and in letters across their jerseys as "Animal" and "Boomer." In raw talent they are miles ahead of their Japanese teammates—and it drives the Japanese crazy that most *gaijin* want to coast on talent alone. The *gaijin* resist taking the "drill of the thousand fungoes." They assume that if they win the batting championship, as they usually do, the manager shouldn't care if they skip the calisthenics. The Japanese hate this, because it undermines their faith in *kant*—"fighting spirit," which equips people to rise above weakness or pain. They are happier with results like that of last fall's sumo tournament, when the smallest

**For the cost of a morning
coffee break, you
can break the cycle of
poverty for one
small child.**



It may not seem as though 72¢ will go very far these days. But for a small child like this, it can lead her out of desperate

poverty and into a future of hope.

And right now, you can reach out and make that future happen...by sponsoring one child overseas through Foster Parents Plan.

For only 72¢ a day, you can make it possible for your Foster Child and family to have adequate food and clothing, a decent place to live, needed medical care, education...*and the chance for a better life.* Because while you're helping, the child's own family will be working with Foster Parents Plan to develop the skills and resources they need to help themselves.

You'll be amazed at the difference you can make. And you'll see the difference for yourself. In photographs. Detailed progress reports. And heartwarming letters from your Foster Child. You'll be doing so much for that child...and for so little.

Won't you help now? Simply mail the coupon today or call toll-free. It could be the biggest break a child ever got.



Foster Parents Plan®

Help so complete, it touches a child for life.

Founded in 1937, Foster Parents Plan is the leader in combining family assistance programs, community development, and personal communications between Foster Parent and Foster Child. These comprehensive programs provide long-term solutions to the unique problems facing Foster Children and their families. As a non-profit, non-sectarian and non-political organization, we depend on Foster Parents to make our work possible. A copy of our financial report, filed with the New York Department of State, is available on request. Your sponsorship is tax-deductible.

To start helping even faster, call toll-free:

1-800-556-7918

In RI call 401-738-5600

Send to:

G381

Kenneth H. Phillips, National Executive Director
Foster Parents Plan, Inc., 157 Plan Way, Warwick, RI 02886

I want to become a Foster Parent to:

☐ **The child who has been waiting the longest, or as indicated:**

☐ Boy ☐ Girl ☐ Either

☐ Any age ☐ 6-8 ☐ 9-11 ☐ 12-14

☐ Bolivia	☐ Guatemala	☐ Kenya	☐ Philippines
☐ Burkina Faso	☐ Honduras	☐ Liberia	☐ Sri Lanka
☐ Colombia	☐ India	☐ Mali	☐ Sudan
☐ Ecuador	☐ Indonesia	☐ Nepal	☐ Thailand

☐ Enclosed is a check for \$22 for my first month's sponsorship of my Foster Child. Please send me a photograph, case history, and complete Foster Parents Sponsorship Kit.

☐ I am not yet sure if I want to become a Foster Parent, but I am interested. Please send me information about the child I would be sponsoring.

☐ Mr. ☐ Mrs.
☐ Miss ☐ Ms.

Address _____

Apt. # _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

Detach and mail or call toll-free today. (N6)

wrestler won the "fighting spirit" prize. His victory was a parable for the whole nation's, overcoming near-insuperable physical odds by force of will alone.

This celebration of effort is at once the most wonderful and the most terrifying thing about Japan. It's probably the basic explanation for Pearl Harbor: who cares that America is so big, the Japanese leaders must have thought, when our fighting spirit is so strong? Its manifestations can seem pathetic or admirable, depending on how you're feeling each day. As they stand waiting for the morning train, salarymen will meticulously practice their golf strokes with imaginary clubs. They are totally engaged, they are displaying fighting spirit, they are trying to get it right, even though they may never have the chance to step onto a real golf course. Merry White quotes an official statement of purpose for Japanese elementary schools: "It is desirable that, in the lower grades, one should learn to bear hardship, and in the middle grades, to persist to the end with patience, and in the upper grades, to be steadfast and accomplish goals undaunted by obstacles or failures." As students bear down for their exams, friends and family constantly tell them, "*Gambatte!*"—"You can do it! Tough it out!"

The emphasis on effort explains why the four-hour nights and numbing memory work of exam hell can be seen as demonstrations of virtue in Japan. It doesn't matter if the knowledge is obscure or that you'll never be able to speak English. The tests aren't really about their stated subjects anyway—they're about your determination to try. Americans boast about walking into tests unprepared and acing them on raw brains. Japanese students would not brag about it even if they could do it, because the years of buildup are the point. Effort is what the country values, and it can select for it through the exams. The country is meant to be a pure meritocracy, based not on inherited mental abilities but on determination and will. Effort is also what employers value, which is why they hire so strictly according to entrance-exam scores. Companies don't even pretend that there is a connection between university education and business skills—they actively look for generalists, whom they can retrain. But they value students who survived the exams, because they've proved their iron will.

Most Americans couldn't stand Japa-

nese schools, and some Japanese apparently feel the same way. But the assumptions about equality and effort—those, it seems, we could, in our own way, apply. After visiting Japanese schools, I saw an issue of *Esquire* proclaiming that America's new watchword should be "cooling out." My God! After "laid back" and "Miller Time," haven't we had enough of this already? I propose a different phrase, a truly vital import from Japan: *Gambatte!*

—James Fallows



WASHINGTON

THE ZAP GAP

The Soviets may be ahead of us in the development of radio-frequency weapons

THERE HAVE BEEN many far-out hypothetical armaments in the news since Star Wars went from being a movie to being a weapons system, so it is perhaps understandable that when Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger made a clipped reference in a 1985 speech to "radio-frequency weapons," reaction was minimal. The last thing most congressmen and commentators want is another sheaf of physics equations to sift through. Yet radio-frequency (RF) weapons, which are rarely mentioned in the general press, appear closer to realization than the energy beams and supermissiles of Star Wars. They would be an entirely new, non-explosive instrument of war—possibly possessing

the power to electronically disable aircraft, communications, and other military systems based on microchips. They might even be able to affect foot soldiers.

Soviet Military Power, a book published annually by the Department of Defense, contains the only significant public acknowledgment of this potential form of weaponry, in two brief references. "The USSR has conducted research in the use of strong radio frequency signals that have the potential to interfere with or destroy critical electronic components of ballistic missile warheads or satellites. The Soviets could test a ground based radio frequency weapon capable of damaging satellites in the 1990s," one mention reads. In another: "Recent Soviet developments in radio frequency generation devices could enable them to build weapons to degrade or destroy electronics or cause disorientation of personnel. They have generated single pulses with peak power exceeding one gigawatt and repetitive pulses over 100 megawatts."

Soviet Military Power has many critics, most of whom feel that it exaggerates Russian military prowess in the interest of Pentagon budget politics. The claim of a Soviet lead in RF technology—what might be called the zap gap—remains unchallenged, however. Soviet researchers have long placed more emphasis on such directed-energy weapons as high-powered millimeter wave—RF—pulses and particle beams than have U.S. researchers, who tend to favor lasers. If RF weapons can be built, the Russians may well have them first.

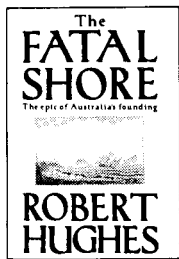
Neither Weinberger nor *Soviet Military Power* gave any indication of just what a prototype RF weapon might be. Most probably, it would be a "chip gun"—a transmitter designed to burr out the silicon integrated circuits that provide the brains of modern weaponry. A chip gun would generate an electromagnetic pulse much like the pulse from a nuclear explosion, but no nuclear warhead would be required. Conventional electricity would be the power source.

The Department of Defense doesn't acknowledge that the Soviets have an operational RF weapon, but intelligence leaks suggest that U.S. recon satellites in low orbit have been blinded on at least two occasions by huge Soviet RF pulses. It is still unclear how much energy could be directed, at what range it could be effective, and how cumbersome the transmitters might be. The an-

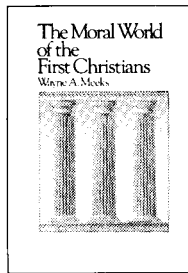
TAKE ANY 3 FOR \$1.00 EACH

(First price is publishers' list. **Boldface** shows Members' Price.)

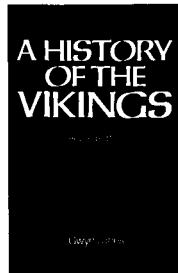
With Trial Membership.



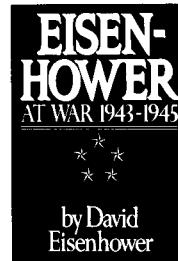
3178. \$24.95/**\$17.50**



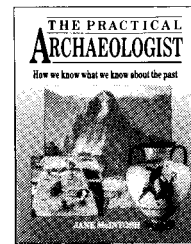
2683. \$18.95/**\$15.95**



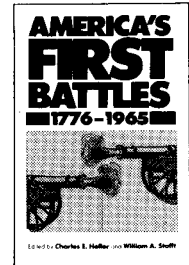
1172. \$25.00/**\$16.50**



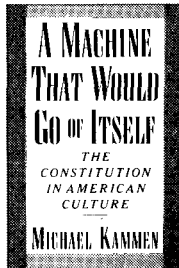
1917. \$29.95/**\$22.50**



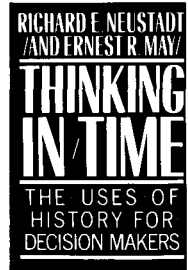
2097. \$18.95/**\$14.95**



3657. \$29.95/**\$19.95**



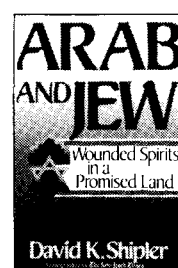
2485. \$29.95/**\$19.95**



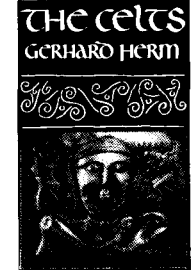
6205. \$19.95/**\$14.50**



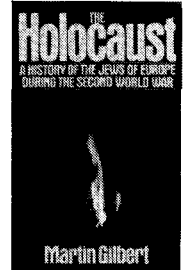
2436. \$21.95/**\$15.50**



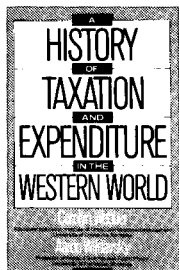
2402. \$22.50/**\$17.50**



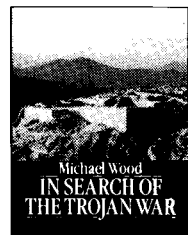
1859. \$15.00/**\$10.50**



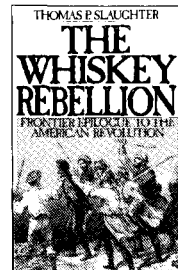
7666. \$24.95/**\$17.50**



3129. \$24.95/**\$16.95**



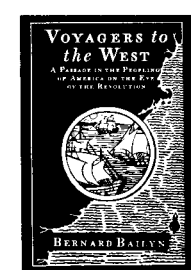
4879. \$22.95/**\$16.95**



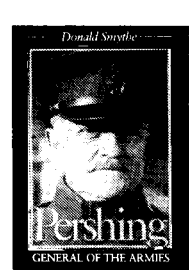
3160. \$19.95/**\$15.95**



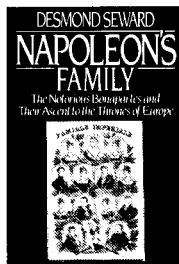
2899. \$27.50/**\$18.50**



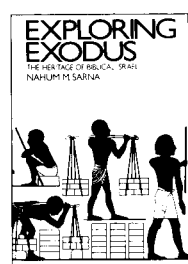
2279. \$30.00/**\$18.50**



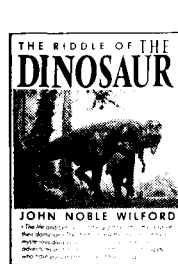
6171. \$27.50/**\$18.50**



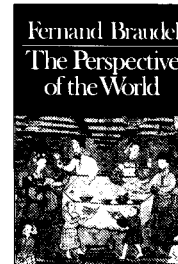
1222. \$16.95/**\$13.95**



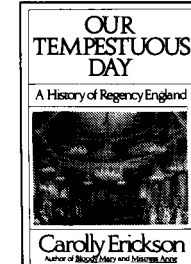
2246. \$17.95/**\$15.50**



4390. \$22.95/**\$16.50**



1453. \$35.00/**\$18.50**



4416. \$18.95/**\$15.50**



A3475. \$49.95/**\$32.95**
(Counts as 2 of your 3 selections)

No matter what area of history you enjoy reading about most, you'll find that The History Book Club offers some of the finest selections being published today. And no book club we know of offers greater savings — an average of 30% off publishers' list prices.

You can save even more by taking advantage of our Introductory Offer. Select any three books on this page for \$100 each when you take a fourth book at the low Members' Price. Your total savings as a Trial Member, including the Introductory Offer, can be more than 50%.

How the Club works: As a Club member, you'll be able to choose from the 150 to 200 books featured each month. Our books are always equal to the publishers' editions, never "economy" reprints, and are available at savings of \$3, \$4, \$5, or more, off bookstore prices. You need take only four more books in the next two years, after which you'll save even more through Bonus Books that you may choose from our entire list at an average savings of 60% off publishers' list prices.

Approximately every four weeks (14 times a year), you will receive our Review and a dated reply card. If you want the Editors' Choice, do nothing — the book will come automatically. If you want another book, or no book at all, return the card by the date specified. (Book shipments will be charged to your account at low Members' Prices, plus postage and packing.)

If you should receive an unwanted book because you had less than 10 days to decide, you may return it and pay nothing. We guarantee postage.



The History Book Club, Dept. N,

40 Guernsey Street, Box 790 Stamford, CT 06904-0790

Please enroll me as a Trial Member and send me the four books whose numbers I have listed below. Bill those on the left at \$1.00 each and the fourth at the low Members' Price, plus postage and packing.

--	--	--	--

I may return the books within three weeks at your expense and owe nothing. Or, I will buy four more selections within the next two years, *not including my choices above*. Either the Club or I may cancel my membership anytime thereafter. All Club purchases are at low Members' Prices, and a postage-and-packing fee is added to all shipments.

AA0554SP

Print Name _____

Address _____ Apt. # _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

In Canada Mail to U.S. Address

swers to these questions will determine whether RF weapons will have a significant impact on warfare and deterrence.

Relatively small, "tactical" chip guns might be used on the battlefield to disable the microprocessor-controlled automatic transmissions proposed for the U.S. M-1 tanks; to knock radios off the air; to fry the insides of "target-acquisition" radars and lasers, on which the Pentagon's prized precision-guided munitions depend; and to blank out whole "battle management" systems, such as those carried by the E-3 "Sentry" AWACS aircraft or the new Joint Tactical Information Distribution System, a complex command-and-control link intended to allow Army, Air Force, and Navy forces to coordinate their actions. Also vulnerable would be the new JSTARS (Joint Surveillance Target Attack Radar System), a sophisticated side-looking radar, carried by a modified transport plane, which will identify enemy armor over a hundred miles away. A single RF pulse could disable the radar and computers and turn such a "force multiplier" into useless flying junk.

Chip guns of longer range, if they can be built, could constitute a new generation of anti-aircraft weapons. All modern aircraft and missiles rely to some extent on chips for guidance and control. Some rely on chips to a very great extent. The Air Force's F-16 fighter, for example, is by deliberate design aerodynamically unstable, which under most circumstances increases its maneuverability. Owing to this design the fighter cannot be flown without a sophisticated system of computers, which continuously make minute adjustments in the control surfaces. Frying the chips of an F-16's flight computer would cause the plane to snap out of control almost instantly, regardless of the pilot's skill.

If, going further, an RF pulse could be propagated over a wide zone, in roughly the same way that radio signals can blanket a city, it might act as an electronic wall, disabling the silicon brains of any approaching airplane, tank, or missile. Chip guns of this nature would be extremely valuable as defensive weapons. Nearly all the complexity and expense of modern precision-guided weaponry goes into locating the target and steering toward it. An RF weapon that propagated an electromagnetic pulse would not need to locate its targets. It could sweep entire regions of the sky or ground, knocking out whatever happened to be there. By operating

without complex tracking and aiming equipment, such an RF pulse weapon—assuming one can be built—might be cheap compared with other armaments.

Robert Bass, a physicist who was until recently chief scientist for Litton Industries' Strategic Defense Initiative research, says, "RF weapons would not only have the zero-time-of-flight characteristics of lasers, but at certain frequencies the atmosphere is quite transparent to them." Bass believes that the Soviets are developing tactical and strategic directed-energy weapons based on 60-gigahertz (and other specific frequency) radio waves, and that they are ahead of us in such research.

SIXTY GIGAHERTZ, or 60 billion cycles per second, is a frequency toward the top of the radio band in the electromagnetic spectrum—near the boundary between radio and infrared (heat) emissions. In this general area of the spectrum microwaves and millimeter waves are found. These are nothing more than very short radio waves, a microwave being around a centimeter in length, and a millimeter wave, just as it says, about a millimeter long. The waves emitted by radio transmitters tend to be much longer, from a few feet to several miles.

In the early days of radar the carrier waves were several meters or more in length. Recent radars have employed shorter and shorter wavelengths—microwaves and millimeter waves. Roughly speaking, the longer a radio wave, the more easily it travels, both through the air and through objects (a clock radio, of course, will work in the basement). The shorter a wave, the more energy it can be given and the more "information" it carries. Particular wavelengths and frequencies (frequency being the inverse of wavelength) are associated with much more specific properties. Radio telescopes based on earth, for instance, can study only that part of the cosmic spectrum in the band between about one millimeter and thirty meters of wavelength. Longer waves are reflected away by the ionosphere; shorter waves are absorbed by the atmosphere. Because of the different properties of various frequencies, ordinary radio transmissions wash over smart weapons harmlessly, whereas other waves could wreak havoc on semiconductor boards. Delicate silicon chips can act as tiny antennae for certain specific frequencies, such as sixty gigahertz, and be quickly overloaded and blown out.

Most of the weapons proposed for the Strategic Defense Initiative have big problems when it comes to getting through the atmosphere. Laser beams, for example, are diffused by clouds or smoke, and use up some of their energy heating the air in their paths; the matter in charged-particle beams interacts directly with molecules of air. For this reason most SDI-related beam-weapon plans call for immense amounts of power, the generation of which is not now practical.

Radio-frequency weapons, encountering less resistance from the air than lasers or particle beams, might be able to use power sources that have been built at least in the laboratory, and that can be more readily made into real systems. For instance, electrically powered devices known as gyrotrons can produce brief pulses of very high energy microwave radiation.

In the United States gyrotrons were first built for fusion research—short bursts of very intense energy are necessary to trigger fusion reactions. Soviet physicists, unfettered by American-style research-and-development policy, first invented the gyrotron, and have built huge ones that seem much larger than required for fusion research.

A senior physicist working for Varian Associates, a California firm that is the largest producer of gyrotrons and microwave tubes in the Western world, says, "In the late 1970s we thought we had invented something unique with our small prototype gyrotrons, about seven feet long. We were really surprised when we learned that the Soviets were developing much bigger ones. In fact, they are still three to five years ahead of us." James Frazer, a scientist at M. D. Anderson Hospital, in Houston, Texas, and a former Air Force researcher into the biological effects of electromagnetic radiation, told me recently, "If you vastly increased the power of a phased-array [electronically steered] radar, say with a Soviet gyrotron, you would have a weapon whose use would be limited only by the imagination."

FRAZER AND OTHERS anticipate the development not only of chip guns but also of electromagnetic weapons that would attack the human body directly. Some might use high-energy microwaves ("to cook meat," as one former defense consultant put it). Others might use lower-powered radio waves or electromagnetic fields modulated or pulsed

J^oS. A. Bank[®] Clothiers

SPRING 1987

MANUFACTURERS
AND MERCHANTS
OF FINE
TRADITIONAL CLOTHING
FOR MEN AND WOMEN.



More Classic Clothing Than You've Ever Seen In Your Size.

If finding what you like is as difficult as finding time to look for it, you'll find our new 80-page color catalog rewarding on both counts.

You'll find more suits, sport coats and slacks for men.

More suits, jackets and skirts for women.

More patterns.

More classic and updated styles.

More choices in each price range.

More sizes in regulars, shorts, longs and extra longs for men; regulars, tall and petites for women.

There's just one "less."

Our prices. And for good reason.

WE MAKE ALL OUR OWN CLOTHING.

And we bring it straightaway to you.

But it's not just that we make it. It's how.

We search the world for the finest of wools and premium wool blends.

The men and women who tailor our clothing are still conscientious enough to care about details. Like the roundness of an armhole.

The matching of plaids at seams.

The workmanship and detailing under the lining that not even you will ever see.

FURNISHINGS, ACCESSORIES, CASUAL WEAR.

Our catalog is generous in its selections—each carefully chosen for the way it works with our clothing.

Plus an abundance of casual and leisure wear that recognizes you do have a life beyond the sweat of your brow.

SERVICE THAT ENHANCES SELF-ESTEEM.

Our knowledgeable, courteous and helpful telephone consultants can guide you to all the right choices, and follow through to see that you get what you order.

Their service is on the line for you 24 hours a day, every day.

A CRYSTAL-CLEAR GUARANTEE.

It is absolutely without conditions. Until you experience it you can't believe a guarantee could be so simple and hassle-free.

SEND FOR OUR FREE CATALOG TODAY.

Write J^oS. A. Bank Clothiers, 109 Market Place, Baltimore, MD 21202. Or phone (301) 837-8838. One-year free subscription includes gift certificate worth up to \$10.



J^oS. A. Bank Clothiers, Catalog Division,
109 Market Place, Dept. BVH,
Baltimore, Maryland 21202

I would like a **free** one-year
subscription to your catalog.
Please send me the latest issue
with gift certificate.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

BVH

©1987 J^oS. A. Bank Clothiers

MANUFACTURERS AND MERCHANTS OF FINE TRADITIONAL CLOTHING FOR MEN AND WOMEN.

at extremely low frequencies (ELF) of one to one hundred hertz. ELF radiation has been shown to have effects on the brain and nervous system, which use weak, low-frequency electrical currents. An ELF weapon might prevent pilots from thinking clearly, or cause indecision on the part of commanders. The U.S. Embassy in Moscow was for several years bombarded with subtle radio waves in what some intelligence sources have interpreted as an early ELF test.

More powerful RF weapons, attuned to precisely the right frequencies (no simple task, considering how little is known about the brain's workings) might cause pain or panic in enemy troops. Other weapons, operating at still higher energies, might be designed to override the heart's regulatory P wave and induce heart attacks; very powerful RF pulses might "devitalize" the brain stem, killing instantly.

An American biophysicist who participated in an exchange program at the University of Prague in 1979 told me not long ago, "Just prior to my arrival an East German graduate student was killed there while working on a project using a superconducting waveguide [a cryogenically cooled device that aligns and aims radio waves with great precision]. A spurious event, perhaps a heat pulse through the liquid helium jacket, caused the magnetic field surrounding the waveguide to collapse. The result was an electromagnetic pulse with tremendously high peak power. The graduate student, standing in front of the waveguide, was instantaneously killed."

It is neither surprising nor militarily significant that someone standing near a strong electromagnetic pulse would be killed. What is surprising is what happened next. "The Soviets had the entire wall of the physics lab ripped out and all the cryo equipment, waveguides, and other gear shipped to a castle near the Czech-USSR border," the biophysicist said. "I learned from other professors who helped with the project that after a few months Soviet scientists were able to kill goats at ranges beyond one kilometer and to cause disorienting or incapacitating effects, depending on the aspect angle of the goats' heads, at well over two kilometers."

RF weapons that impair the nervous system might have uses in commando operations, anti-terrorist actions, and what the Pentagon calls "low level conflicts," when more deadly weapons are being held back. RF weapons designed

to kill massed troops wouldn't, in themselves, represent anything more than a new means to an old grisly end—armies already have a wide variety of shells, bombs, and rockets for this purpose.

RF weapons might lead to a new form of warfare somewhere between conventional and nuclear. By sweeping wide areas, they might create general slaughter without huge amounts of firepower being brought into play. It is also conceivable that RF weapons might be used to kill soldiers without laying waste to their surroundings, making high-intensity combat on a country's own territory somewhat more "thinkable"—and, unfortunately, making wars of aggression somewhat more attractive, since objectives might be taken more or less intact.

In his recent book *Star Warriors*, the *New York Times* science correspondent William Broad wrote of a hypothetical RF application at the nuclear level. He told me not long ago, "The scientists at Livermore [Lawrence Livermore National Laboratories, a center of nuclear research] talk about such things as brain bombs—being able to take the energy of a nuclear weapon and focus it into a select portion of the lower end of the electromagnetic spectrum, and being able to use that energy to affect the enemy's brain. The idea would be to have enemy soldiers drop in their tracks." Serious research into this idea, Broad believes, has not been funded. Guns that scramble silicon chips, on the other hand, seem likely to be developed: the main questions are how effective they will be, whether practical power sources can be found, and whether protection for microchips will foil them.

ONE POSSIBLE safeguard would be the use of enclosures that engineers call Faraday cages, which block the radio waves. Putting all the circuitry of, say, a modern fighter safe within Faraday cages now seems impractical, because doing so would make the plane much heavier. As chips become progressively more powerful and miniaturized, however, they take up less and less space, and could be protected by increasingly smaller and lighter cages. If chips become as tiny as some computer researchers predict they will, it may become practicable to insulate them all, or to outfit weapons with backup sets of chips that would take over if the primary sets were zapped.

If the chip guns turn out to work better or be cheaper than the counter-

measures, whole categories of advanced weapons and communications systems, in which modern armies have invested hundreds of billions of dollars, will be jeopardized. If, on the other hand, they roughly neutralize each other, RF weapons will turn out to be merely another deadly but inconclusive addition to the arsenal. Meanwhile, the dream of many proponents of precision-guided munitions, very tiny and effective smart weapons, will founder on the need to carry heavy electronic shielding. Should they be nullified by an effective defense, then chip guns and chip-based weapons both will follow the sequence that can be observed for nearly every wonder weapon (longbow, repeating rifle, machine gun, tank, bomber, and missile, among others)—a concept that seems at first to promise the ultimate weapon of war is reduced through countermeasures to the status of dangerous but not overwhelming.

As for the potential for affecting soldiers directly, "It's a complete unknown," Robert Kupperman, a technology analyst at Georgetown University's Center for Strategic and International Studies, says. "I don't think anybody has any real idea whether these things are going to work." American medical research, RF proponents point out, has traditionally confined itself to seeking chemical and surgical cures, while Soviet, some Western European, and some Asian scientists have been studying the effect of electromagnetic fields on the body for decades. There is an inherent problem here with American technological arrogance—the attitude that if something is not invented here, it doesn't exist. That corporate scientific attitude has left the United States open to strategic surprise in the past.

The United States was unprepared when the Soviets detonated their A-bomb, in 1949. We were surprised again in 1957, with *Sputnik*. In 1973 the U.S.-supported Israelis almost lost when the Egyptians, using new Soviet weapons (such as better guidance radars and the new SAM-6 missile), almost overwhelmed them. In 1976 we discovered that the Soviets were working on a wide-scale beam-weapons program; we responded seven years later with Star Wars.

In each successive case the United States has had less time and a smaller technological margin. Some scientists and engineers think that for RF weapons, the zap gap could be permanent.

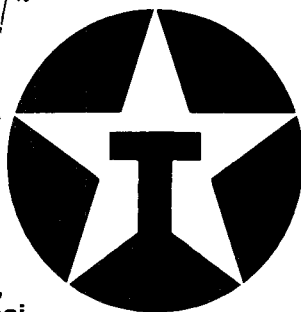
—Chuck de Caro

The wonder of two incredible voices
in the splendor of three magnificent operas.

SUTHERLAND & PAVAROTTI



"Live from The Met"
See and hear Joan Sutherland and
Luciano Pavarotti in fully staged
excerpts from Lucia di Lammermoor,
Rigoletto and La Traviata. With Leo Nucci.
The Metropolitan Opera Chorus
and Orchestra
conducted by Richard Bonyngue.



This series is
brought to you
in part by the
Texaco Philanthropic
Foundation Inc.

Joanne Woodward hosts.
Telecast on PBS
Wednesday, March 4 at 8 pm.
(Check local listings.)

This performance is
made possible by a grant

from
 **Merrill Lynch**



DEVELOPMENT

THE LESSONS OF BHOPAL

The lure of foreign capital is stronger than environmental worries

THE BHOPAL TRAGEDY of December 3, 1984, in which at least 2,300 people died and more than 200,000 were injured, brought together two critical issues facing not just India but most of the Third World today: the role that Western multinational corporations will play in development, and the degree of environmental risk that poor nations are willing to accept as the price of rapid industrialization. Although Indian shareholders owned 49.1 percent of Union Carbide India Ltd. and government policy had required that the plant be staffed entirely by Indians, the corporation was almost universally perceived in India as an American company. Thus it seemed a foregone conclusion that the disaster would generate an anti-American, anti-capitalist outbreak of the first order, and perhaps a wave of Luddism as well.

The disaster apparently resulted from an unlikely conjunction of irresponsibility and misjudgment. "There were maintenance problems that would not have been tolerated at a plant in the United States," Jackson B. Browning, Union Carbide's vice president for health, safety, and environmental affairs at the time of the disaster, told me. Overall plant maintenance had been curtailed, as part

of a cost-cutting program. A refrigeration unit designed to cool the methyl isocyanate had inexplicably been shut off. A gas neutralizer and a flare tower that were supposed to handle escaping gas could not withstand pressure as strong as that released in the incident. In addition, a water-spray system had been installed in such a way that it could not reach and contain the escaping gas. Few workers in the plant knew that methyl isocyanate could be lethal, and virtually no one in the surrounding community had been told what to do in case of a gas leak. Local management had been complacent. "We'd felt very comfortable," Vijay P. Gokhale, the managing director of Union Carbide India, told me when we spoke in the autumn of 1985. "We had some of the best safety records in India."

Conditions at Union Carbide's Bhopal plant may not have been representative of the way American multinationals operate in the Third World, but they did illustrate some of the problems created by industrialization in a Third World society. "It is obvious that some manufacturing processes are more dangerous in a developing country than in a developed one," Peter Thacher, a former deputy executive director of the United Nations Environment Program, says. "You have to assume that in a developing country people will not be as careful in terms of inspection, quality control, and maintenance. And you must assume that if a problem occurs, it will be more difficult to cope with." Researchers from the International Labor Organization found, for instance, that workers in a Volkswagen plant in Mexico tended to think of

accidents as "fate," and relied for security as much on prayers to statues of the Virgin Mary set up throughout the plant as on safety training. Until recently, moreover, environmentalism was often viewed in the Third World as a Western plot to retard the growth of poorer countries. In 1972 Brazil's Planning Minister welcomed polluting technologies, saying, perhaps flippantly, "Why not? We have a lot left to pollute. They don't."

Shortsightedness of that sort is rare these days, but most developing countries still have no toxic-chemical-control laws, and if they had them, would lack both the technical and the institutional capacity to implement them. Shortly before the Bhopal disaster an Indian government study found that only sixteen of the fifty pesticide-manufacturing plants in the country had significant pollution-control systems. The Madhya Pradesh state government had never cited Carbide's Bhopal plant for significant safety violations or, for that matter, even specified minimum standards for plant safety. Nor had the government ever sought to dissuade tens of thousands of squatters from settling in nearby slums.

When I arrived in Bhopal, I wanted to learn how much hostility the disaster had bred toward the United States and what consequences it might hold for other Western multinationals, in India and elsewhere in the Third World where the risks from industrial development were comparable. I also wanted to find out if the disaster had spurred Third World governments, including India's, to act against environmental danger, and, indeed, whether it had thrown the whole process of modernization into question. How inevitable, I wondered, were future Bhopals?

THE PEOPLE OF Jai Prakash Nagar, a slum on the outskirts of Bhopal, refer to what happened early on that December morning simply as "the gas." While many of Union Carbide's workers fled in panic, a white cloud of methyl isocyanate, escaping from a storage tank during a runaway chemical reaction (probably caused by water contamination when a pipe was improperly washed), drifted over the shanties of the poor. Families were wiped out. Entire streets and blocks were laid waste.

When I walked through Jai Prakash Nagar a year after "the gas," the physical evidence of disaster had largely disap-

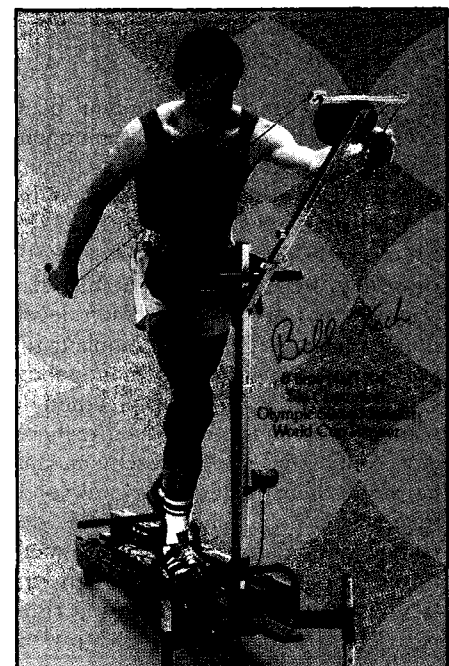
peared. The Indian government, embarrassed by the attention of the international press, had performed cosmetic surgery on what was once one of the city's most dismal slums. Drains had been laid, saplings planted, the worst huts pulled down. Fifteen hundred free housing units had been built for indigent survivors. Public and volunteer clinics were providing many victims with their first experience of modern medicine, including the first psychiatrist ever seen in Bhopal. Job programs, supported in part by Union Carbide, were beginning to retrain some of the disabled in leatherwork and tailoring. Contrary to early fears, no significant increase in the incidence of blindness seems to have occurred. Apparent increases in kidney and liver damage and in birth defects have been reported, however. The human suffering was of numbing dimensions. Of the more than 200,000 people injured, according to Indian physicians I spoke with in Bhopal, perhaps 10,000 will endure some form of lasting damage, mostly to their lungs. About 2,500 will remain at least partially crippled for life.

From Jai Prakash Nagar, I took a taxi past the lakes that were once the *nawab's* private preserve, and up the low hills to the east, where the offices of the Madhya Pradesh state government are lodged in a modern concrete tower. My appointment was with V. N. Kaul, the state's secretary of industry and commerce. He told me that the disaster had, at least modestly, heightened concern about environmental safety. I learned later that the state of Maharashtra had sued the Ministry of Defense for pollution caused by an explosives plant. Kerala had sued a chemical concern for contamination of the Periyar River. Villagers in Gujarat, who for years had passively consumed chemically polluted water, had demanded and gotten a freshwater source from the state government. In Madhya Pradesh, Kaul told me, an omnibus pollution-control law was under consideration, and an Indian-owned petrochemical plant had been ordered to relocate to a less populous site. However, he added, "the Bhopal disaster has had no effect on the pace or process of industrial growth. No technology has been turned away or turned down as a result of what happened. Why should we condemn all multinationals because of bad decisions taken by Union Carbide?"

Later, in Bombay, Kaul's words were

echoed by Gokhale of Union Carbide. "Bhopal has had absolutely no effect on multinationals in India," Gokhale said. "In fact, since then the Indian government has gone even further in seeking tie-ups with foreign companies, and firms from the United States head the list." And a senior diplomat at the Indian Embassy in Washington informed me that as far as the Indian government was concerned, the tragedy was "a human problem that resulted from one company's bad planning." In the streets of Bhopal marchers occasionally chanted, "America made the poison and dumped it in Bhopal!" But these protests seemed almost beside the point. No government officials, no major political parties, took up the cry. No one called for expropriation of Union Carbide's holdings or urged a general crackdown on foreign capital, though in late November, 1986, the Indian government announced in a Bhopal courtroom that it would seek \$3 billion from the Union Carbide Corporation as compensation for the accident and its long- and short-term effects.

IN THE 1970s assessments of multinationals' role in the Third World more often resembled a demonology than a reasoned evaluation of corporations' complex effects on economic development. Richard J. Barnet and Ronald E. Müller observed, in their influential 1974 book *Global Reach*, that critics commonly viewed the corporations' activities as "a recipe for a new stage in authoritarian politics, an international class war of huge proportions, and, ultimately, ecological suicide." Multinationals were then predominantly American: in 1971, 280 of the 500 largest corporations had their headquarters in the United States. In many places they were hated for their ability to interfere in local politics, their control of essential resources, the ease with which they could shift profits abroad, and what was alleged to be eagerness to dump backward technology and hazardous wastes on countries too unsophisticated to recognize them. Ignorance of the way that multinationals actually functioned sometimes merged with radical ideology in an economic war against real or imagined exploitation. From 1970 to 1975, Third World countries nationalized 336 foreign-owned companies, whereas the figure for the previous decade was 136. Many companies left Third World markets, some feeling squeezed out by punitive regulation, tariff barriers, and a



**Builds Cardiovascular Fitness
More Effectively
Than Other Exercisers**

NordicTrack duplicates the smooth, rhythmic motion of cross-country skiing, recognized by health authorities as the most effective fitness-building exercise available.

- **Exclusive Flywheel Action**
Provides unmatched smoothness and continuity from stride to stride. Motion and resistances are the same as real skiing.
- **Jarless Action is Safer Than Running**
Completely jarless motion prevents back and joint injuries associated with running. Arm-motion resistances provide superior upper body exercise.
- **More Complete Than Exercise Bikes**
Adds important upper body exercise and exercises leg muscles more uniformly. Fitness-building high pulse rates are easier to attain because more muscles share the exercise.
- **Safer and More Effective Than Rowing Machines**
Safer because no dangerous back strain loads imposed. Scientific tests prove NordicTrack's skiing motion is superior to rowing for building fitness.
- **Burns up to 600 Calories per 20-Minute Workout**
Lose weight without dieting.

Folds compactly. Requires only 15" x 17" floor space.

Free Brochure, and New Video!
800-328-5888
Minnesota 612-448-6987

NordicTrack

141R Jonathan Blvd., Chaska, MN 55318

trend toward centralized economic planning, frequently financed by enormous loans from Western banks willing to lend to governments of any political makeup.

Multinationals that weathered the ideological firestorms of the 1970s proved to be far more adaptable than their critics had foreseen. When developing countries sought to supplant the multinationals with state monopolies, the displaced corporations learned to make money by licensing their technology, contracting out management, and bartering their products for local goods instead of cash. When countries demanded that multinationals export more finished goods to bring in foreign currencies, corporations expanded their marketing networks. When governments insisted on a voice in multinationals' activities, joint ventures proliferated. In China, for instance, R. J. Reynolds is building a cigarette plant in partnership with a state tobacco company, American Motors Corporation has teamed up with a Chinese auto maker to manufacture jeeps, and the Foxboro Corporation is building industrial-process-control systems with the cooperation of a Shanghai firm. Diffusion of ownership has weakened nationalist hostility to multinationals by blurring the once bitter issue of direct foreign control.

A pronounced change has also taken place in the attitude of many developing nations toward multinationals. A Latin American diplomat who specializes in the activities of multinationals told me not long ago, "The ghost of ideology is fading: Third World countries are learning to deal with transnationals as real entities in the real world." What conflict remains has ceased to focus on allegations of imperialism and now tends to take the form of pragmatic negotiations over such issues as import substitution, the location of corporate research-and-development facilities, and the composition of joint ventures. The reasons for this change of heart are manifold: the drying up of easy development loans from Western banks and the burgeoning of foreign debt; a growing recognition that foreign private investment can promote industrialization and generate jobs, foreign exchange, and tax revenues; a perception that continuing modernization may hinge on the absorption of advanced technologies that can be obtained only from developed capitalist countries; and a widening disillusionment with socialist economics.

For many countries the turnabout has been dramatic. Turkey has reversed its long-standing protectionism, junked most of its export controls, and proposed the establishment of free-trade zones on its Mediterranean coast. Algeria has adopted a new investment code that guarantees foreign investors the right to repatriate profits. Mexico in 1985 authorized the largest number of fully foreign-owned investments in its recent history. Ecuador recently raised the permissible proportion of foreign ownership of export-oriented companies from 30 percent to 100 percent. Guinea and Mozambique have shed many orthodox Marxist policies that left their economies in ruins, and are courting Western investment. As Babacar N'Diaye, the president of the African Development Bank, has put it, "Africa in the eighties is not taking account, as far as economics is concerned, of ideology. We are pragmatists." The sharpest policy reversal of all has occurred in China, which has undertaken a far-reaching experiment in free-market policies throughout its economy and claims some \$4.6 billion in foreign investment since 1979. "Twenty years ago there were great certitudes on both sides of the ideological divide," says Richard J. Barnet, who is now a senior fellow at the Institute for Policy Studies, in Washington, D.C. "Those certainties don't exist today. When China welcomes multinationals and sets up export zones for companies that it used to decry as the epitome of exploitation and imperialism, then it is clear that the ideological issues surrounding multinationals have changed."

The India of Rajiv Gandhi embodies many of the new attitudes that are sweeping the Third World. "You no longer find anyone of influence arguing that the future of the economy or the country lies in greater state intervention, in more nationalization or government control," a director of the State Bank of India remarked to me one evening at a cocktail party in the home of an American diplomat. Since his accession to power after his mother's assassination, in 1984, Rajiv Gandhi has replaced the Fabian socialists who had guided India since independence with a generation of young technocrats who are more interested in building industries that can compete with Hong Kong and Japan than they are in ideology. In the past two years the government has cut taxes, removed production quotas and import restrictions, established export incentives,

deregulated the electronic and engineering sectors, and vigorously promoted commercial competition, telling companies at one point that they would "have to fight for survival" among themselves. At Gandhi's instruction, the central government has adopted the first five-year plan in Indian history to rely on the private sector more than on the public sector to create jobs.

Since last year Indian firms have scrambled to conclude new technical-collaboration agreements with foreign investors. While India has successfully sought licenses to import more than \$1 billion in advanced American technology, including state-of-the-art computers, record numbers of American trade delegations have been traveling to India in search of investment opportunities. In this atmosphere the Bhopal accident was perceived less as a political or moral event than as a fact of industrial life.

IRONICALLY, MANY countries have grown reluctant to set rigorous environmental and industrial safety standards at a time when multinationals have become, probably, more responsive than they have ever been to environmental concerns. Moreover, high environmental standards seem not to be a deterrent to investment. According to a 1985 study by the United Nations Centre on Transnational Corporations, multinational investment in hazardous industries has gravitated chiefly toward countries with advanced industrial economies and stiff pollution controls. Among developing countries Singapore, one of the most environmentally conscious nations in the world, has a virtually unsurpassed record of winning foreign investment. In the future, low or unenforced environmental standards, suggestive as they are of a backward, ignorant population and work force, are more likely to deter Western investment than to attract it.

In the absence of adequate local standards for environmental safety, multinationals will in the coming years demand fuller control over the staffing, design, and equipment of their foreign plants, and when they build new facilities they will probably insist that local governments share legal liability in the event of accidents. "You can't be beholden to a foreign government as to how to run your company, and then be liable to lawsuits in American courts," says Alvin M. Natkin, the president of the Continental

Environment Company and a former manager for environmental affairs of the Exxon Corporation. "If a corporation has to take in local partners, and especially a foreign government, it's going to be a lot more careful about liability and safety responsibilities than it would have been before Bhopal. If a corporation goes into a country on its own, it's going to run its business just as it would in the United States."

The fears, common in the 1970s, that multinationals would increasingly devastate the Third World's environment now seem exaggerated. "Pollution havens," free of environmental regulation, failed to proliferate as many critics had expected, and where they existed they failed to attract the interest of major Western companies. On the contrary, multinationals now appear to be the primary source of up-to-date safety and environmental technology for the Third World. A 1984 study by the International Labor Organization determined that multinationals generally maintain health and safety standards well above those required by the developing countries in which they operate, and that they frequently install the latest safety features in new plants they build in the Third World. In two new chemical plants that it is building in Argentina, for instance, the Monsanto Company is including a state-of-the-art computerized process-control system that is not yet in place in some of the company's United States facilities, and in planning a Brazilian herbicide plant the company has used the most modern available computer model to gauge the probable dispersion of gas in the event of a ruptured ammonia storage tank. Since the Bhopal disaster virtually every American chemical company has undertaken an exhaustive audit of its safety standards and its handling of hazardous substances.

No real constituency yet exists in most developing countries, however, for serious efforts to protect the environment. Although more than a hundred developing countries today have agencies that are at least nominally responsible for environmental safety, up from just a handful a decade ago, most are understaffed, underfunded, and overruled in policy debates by economic planners who still see development and safety as mutually exclusive goals. Nigeria, for instance, until recently one of the most rapidly industrializing nations in Africa, had in 1984 just nineteen safety inspectors to monitor thousands of factories

and workshops. Where governments are indifferent to environmental improvement, well-intentioned foreign firms are unlikely to have much effect. "It's hard to tell a government what to do, and especially to suggest that it doesn't know how to take care of its own citizens," Alvin Natkin, of Continental Environment, says. Local firms in the Third World are also unlikely to be imbued with the sort of environmental ethics that have become common in the West in recent years. When 100,000 residents of the Indian city of Virabhapatnam were exposed to a cloud of noxious gas just months after Bhopal, none of the half-dozen plants nearby was willing to take responsibility.

BEFORE HIS LUNGS were damaged in the Bhopal disaster, Tunda Lal had earned about \$1.50 a day as a mason, when work was available. When I met him in Jai Prakash Nagar, he rarely had the energy to stay on his feet more than a few hours a day. As a registered victim of the gas leak, he will receive compensation when the suit against Union Carbide is settled. But that may be many years away. In the meantime, he hopes to find a place in a job-training program, and sometimes begs in the street. I asked him what he would do if the Carbide plant reopened, handling the same gas in the same way it had before and posing the same hazards to his community. "If it opened again tomorrow," Lal replied, "I'd be happy to take any job they offered me. I wouldn't hesitate for a minute. I want to work in a factory, any factory. Before 'the gas' the Union Carbide plant was the best place in all Bhopal to work."

"I'd go too, do or die," added a neighbor named Tulsi Ram, brandishing a wad of medical prescriptions and leaning on a cane.

Lal and Ram, and others like them in Bhopal, understand the nature of economic change better than many Western critics of multinationals. The security of a good wage and the dignity of a modern job are not things they take for granted but distant, even profound aspirations that can be achieved only through ambition and risk. No one today contemplates a reversal of the process of modernization and industrialization. It must take place, most Third World governments, and apparently increasing numbers of their citizens, believe, at least in part on the basis of Western capital.

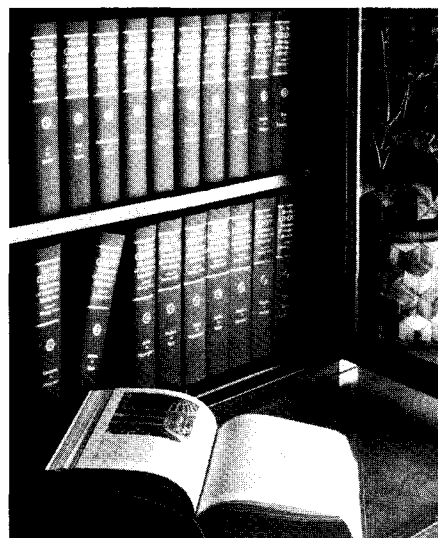
—Fergus M. Bordewich

"...the greatest musical dictionary ever published"

Charles Rosen, *N.Y. Review of Books*

THE NEW GROVE DICTIONARY OF MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

Edited by Stanley Sadie



The gift of a lifetime for anyone who loves music.

"...20 vast volumes excellently produced, crammed with scholarship, magnificently illustrated, a profound pleasure to handle."

Anthony Burgess, *Quest*

By ordering directly from the publisher, you can acquire *The New Grove* at a savings of \$200. Or use one of our two convenient installment plans.

1. One volume a month for 20 months.
2. Receive the entire set at once with a down payment and pay the balance over 20 months.

Your purchase of *The New Grove* will bring two additional benefits. You will receive, free of charge, a boxed set of records; and you will be enrolled, at no cost, into the *Grove Music Society*. Membership of the Society will entitle you to special rates for records, tapes, books, concert, and opera subscriptions. Full details of all these benefits will be sent to you as soon as you acquire *The New Grove*.

Grove's Dictionaries of Music
15 East 26th St., New York, NY 10010
(800) 221-2123 (In New York, call (212) 481-1332)

- ☐ Here's \$1925 as full payment—a savings of \$200. Ship me the complete *New Grove* at once.
- ☐ Ship me one volume a month for 20 months and bill my charge account \$106.25 per month.
- ☐ Here's \$275 for the down payment. Ship me the complete set at once. For the balance, bill my charge account \$100 per month for 20 months.
- ☐ Please send me a FREE *Prospectus*

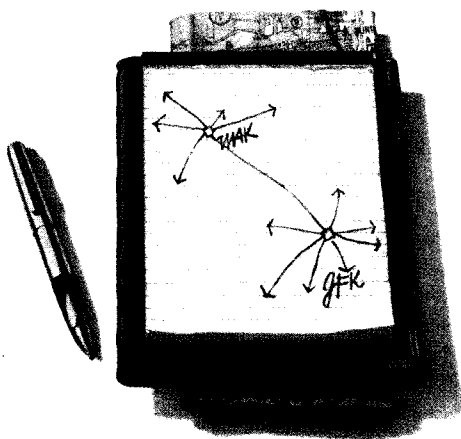
Card No. Exp.

Name

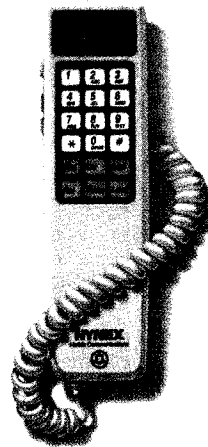
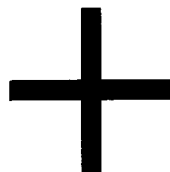
Address

City State Zip

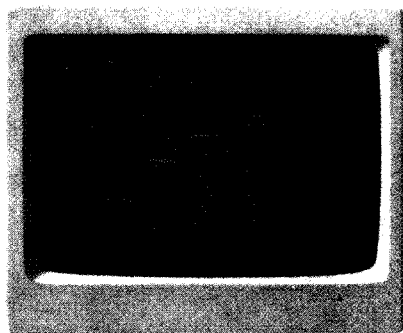
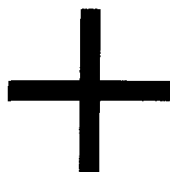
N.Y. State residents please add sales tax. N7AM1



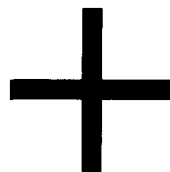
Who can help an airline's expansion idea become a new route to success?



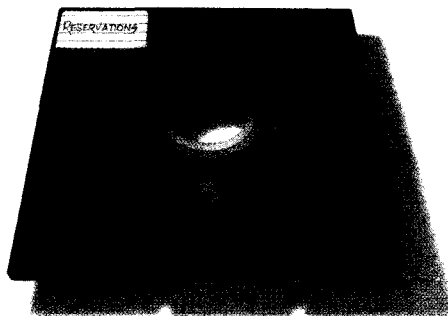
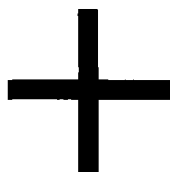
Whose cellular technology can connect the airline's financial officers with their investment banker?



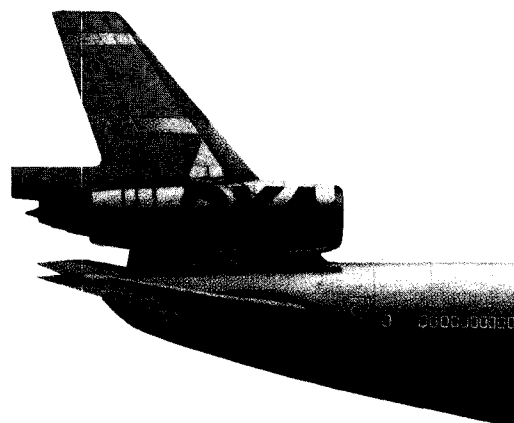
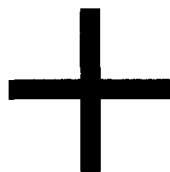
Who can custom design an office automation system to generate the feasibility study?



Whose fiber optic network can be used to announce the new routes to hotels and golf resorts?



Whose telecommunications software can facilitate an expanded ticketing system?



Who makes it easier for new business ideas to get off the ground?

THE ANSWER IS NYNEX

Telecommunications • Information Systems • Software • Publishing • Business Services
 © NYNEX Corporation 1986 For information, 1-800-535-1535

The way a child wants to play is often very different from the way his parents want him to. The child, however, knows best

THE IMPORTANCE OF PLAY

BY BRUNO BETTELHEIM

“CHILDREN’S PLAYINGS ARE NOT SPORTS AND should be deemed their most serious actions,” Montaigne wrote. If we wish to understand our child, we need to understand his play. Freud regarded play as the means by which the child accomplishes his first great cultural and psychological achievements; through play he expresses himself. This is true even for an infant whose play consists of nothing more than smiling at his mother, as she smiles at him. Freud also noted how much and how well children express their thoughts and feelings through play. These are sometimes feelings that the child himself would remain ignorant of, or overwhelmed by, if he did not deal with them by acting them out in play fantasy.

Child psychoanalysts have enlarged on Freud’s insights, which recognized the manifold problems and emotions children express through play; they also have shown how children use play to work through and master quite complex psychological difficulties of the past and present. So valuable is play in this connection that play therapy has become the main avenue for helping young children with their emotional difficulties. Freud said that the dream is the “royal road” to the unconscious, and this is true for adults and children alike. But play is also a “royal road” to the child’s conscious and unconscious inner world; if we want to understand his inner world and help him with it, we must learn to walk this road.

From a child’s play we can gain understanding of how he



sees and construes the world—what he would like it to be, what his concerns and problems are. Through his play he expresses what he would be hard pressed to put into words. A child does not play spontaneously only to while away the time, although he and the adults observing him may think he does. Even when he engages in play partly to fill empty moments, what he chooses to play at is motivated by inner processes, desires, problems, anxieties.

The most normal and competent child encounters what seem like insurmountable problems in living. But by playing them out, in the way he chooses, he may become able to cope with them in a step-by-step process. He often does so in symbolic ways that are hard for even him to understand, as he is reacting to inner processes whose origin may be buried deep in his unconscious. This may result in play that makes little sense to us at the moment or may even seem ill advised, since we do not know the purposes it serves or how it will end. When there is no immediate danger, it is usually best to approve of the child's play without interfering, just because he is so engrossed in it. Efforts to assist him in his struggles, while well intentioned, may divert him from seeking, and eventually finding, the solution that will serve him best.

A four-year-old girl reacted to her mother's pregnancy by regressing. Although she had been well trained, she began to wet again, insisted on being fed only from a baby bottle, and reverted to crawling on the floor. All this greatly distressed her mother, who, anticipating the demands of a new infant, had counted on her daughter's relative maturity. Fortunately, she did not try to prevent her daughter's regressions. After a few months of this behavior, the girl replaced it with much more mature play. She now played "good mother." She became extremely caring for her baby doll, ministering to it much more seriously than ever before. Having in the regressed stage identified with the coming infant, she now identified with her mother. By the time her sibling was born, the girl had done much of the work needed for her to cope with the change in the family and her position in it, and her adjustment to the new baby was easier than her mother had expected.

In retrospect it can be seen that the child, on learning that a new baby was to join the family, must have been afraid that the baby would deprive her of her infantile gratifications, and therefore tried to provide herself with them. She may have thought that if her mother wanted an infant, then she herself would again be an infant. There would be no need for her mother to acquire another, and she might give up on the idea.

Permitted to act on notions like these, the girl must have realized after a while that wetting herself was not as pleasant as she might have imagined; that being able to eat a wide variety of foods had definite advantages when compared with drinking only from the bottle; and that walking and running brought many more satisfactions than did crawling. From this experience she convinced herself that being grown up is preferable to being a baby. So she gave up pretending that she was a baby and instead decided to

be like her mother: in play to be like her right now, in imagination to become at some future time a real mother. Play provided the child and her mother with a happy solution to what otherwise might have resulted in an impasse.

BESIDES BEING A MEANS OF COPING WITH PAST AND present concerns, play is the child's most useful tool for preparing himself for the future and its tasks. Play's function in developing cognitive and motor abilities has been explored by Karl Groos (the first investigator to study it systematically), Jean Piaget (to whom we owe our best understanding of what the child learns intellectually from play), and many others. Play teaches the child, without his being aware of it, the habits most needed for intellectual growth, such as stick-to-itiveness, which is so important in all learning. Perseverance is easily acquired around enjoyable activities such as chosen play. But if it has not become a habit through what is enjoyable, it is not likely to become one through an endeavor like schoolwork. That we rarely succeed at a thing as easily or promptly as we might wish is best learned at an early age, when habits are formed and when the lesson can be assimilated fairly painlessly. A child at play begins to realize that he need not give up in despair if a block doesn't balance neatly on another block the first time around. Fascinated by the challenge of building a tower, he gradually learns that even if he doesn't succeed immediately, success can be his if he perseveres. He learns not to give up at the first sign of failure, or at the fifth or tenth, and not to turn in dismay to something less difficult, but to try again and again. But he will not learn this if his parents are interested only in success, if they praise him only for that and not also for tenacious effort. Children are very sensitive to our inner feelings. They are not easily fooled by mere words. Thus our praise won't be effective if, deep down, we are disappointed by the length of time it takes them to achieve their goal or by the awkwardness of their efforts. Further, we must not impose *our* goals on them, either in thought or in action.

Gregory Bateson and others have demonstrated how destructive it is for a child to receive contradictory signals from his parents. Exposed to one message from verbal statements and a contrary one from subliminal signs (which the speaker may be unaware of making), the child is utterly confused, for what he hears is the opposite of what he senses is the truth. This will prevent him from persisting in the face of difficulties as effectively as will criticism for his failure or praise only for his success.

Some parents (usually for reasons of which they are completely unaware) are not satisfied with the way their child plays. So they start telling him how he ought to use a toy, and if he continues to suit his own fancy, they "correct" him, wanting him to use the toy in accordance with its intended purpose or the way they think it ought to be played with. If they insist on such guidance, the child's interest in the toy—and to some extent also in play in gener-

al—is apt to wane, because the project has become his parents' and is no longer his own. Such parents are likely to continue to direct and dominate the child's activities in later years, motivated by the same inner tendencies that did not allow them to enjoy his play as *he* developed it. But now everything is happening on a more complex intellectual level. The parents may try to improve the child's homework by suggesting ideas that are much too sophisticated and in any case are not his own. In consequence he may lose interest in developing his own ideas, which pale by comparison with his parents'. What he wanted, in talking with his parents about his homework, was appreciation of his efforts and encouragement that his own ideas were valuable—not a demonstration that his ideas were not good enough. Such parents would be most astonished to learn that their efforts to help were the cause of the child's lack of interest in his homework.

A child, as well as an adult, needs plenty of what in German is called *Spielraum*. Now, *Spielraum* is not primarily "a room to play in." While the word also means that, its primary meaning is "free scope, plenty of room"—to move not only one's elbows but also one's mind, to experiment with things and ideas at one's leisure, or, to put it colloquially, to toy with ideas. The biographies of creative people of the past are full of accounts of long hours they spent sitting by a river as teenagers, thinking their own thoughts, roaming through the woods with their faithful dogs, or dreaming their own dreams. But who today has the leisure and the opportunities for this? If a youngster tries it, as likely as not his parents will fret that he is not using his time constructively, that he is daydreaming when he should be tackling the serious business of life. However, developing an inner life, including fantasies and daydreams, is one of the most constructive things a growing child can do. The days of most middle-class children are filled with scheduled activities—Boy or Girl Scout meetings, music and dance lessons, organized sports—which leave them hardly any time simply to be themselves. In fact, they are continually distracted from the task of self-discovery, forced to develop their talents and personalities as those who are in charge of the various activities think best. Today academic teaching begins in kindergarten, if not in nursery school. Kindergarten, as conceived by Friedrich Froebel in the nineteenth century, was a place where children would play, as if in a garden. During most of the period in which kindergartens have existed, they have been play schools.

A lack of sufficient leisure to develop a rich inner life is a large part of the reason why a child will pressure his parents to entertain him or will turn on the television set. It is not that the bad of such mass-produced entertainment drives out the good of inner richness. It is that, in a vicious circle, the lack of a chance to spend much of his energies on his inner life causes the child to turn to readily available stimuli for filling an inner void, and these stimuli then constitute another obstacle to the child's development of his inner life.

Play, Games, and Rules

MOST ADULTS FIND IT EASIER TO INVOLVE THEMSELVES directly in complex, adult games, such as chess or baseball, than in play on simpler levels, such as stacking blocks or riding a hobbyhorse or a toy car. Although the words *play* and *game* may seem synonymous, they in fact refer to broadly distinguishable stages of development, with *play* relating to an earlier stage, *game* to a more mature one. Generally speaking, *play* refers to the young child's activities characterized by freedom from all but personally imposed rules (which are changed at will), by free-wheeling fantasy involvement, and by the absence of any goals outside the activity itself. *Games*, however, are usually competitive and are characterized by agreed-upon, often externally imposed, rules, by a requirement to use the implements of the activity in the manner for which they are intended and not as fancy suggests, and frequently by a goal or purpose outside the activity, such as winning the game. Children recognize early on that play is an opportunity for pure enjoyment, whereas games may involve considerable stress. One four-year-old, when confronted with an unfamiliar play situation, asked, "Is this a fun game or a winning game?" It was clear that his attitude toward the activity depended on the answer he was given.

Piaget stresses how important learning the rules of the game is in the process of socialization; a child must become able to control himself in order to do so, controlling most of all his tendency to act aggressively to reach his goals. Only then can he enjoy the continuous interaction with others that is involved in playing games with partners who are also opponents. But obeying the rules and controlling one's selfish and aggressive tendencies is not something that can be learned overnight; it is the end result of long development. When he begins playing games, a child tries to behave as he could in his earlier play. He changes the rules to suit himself, but then the game breaks down. In a later stage he comes to believe that the rules are unalterable. He treats them as if they were laws handed down from time immemorial, which cannot be transgressed under any circumstances, and he views disobeying the rules as a serious crime. Only at a still later stage—often not until he has become a teenager and sometimes even later than that—can he comprehend that rules are voluntarily agreed upon for the sake of playing the game and have no other validity, and that they can be freely altered as long as all participants agree to such changes. Democracy, based on a freely negotiated consensus that is binding only after it has been formulated and accepted, is a very late achievement in human development, even in game-playing.

When children are free to do as they like in games not supervised by adults, more often than not arguments over which game they will play and how, and what rules they should follow, take up most of their time, so that little actual playing gets done. Left to their own devices, children may require hours of fruitful deliberation before they agree on the rules and related issues, such as who should



begin the game and what role each child is to have in it. And this is how it ought to be, if playing games is to socialize children. Only by pondering at great length the advantages and disadvantages of various possible games, their relative appropriateness to the conditions at hand—such as the size of the group, the available playing area, and so forth—and what rules should apply and why, will children develop their abilities to reason, to judge what is appropriate and what is not, to weigh arguments, to learn how consensus can be reached and how important such consensus is to the launching of an enterprise. Learning all this is infinitely more significant for the child's development as a social human being than is mastering whatever skills are involved in playing the game itself. Yet none of these socializing skills will be learned if adults attempt to control which games are played, or if they prevent experimentation with rules (out of fear that this may lead to chaos), or if they impatiently push for the game to get started without further delay.

When thinking about an organization like Little League, we should keep in mind that the most important function of play and games for the well-being of the child is to offer him a chance to work through unresolved problems of the past, to deal with pressures of the moment, and to experiment with various roles and forms of social in-

teraction in order to determine their suitability for himself.

A freely organized ball game looks very ragged, and it *is* very ragged. The children use the game to serve their individual and group needs, so there are interruptions for displays of temper, digressions for talking things over or to pursue a parallel line of play for a time, surprising acts of compassion ("give the little guys an extra turn")—all acts outside adult game protocols. If adults want to see a polished game of baseball played according to the rule books, they can turn on their television sets. John Locke wrote that "because there can be no *Recreation* without *Delight*, which depends not always on *Reason*, but oftener on *Fancy*, it must be permitted Children not only to divert themselves, but to do it after their own fashion." How wonderful it would be for our children if we adults would heed the advice of this great philosopher!

FOR YEARS THE GROWING CHILD MOVES BACK AND forth among the many demands that playing games imposes on him. When all goes well, a child can do full justice to the game's requirements. But when things become psychologically too bewildering or frustrating for him, he may revert to spontaneous play. Although he may understand the rules governing the game—even insist that

others follow them—he himself will be unable to obey them and may assert that they do not apply to him. For example, a young child may know perfectly well how to play checkers. All will go smoothly until he realizes, or believes, that he will lose. Then he may suddenly request, “Let’s start over.” If the other player agrees and the second game goes more in the child’s favor, all is well. But if things look bleak for the child the second time around, he may repeat his request for a fresh start, and he may do so repeatedly. This can be frustrating to an adult, who may decide that the child should learn to finish a game once he has started it, even if he is about to lose. But if the adult is able to be patient and agree to repeated new beginnings, even though the checker game may never be concluded the child will eventually learn to play better.

If the adult insists that the child continue playing when he is likely to lose, he will be asking too much of the child’s still weak controls. If the child could articulate his position, he might say, “Obeying the rules when it seems I’m going to lose is just too much for me. If you insist that I go on, I’ll just have to give up on games and return to fantasy play, where I can’t be defeated.” Then the checker, which had been accepted as a marker to be moved only according to established rules, will suddenly be moved as the child’s fancy determines, or in a way that seems to assure his winning. If this is not accepted, the marker may become a missile, to be hurled off the board or even at the winning opponent.

The reasons for the child’s behavior are not difficult to understand. Feeling himself momentarily defeated by the complex realities of the game—he is losing, and thus his extremely tenuous self-respect is about to be damaged, something to be avoided at all costs—he reverts to a play level at which the rules no longer pertain, in order to rescue his endangered feeling of competence. If the opponent is also a child, he will intuitively understand (although not applaud) his companion’s action. The child opponent may say in response, “Come on, now, you’re acting like a baby,” as if recognizing—probably from his own experience in similar situations—that what has taken place is a regression to an earlier stage of development, because the higher stage has proved too painful to be worth the effort to maintain. Or he may suggest, “Let’s play something else,” knowing that checkers has become too difficult.

If the opponent is an adult, however, such intuitive understanding may be missing. Some parents, unfortunately, are eager to see their child behave maturely before he is ready to do so. They become unhappy with his behavior when he reverts to simple, unstructured play. But criticism and insistence on mature behavior just when the child feels most threatened merely aggravate his sense of defeat. We ought to recognize that a child may be forced by as-yet-uncontrollable pressures to disregard, or even to pervert, the rules of the game in an instant, and that if he does so, he does it for compelling reasons.

Again we must remember that for a child, a game is not

“just a game” that he plays for the fun of it, or a distraction from more serious matters. For him, playing a game can be, and more often than not is, a serious undertaking: on its outcome rest his feelings of self-esteem and competence. To put it in adult terms, playing a game is a child’s true reality; this takes it far beyond the boundaries of its meaning for adults. Losing is not just a part of playing the game, as it is for adults (at least most of the time), but something that puts the child’s sense of his own competence in question and often undermines it.

What makes it all so confusing is that now and then the child is easily able to finish a game even though he is aware that he is losing. So if he can accept defeat sometimes, why not always? Because he could act mature yesterday, adults expect him to do so today, and they try to hold him to this maturity or are critical if he does not. What they overlook is that they themselves act similarly in real life. They are able to accept defeat with relative equanimity when they feel secure in other important respects; at other times defeat temporarily disintegrates them, makes them depressed and unable to function. Since game-playing is for the child a real-life experience, he behaves accordingly: when feeling relatively strong and secure, he can accept defeat in a game without falling apart, but when insecure, he cannot. Because a child’s inability to accept defeat in a game is a sign that at that moment he is quite insecure, it becomes even more important that we do not add to this feeling by criticizing him.

Some children—and most children at some stages in their lives—simply cannot afford to lose. So they correct their fortune in order to win—wanting to move a checker more spaces than they are entitled to, for example, or asking for an extra turn (as opposed to making a move while an opponent is out of the room). It is then wrong to hold them to the rules of the game, because they may give up playing altogether and become utterly dejected, deeply disappointed in themselves. If, instead of objecting to their insisting on changing the rules, we silently accept it and in this way make it possible for them to win, they will enjoy the game and continue playing it. As a child continues to play—and to cheat in this way—he slowly becomes more experienced in playing the game and needs to cheat less often, and less outrageously. This is why it is especially important for parents to play games with their child, because others are not so ready to let him change the rules at will without at least remarking on it. But improving his chances of winning may be necessary if the child is to play often enough to become sufficiently expert to win playing by the rules. Winning makes him more and more secure about his ability to hold his own in the game, and soon he will give up changing the rules altogether, although he will by no means win every time. The ability to win fair and square will provide him with enough security in playing the game that an occasional loss will no longer be experienced as such a severe defeat that he must avoid the game altogether. And the parent’s pleasure in playing will increase with the child’s.

Toys as Symbols

THERE ARE MANY CONTRIBUTIONS THAT ONLY PARENTS can make to the play of their children. For example, no teacher, and certainly no age-mate, can be as deeply and personally involved in play that seems to relate to the child's future as are his parents. Play is anchored in the present, but it also takes up and tries to solve problems of the past, and is often future-directed, as well. So a girl's doll play anticipates her possible future motherhood and also helps her to deal with emotional pressures of the moment. If she is jealous of the care a sibling receives from their mother, doll play permits her to act out and master her ambivalent feelings. She deals with their negative aspects by mistreating the doll, who represents her sibling. In this symbolic way a girl is able to punish her sibling for her jealous agonies, of which the sibling is the innocent cause. She can make amends for her negative attitude and satisfy the positive elements of her ambivalence when she takes good care of the doll, just as her mother does of the sibling, and in this way can free herself from guilt and identify with her mother. In taking good care of the doll the girl can also identify with the doll, and thus vicariously receive the care her mother lavishes on the sibling. Thus in many ways doll play is closely connected with a girl's relation to her mother.

It is a misfortune for boys that they are only rarely offered the opportunity to play with dolls and even more rarely encouraged to do so. Many parents feel that doll play is not for boys, and because of this boys are usually prevented from dealing with issues such as sibling rivalry and problems of family constellation (emotional grouping), among many others, in this convenient symbolic way. Perhaps if parents could see how eagerly boys use dolls and doll houses in psychoanalytic treatment—certainly as eagerly and persistently as girls do—to work out family problems and anxieties about themselves, they would be more ready to recognize the value of doll play for both sexes. For example, in doll-house play boys—as eagerly as girls—put a figure representing their sibling out of the house, put a figure representing a parent on the roof or lock it in the basement, place both parents together in bed, seat a figure representing themselves on the toilet or have it mess up the house, and in countless other ways visualize, act out, and thus become better able to deal with pressing family problems.

Some parents, especially fathers, think that doll play is contrary to masculinity. It is not. There is a great deal in a boy's past (just as there is in a girl's)—the way he was fed, held, bathed, and toilet-trained—that he can best master through doll play or through play with doll-house furniture, such as tubs and toilets. There are present-day problems, such as sibling rivalry, for him too. And although child care will probably play a more peripheral role in his future than in that of a girl, it may be a very important aspect of his life as a father. If parents are worried that doll play may feminize a boy, all they need for reassurance is to

watch how boys play with dolls, because it is very different from the way girls play with them. Unless a boy has already embraced femininity by reason of severe neurosis, his approach is quite distinctly masculine, typically much more aggressive and manipulative than that of girls—for example, boys make their dolls have fights much more often than girls do.

True, boys' doll play is usually shorter-lived than girls', and not quite as significant an experience for them; but this is no reason that they should lose out entirely on what doll play can offer them. Actually, toys typically viewed as being for boys (dump trucks, racing cars, railroad sets, and many others), though they may offer a chance to work out problems of the present and anticipate the future, are much less suitable than dolls for mastering difficulties of the past. If parents feel relaxed about their son's playing with dolls, they will provide him with valuable opportunities for enriching his play life. For them to do so, it is not sufficient that they simply refrain from disparaging such play. Because of the still prevalent attitude that doll play is only for girls, both parents need to have a positive feeling about a boy's doll play if he is to be able to take full advantage of it.

It is relatively rare for a parent to become as engrossed in a play activity as his child does, but there are toys that evoke deep feelings in a parent, as they do in a child. Dolls are probably the best example of this. Whether a mother merely watches her daughter play with dolls, encourages her in it, or actively participates, she is often deeply involved on many levels. She may re-experience aspects of her own childhood doll play and her own mother's involvement in such play and in herself. The child as she plays with her doll feels, in some way, strong emotions that reign in her mother's conscious and subconscious mind, and experiences a closeness to her mother based on the deep emotional involvement they both have in the girl's doll play. This closeness gives the play a special significance and depth of meaning for the child which it never could attain without the mother's involvement.

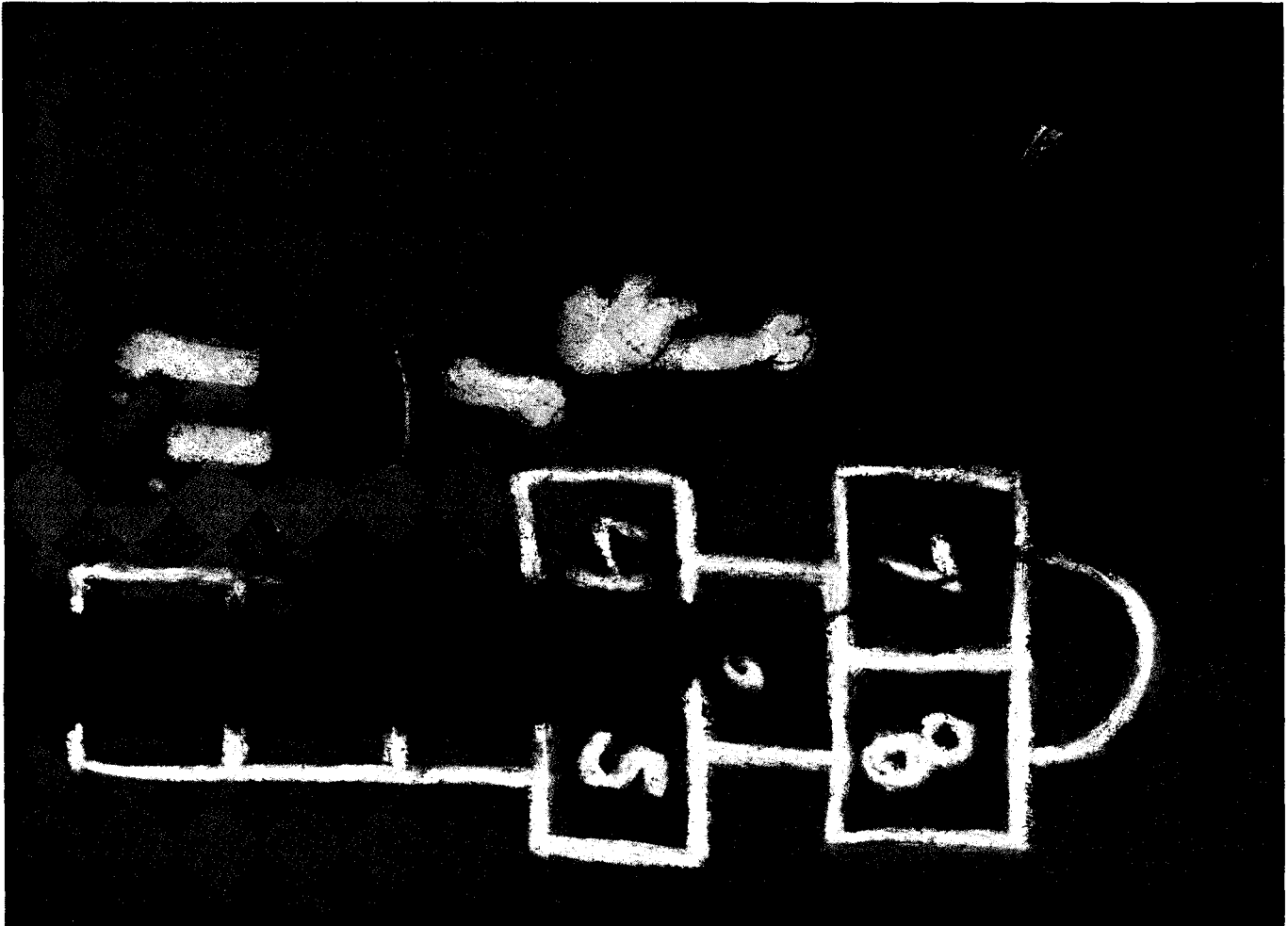
In order for the child's doll play to take on this special significance, the mother need not always be physically present, nor when she is present must she be so personally involved on many levels; it is enough if the child carries a mental image of her mother's involvement. One such experience of involvement with her mother can make an impact so lasting that the child will carry this image within her and reactivate it whenever she plays with her doll—it is that meaningful. She will continue to react to the emotional signals she has received from her mother and to combine them in her doll play with other feelings that originate in her past and present experiences of being mothered and playing at mothering. Important as her feelings are about being mothered and about someday becoming a parent herself, her doll play could not attain the same depth of meaning if her mother had not on occasion been deeply and personally involved because of the recollections it evoked in her.

A Double Standard

CERTAINLY PARENTS ARE HAPPY TO SEE THEIR CHILDREN absorbed in play. But are they equally happy to become engrossed in the playing themselves? If a child's play is pleasurable to a parent chiefly because it allows him to pursue his adult activities without feeling bad about neglecting his child, it does not take the child long to realize this. He soon learns that to his parents play itself is not very important, but his being out of their way is; this lesson simultaneously diminishes him and his en-

kept. Parents tend to assume that if a child doesn't repeat his plea, he has either lost interest or forgotten about it. But many a child hears "In a few minutes" as a brush-off, and he's not all that eager to receive a second brush-off by repeating his request.

Such parental behavior suggests to children that their activities rarely seem as important to parents as the parents' activities, and hardly ever more important. There is nothing very much wrong with that: if both parties are seriously engaged, why should parents drop what they are doing to join their child? The situation is different, of course,



joyment of play and reduces the capacity of play to develop his intelligence and personality.

The true test of a parent's beliefs about play is not what he says but how he behaves. The fact is that parents often behave inconsistently. Sometimes all goes well: The parent is not doing anything of particular importance, and his child asks him to play. The parent obliges. The child wants him to admire what he has built, and the parent again obliges. But if the parent is occupied with something that demands his attention, usually his response to the request is, "Not now—I'm busy." If the parent is in a good mood, he may preface his refusal with an apology or a promise to make up for it later—a promise not always

when there is an emergency. In such cases the transfer of our attention is virtually automatic. This is very important for the security of the child, and some bright children test how reliably they can depend on our reaction by claiming that an emergency has arisen. Others, without necessarily wishing to ascertain how dependable their parents will be in a crisis, pretend that an emergency exists in order to bring a parent hurrying to their side when they have a great desire to tell or show the parent something of importance. But this works only a few times. Then the parents cease to respond, and make no bones about their annoyance at being taken advantage of in this way—as in the fable of the child who cried "wolf" once too often. This is understand-

able. But are parents really being taken advantage of when a child goes to great lengths to signal how important it is that they come to him, emergency or no emergency? Or, to put it differently, is only what parents consider an emergency—such as an actual danger or mishap—truly an emergency? Is not a child's need to reassure himself that he and what he is doing are important also an emergency? If a parent is just a bit more patient with a child's claim of emergency, even if all the child needs is to convince himself that the parent is ready to drop everything and rush to his side, then the child will feel more secure about his importance to the parent. This improvement in the child's security will be reflected in a parallel improvement in his relationship with his parent. Such a result may well be worth the inconvenience of responding to what we don't regard as real emergencies. As the child grows and matures, he will learn to accept that it is unreasonable to expect that if two people are deeply engaged, one will always be ready to quit what he is doing to join the other.

What happens when a child is engrossed in play and the parents are ready to go out? They call him to come and get dressed. Or perhaps they want him to greet a visitor, or come to the table for lunch. His answer is, as ours would be in an analogous situation, "Not now—I'm busy." Are we prepared to honor our child's statement, as we expect him to honor ours? Or do we insist: "You come here, *right now*"? If we do, then we have once again succeeded in impressing on him that we do not take his activities as seriously as we do our own. Worse, we have demonstrated that we do not take his activities seriously at all when they conflict with our plans. If we truly took our child's play as seriously as we take our own tasks, we would be as loath to interrupt it as we are reluctant to be interfered with when we are working. This is the pattern demanded by consistency and a sense of fairness, and one reward for thus respecting our child's play is that it enhances his own sense of play as an important activity in the whole context of family life.

Despite how important it is that we encourage play, it is never beneficial for parents to play with their children strictly out of a sense of duty. To play because one "should" is simply not the same as playing together with one's child, or even appreciating the importance of his play. This confusion about the parent's intent is precisely what mars so much of the child's play with his parents. Many adults, whether parents or teachers, tend to play with children for purposes outside the play; they may wish to distract, entertain, educate, diagnose, or guide them. But this is not what the child desires. Unless the play itself is the thing, it loses much of its meaning to the child, and adult participation becomes offensive; the child can guess the adult's purpose and becomes annoyed at the pretense of wholehearted participation.

The use of educational toys, so dear to the hearts of many parents, may serve as an illustration. There is really nothing wrong with educational toys *if* the emphasis is entirely on the enjoyment of play and not on the intent of educating. Such toys become problematic, however, when

parents emphasize what using the toy supposedly teaches the child over how the child desires to use it. Educational toys become absolutely deadly when the child is expected to learn what they are designed to teach rather than what he wants to learn. A child must be permitted to use a toy the way he wishes to (if the toy is not made of any dangerous materials, of course), not as the parent, teacher, or manufacturer thinks it ought to be used.

It is amazing what an infant can learn just by playing with the cardboard core of a roll of toilet paper, and how constructive, imaginative, and educative a child's play with empty boxes can be. In earlier days, when thread came on wooden spools, young children used the spools as blocks and gained as much pleasure and learning from them as they do now from specially constructed building blocks. Indeed, they probably got something more out of playing with spools than they do with blocks, because they knew that their mothers, too, made use of spools. Thus both child and parent found something important represented in wooden spools, whereas blocks are important only to the child.

Some parents spontaneously realize the value of having a personal investment in their child's play objects, although they are not always conscious that this is what motivates them. They instinctively add a measure of mutuality to their child's pleasure, without setting out to do so. Some of these parents may have the time and inclination to fashion toys for their children, thereby duplicating what their own parents or grandparents did out of necessity. Such parents become emotionally involved in the toys they have created with their own hands. They get enormous enjoyment not only from the task but also from imagining how their child will play with these toys. The meaning the parents have invested in the toys remains active as they play with their child or watch his play.

Other parents make the production of toys a common project. For example, with the child's help they collect scraps of wood. Together parent and child cut and sand the wood; perhaps the child invites some of his friends to help with this labor and with the painting and the shellacking that follows. From then on and ever after these blocks are very special to child and parent. No store-bought blocks can compare in importance to these visible and tangible examples of the child's and the parent's common investment in a toy.

Becoming Civilized

IN PSYCHOLOGICAL TREATMENT A CHILD MIGHT BE ENCOURAGED to shoot a toy pistol at a figure; this might be done either to free his aggressions or to discover their source and intended target. But this occurs in the presence of an adult acting as a therapist, in an "as if" therapeutic situation. If a parent encourages his child to shoot a toy gun at someone, even at himself, in a normal play setting, it is a mistake—he is not taking the child's play seriously enough. If he were, rather than just pretending to do so

without paying close attention to what the play is all about, he could hardly encourage such an unequivocal show of aggression against another person, not to mention against himself.

A common mistake adults make in reacting to a child's play is taking it as "not real." But in more than one sense play is the child's true reality, and we have to respect it as such. This is why we ought not to encourage our child to shoot at anyone. But this caution refers only to our encouragement. We may very well give him a toy gun to use as *he* likes or sees fit, be it for his protection or for aggressive play. Whether, when, and how to use such a toy should be entirely the child's own decision. Our giving him the gun implies our permission to use it as he wishes, when and how he feels a desire or need to do so, but no more. More important, it also implies our confidence that he will use it in a way that is appropriate, even wise, as seen from his perspective.

Children have a need to rid themselves of their aggressions, at least through symbolic play, and it is sufficient permission to do so when we give them toys suitable for that purpose. If we encourage a child to play aggressively, we exercise—however subtly—control over the activity, which is likely to increase his frustration or aggression and with it the need for discharge. But if his aggressive play is directed toward us—as it might be, not necessarily because he wishes to hurt us even in play, but because he wishes to discover what our reaction might be—and we do

not react appropriately to what he does, then we effectively demonstrate to him that we take neither him nor his aggression very seriously. If we show a contradictory approach to the play by initially intellectualizing ("Let him work off his aggressions") and subsequently attempting to render the activity harmless ("Even though you've just 'shot' me, it means nothing"), our attitudes destroy the serious qualities that play has for the child.

When a child "shoots" his parents, should they shoot back? Certainly not. Counteraggression by an adult—whether in play or in earnest—has never yet proved beneficial to a child. Nevertheless, it is not much help to him to shoot us with his toy gun unless we react appropriately. The reaction, of course, must be not to his action as such but to his intentions. Only our on-the-spot assessment of what motivated the action can tell us whether the best response is admiration of the child's assertiveness—what a powerful warrior he is!—or a playful dramatic collapse to the floor, or a show of anxiety, or a question about how he will manage with us out of the way. A well-placed question such as this one is much more effective in convincing a child that shooting and killing are detrimental to his well-being than any theoretical discussion of the evils of war and violence. This is because the child lives in the immediate present and within the limited confines of his direct experience. Wars, even those he sees on the TV screen, take place in some far-distant place and have no bearing on him that he can understand. And should we succeed in im-

THE VERY FIRST DREAM OF MORNING

The sun puts in a slow stick
and touches everything green.
He hears the mosquito-whine
of a motor grow louder, then
a cluck and thump as it stops.
A shadow wavers over him.

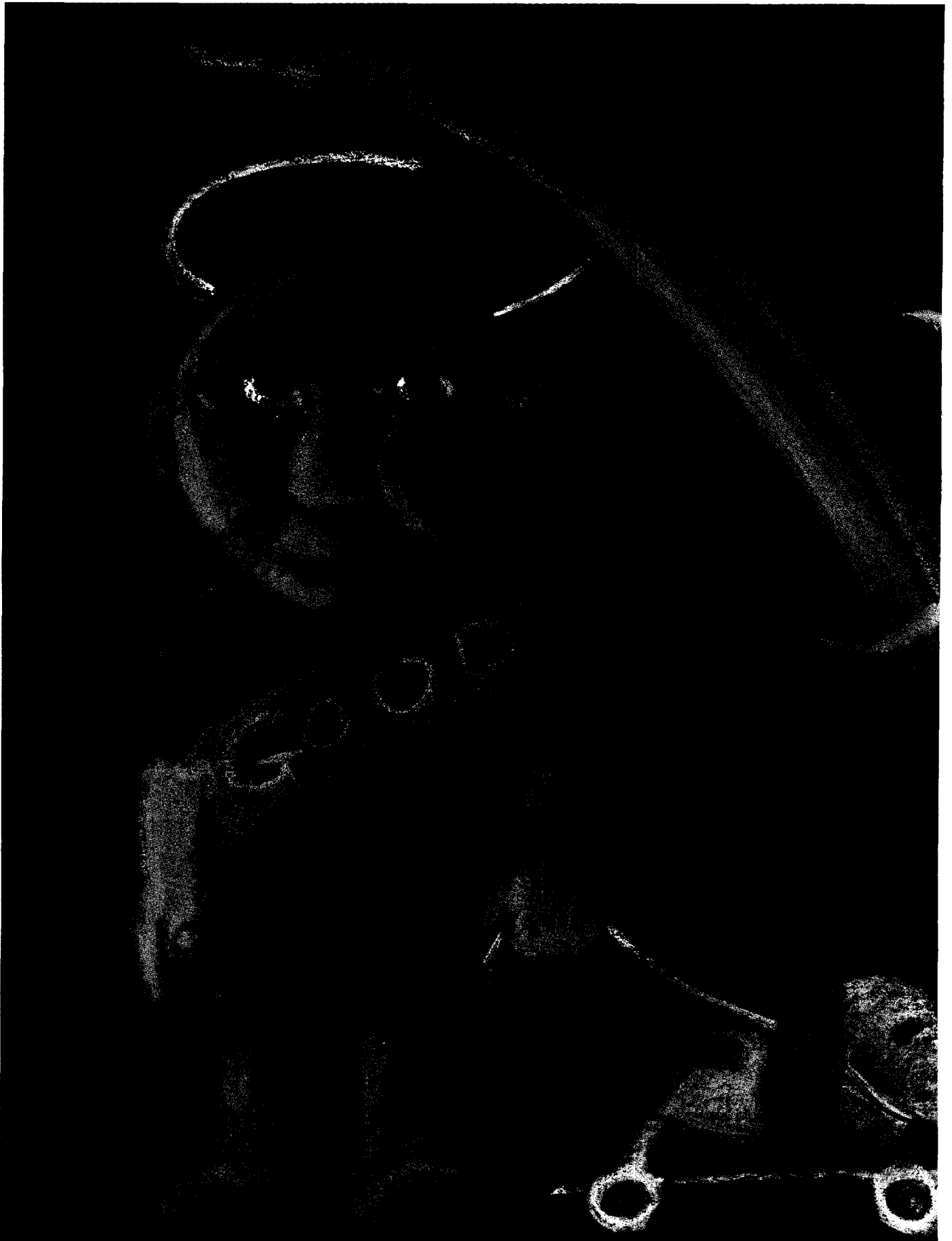
He ignores the thin silver line
flung like a spider's filament
from a shadowy center, again
and again. The shadow leaves,
the sun finishes its leap,
and still he hasn't moved

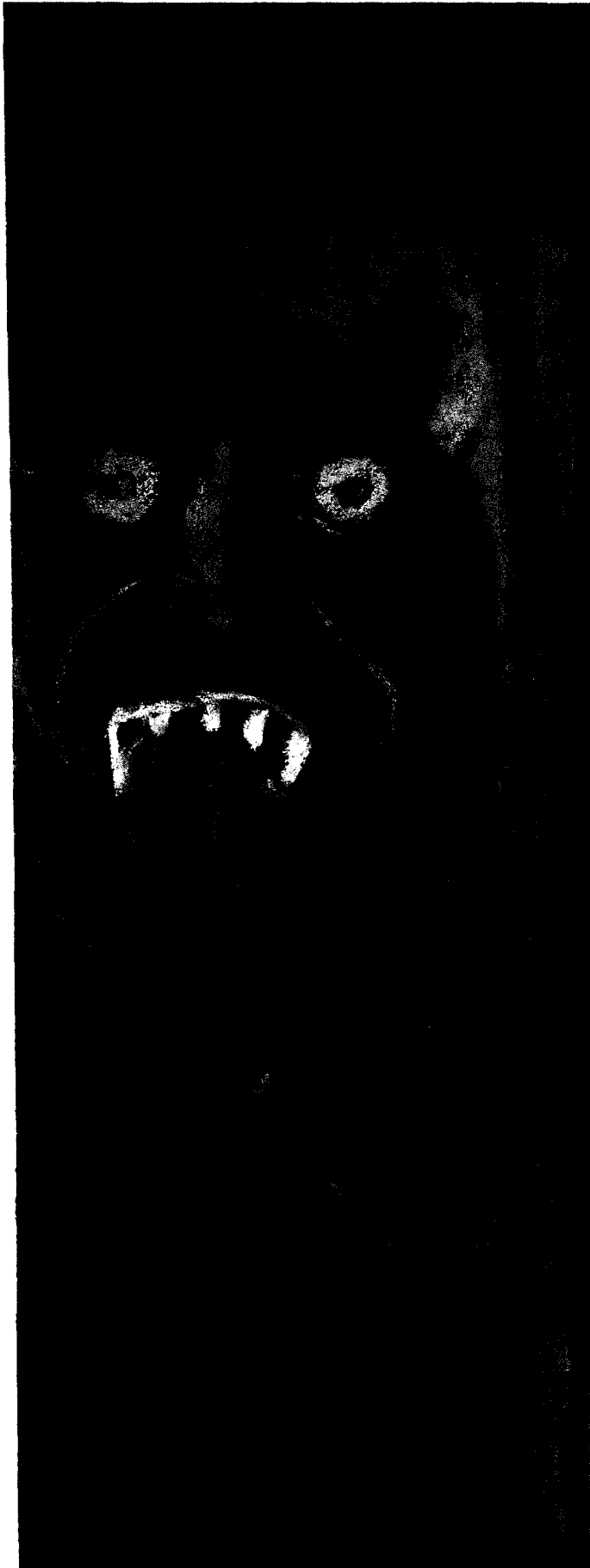
from under the log whose edges
sway with moss. A turtle
pokes out its head, pulls it in.
The surface silvers, blackens.
A yellow worm of a moon
writhes on the water.

Except for his flowering gills,
he is motionless, waiting
until sun and moon darken
and the lake disappears in a mist—
when someone, unprepared,
will cry out as if in sleep,

hands fumbling for the reel,
knowing he has been struck
(as the pole bends, pulling him down,
and the boat nearly capsizes)
by what rises from under the surface
like the very first dream of morning.

—Robert Siegel





pressing on him the tragic consequences of war, the primary effect will be to infuse him with an overwhelming sense of powerlessness. After all, the youngster is smart enough to figure out that he has no effect on what is going on somewhere far away in the world. But shooting at his parent is something he *can* control. Almost any child realizes that however angry he is at his parent, however much he may want to get rid of him at the moment, he does not want to lose him forever.

Some adults may overreact to shooting play. Parents who fall into this trap are usually concerned more with their own feelings about aggression than with helping a child to master rather than merely repress his aggression through such play. This is also true with respect to bodily and other types of anxiety that many children try to cope with through shooting play, such as with water pistols. So when parents forbid such play, they block the safe and necessary outlet it can provide. At the same time, they rob the child of the valuable lesson that if we try to shoot someone, that person may shoot back, and everybody will lose.

Some parents, out of their abhorrence of war and violence, try to control, or forbid altogether, any play with toy guns, soldiers, tanks, or other toys suggestive of war. Although these feelings toward violence are most understandable, when a parent prohibits or severely criticizes his child's gun play, whatever his conscious reasons for doing so, he is acting not for his child's benefit but solely out of adult concerns or anxieties. Some parents even fear that such play may make a future killer of the child who thoroughly enjoys it, but the pitfalls of such thinking are many and serious.

First, as playing with blocks does not indicate that a child will grow up to be an architect or builder, and playing with cars and trucks does not foretell the future auto mechanic or truck driver, so playing with toy guns tells nothing about what a child will do and be later in life. Second, one may reasonably expect that if through gun play a child feels that he can protect himself, and if he discharges many of his aggressive tendencies, then fewer of these will accumulate and require dangerous ways of discharge in later life. Parental prohibition also leads to additional frustration and anger, because the child is prevented from using an outlet that he sees made available to other children and that is suggested to him by the mass media.

Third, and by far the most important attitude, because whether spoken or implied it is the most pernicious in its consequences, is parental fear that the child may become a violent person. *This thought is far more damaging to the child's emotional well-being and his sense of self-worth than any play with guns can possibly be.* This is particularly true because of the importance to him of his parents' view of him. After all, a child gains a view of himself primarily from his parents. If they seem to hold such a low opinion of him, it is apt to make him very angry at them and the world, and this increases his propensity to act out his anger, not just in symbolic play but in reality, once he has outgrown parental control.

Girls are as subject to all kinds of frustrations, very much including sibling rivalry and anger at their parents, and so it would serve them equally well to be able to discharge their anger through symbolic play, such as with toy guns. Furthermore, it would prevent their frustration at being denied an important type of symbolic play that is available to boys.

Parents who worry exclusively about shooting play often fail to take into account the duality of our human and animal natures and the distance between them. Certainly there is a great deal of the animal—and with it of violence—in human beings, and sometimes these irrational forces do appear in children's games, making many parents uncomfortable. But more often it is actually the child's developing sense of humanity that motivates what seems to the uninvolved and uninformed parent to be mere brutality. Since ancient times children have played out war games in which *we* fight *them*, *them* being the enemy of the historical moment.

Children of the Middle Ages surely played at being knights and infidels, just as our own children play at being cops and robbers. Elizabeth I is said to have inquired whether the boys were now playing the war of the English against the Scots. In Europe early in this century much play involved the Foreign Legion against the Arabs. And as soon as the wall went up separating West from East Berlin, German children began shooting at each other across miniature walls. Such battle play invariably features the conflict of good and evil in terms and images that a child can readily grasp.

In a game like cops and robbers a child experiments with moral identities. Such games permit him to realize his fantasies. Acting out the roles of cop and robber permits him to get closer to the reality of these characters and what it might feel like to be them, which reading or watching television cannot provide. A passive, receptive role is no substitute for active encounters with experiential reality.

Psychoanalytically speaking, such conflicts between good and evil represent the battle between tendencies of the asocial id and those of the diametrically opposed superego. Such battles—either dramatized by two groups of children warring against each other or acted out by one or more children manipulating toy soldiers—permit some discharge of aggression either actually or symbolically, through conflict. Only after such a discharge of anger or violence can the forces of the superego gain ascendancy to control or overbalance those of the id; with that, the ego becomes able to function again.

As we watch the progress of aggressive activity in our child, we can gradually discern a developmental move from free play, which permits direct id expression and satisfaction (the unstructured free-for-all shooting match, in which aggression is freely discharged), to a more struc-

tured game setting in which not mere discharge of aggression but a higher integration—the ascendancy of good over evil—is the goal. So *we* destroy *them*: the Greeks defeat the knavish Trojan wrongdoers, the Christian knights destroy the infidels, the cops corner the robbers, the cowboys crush the savage Indians.

As objective adults, we may know that the Trojan culture was perhaps superior to that of the Bronze Age Greeks, and that the case of the Indian was at least as strong as that of the cowboy. But such objectivity is the end product of a protracted intellectual and moral struggle, a long process of cleansing, tempering, and refining the emotions. For the child such objectivity is not yet possible, because emotions, not intellect, are in control during the early years. Our children *want* to believe that good wins out, and they *need* to believe it for their own well-being, so that they can turn into good people. It serves their developing humanity to repeat the eternal conflict of good and evil in a primitive form understandable to them, and to see that good triumphs in the end.

When play and games have firmly established the ascendancy of good in the child's mind, so that the outcome of the fight is no longer at issue, he can turn to humanitarian refinements of the original war game—the enemy becomes imaginary, and the child's attention is focused instead on the good feeling of comradeship against a common enemy. Then the issue expands to encompass no longer merely order against chaos and good versus evil but sublimation of violent emotions.

At this point the problem ceases to be whether the knight will win out over the infidel (of course he will) and becomes whether he will be able to do so with elegance, according to the protocols of the ring or of knightly virtue. Thus the game determines not merely which is stronger—id or superego, my primitive I or my socialized I—but also whether the ego can ensure the victory of the superego in ways that enhance self-respect. Good must triumph over evil—and it must do so in a way that demonstrates the value of our higher humanity. When the knight errant slays the monster, he does so to free the captive maiden. Good has prevailed, but it has prevailed for a purpose, gaining erotic (id) satisfaction as part of the bargain. Thus ego and superego combine to promise the id a reward if it does their bidding. Serving the good is reinforced by the motivating force of a higher purpose.

When a child acts out this understanding, he begins to appreciate a lesson that cannot be taught to him in a purely didactic fashion: to fight evil is not enough; one must do so in honor of a higher cause and with knightly valor—that is, according to the rules of the game, the highest of which is to act with virtue. This, in turn, will promote self-esteem, a powerful incentive to further integrate id, ego, and superego—to become more civilized. □

A Short Story



THE YEAR OF GETTING TO KNOW US

BY ETHAN CANIN



I TOLD MY FATHER NOT TO WORRY, THAT LOVE IS WHAT matters, and that in the end, when he is loosed from his body, he can look back and say without blinking that he did all right by me, his son, and that I loved him.

And he said, "Don't talk about things you know nothing about."

We were in San Francisco, in a hospital room. IV tubes were plugged into my father's arms; little round Band-Aids were on his chest. Next to his bed was a table with a vase of yellow roses and a card that my wife, Anne, had brought him. On the front of the card was a photograph of a golf green. On the wall above my father's head an electric monitor traced his heartbeat. He was watching the news on a TV that stood in the corner next to his girlfriend, Lorraine. Lorraine was reading a magazine.

I was watching his heartbeat. It seemed all right to me: the blips made steady peaks and drops, moved across the screen, went out at one end and then came back at the other. It seemed that this was all a heart could do. I'm an English teacher, though, and I don't know much about it.

"It looks strong," I'd said to my mother that afternoon over the phone. She was in Pasadena. "It's going right across, pretty steady. Big bumps. Solid."

"Is he eating all right?"

"I think so."

"Is *she* there?"

"Is Lorraine here, you mean?"

She paused. "Yes, Lorraine."

"No," I said. "She's not."

"Your poor father," she whispered.

I'M AN ONLY CHILD, AND I GREW UP IN A BIG WOOD-frame house on Huron Avenue in Pasadena, California. The house had three empty bedrooms and in the back yard a section of grass that had been stripped and leveled, and then seeded and mowed like a putting green. Twice a week a Mexican gardener came to trim it wearing special moccasins my father had bought him. They had soft hide soles that left no imprints.

My father was in love with golf. He played seven times every week and talked about the game as if it were a science that he was about to figure out. "Cut through the outer rim for a high iron," he used to say at dinner, looking out the window into the yard while my mother passed him the carved-wood salad bowl, or "In hot weather hit a high-compression ball." When conversations paused, he made little putting motions with his hands. He was a top amateur and in another situation might have been a pro. When I was sixteen, the year I was arrested, he let me caddy for the first time. Before that all I knew about golf was his clubs—the Spalding made-to-measure woods and irons, Dynamiter sand wedge, St. Andrew's putter—which he kept in an Abercrombie & Fitch bag in the trunk of his Lincoln, and the white leather shoes with long tongues and screw-in spikes, which he stored upside down in the hall closet. When he wasn't playing, he covered the club heads with socks that had little yellow dingo balls on the ends.

He never taught me to play. I was a decent athlete—could run, catch, throw a perfect spiral—but he never took me to the golf course. In the summer he played every day. Sometimes my mother asked if he would take me along

with him. "Why should I?" he answered. "Neither of us would like it."

Every afternoon after work he played nine holes; he played eighteen on Saturday, and nine again on Sunday morning. On Sunday afternoon, at four o'clock, he went for a drive by himself in his white Lincoln Continental. Nobody was allowed to come with him on the drives. He was usually gone for a couple of hours. "Today I drove in the country," he would say at dinner, as he put out his cigarette, or "This afternoon I looked at the ocean," and we were to take from this that he had driven north on the coastal highway. He almost never said more, and across our blue and white tablecloth, when I looked at him, my silent father, I imagined in his eyes a pure gaze with which he read the waves and currents of the sea. He had made a fortune in business and owed it to being able to see the truth in any situation. For this reason, he said, he liked to drive with all the windows down. When he returned from his trips his face was red from the wind and his thinning hair lay fitfully on his head. My mother baked on Sunday afternoons while he was gone, walnut pies or macaroons that she prepared on the kitchen counter, which looked out over his putting green.

I TEACH ENGLISH IN A HIGH SCHOOL NOW, AND MY WIFE, Anne, is a journalist. I've played golf a half dozen times in ten years and don't like it any more than most beginners, though the two or three times I've hit a drive that sails, that takes flight with its own power, I've felt something that I think must be unique to the game. These were the drives my father used to hit. Explosions off the tee, bird flights. But golf isn't my game, and it never has been, and I wouldn't think about it at all if not for my father.

Anne and I were visiting in California, first my mother, in Los Angeles, and then my father and Lorraine, north in Sausalito, and Anne suggested that I ask him to play nine holes one morning. She'd been wanting me to talk to him. It's part of the project we've started, part of her theory of what's wrong—although I don't think that much is. She had told me that twenty-five years changes things, and since we had the time, why not go out to California.

She said, "It's not too late to talk to him."

MY BEST FRIEND IN HIGH SCHOOL WAS NAMED Nickie Apple. Nickie had a thick chest and a voice that had been damaged somehow, made a little hoarse, and sometimes people thought he was twenty years old. He lived in a four-story house that had a separate floor for the kids. It was the top story, and his father, who was divorced and a lawyer, had agreed never to come up there. That was where we sat around after school. Because of the agreement, no parents were there, only kids. Nine or ten of us, usually. Some of them had slept the night on

the big pillows that were scattered against the walls: friends of his older brothers', in Stetson hats and flannel shirts; girls I had never seen before.

Nickie and I went to Shrier Academy, where all the students carried around blue-and-gray notebooks embossed with the school's heraldic seal. "SUMUS PRIMI," the seal said. Our gray wool sweaters said it; our green exam books said it; the rear-window decal my mother brought home said it. My father wouldn't put the sticker on the Lincoln, so she pressed it onto the window above her kitchen sink instead. "IMIRP SUMUS," I read whenever I washed my hands. At Shrier we learned Latin in the eighth grade and art history in the ninth, and in the tenth I started getting into some trouble. Little things: cigarettes, graffiti. Mr. Goldman, the student counselor, called my mother in for a premonition visit. "I have a premonition about Leonard," he told her in the counseling office one afternoon in the warm October when I was sixteen. The office was full of plants and had five floor-to-ceiling windows that let in sun like a greenhouse. They looked over grassy, bushless knolls. "I just have a feeling about him."

That October he started talking to me about it. He called me in and asked me why I was friends with Nickie Apple, a boy going nowhere. I was looking out the big windows, opening and closing my fists beneath the desk top. He said, "Lenny, you're a bright kid—what are you trying to tell us?" And I said, "Nothing. I'm not trying to tell you anything."

Then we started stealing, Nickie and I. He did it first, and took things I didn't expect: steaks, expensive cuts that we cooked on a grill by the window in the top story of his house; garden machinery; luggage. We didn't sell it and we didn't use it, but every afternoon we went someplace new. In November he distracted a store clerk and I took a necklace that we thought was diamonds. In December we went for a ride in someone else's car, and over Christmas vacation, when only gardeners were on the school grounds, we threw ten rocks, one by one, as if we'd paid for them at a carnival stand, through the five windows in Mr. Goldman's office.

"YOU LOOK LIKE A TRAIN STATION," I SAID TO MY father as he lay in the hospital bed. "All those lines coming and going everywhere."

He looked at me. I put some things down, tried to make a little bustle. I could see Anne standing in the hall just beyond the door.

"Are you comfortable, Dad?"

"What do you mean 'comfortable'? My heart's full of holes, leaking all over the place. Am I comfortable? No, I'm dying."

"You're not dying," I said, and I sat down next to him. "You'll be swinging the five iron in two weeks."

I touched one of the tubes in his arm. Where it entered the vein, the needle disappeared under a piece of tape. I hated the sight of this. I moved the bedsheets a little bit,

tucked them in. Anne had wanted me to be alone with him. She was in the hall, waiting to head off Lorraine.

"What's the matter with her?" he asked, pointing at Anne.

"She thought we might want to talk."

"What's so urgent?"

Anne and I had discussed it the night before. "Tell him what you feel," she said. "Tell him you love him." We were eating dinner in a fish restaurant. "Or if you don't love him, tell him you don't."

"Look, Pop," I said now.

"What?"

I was forty-two years old. We were in a hospital and he had tubes in his arms. All kinds of everything: needles, air, tape. I said it again.

"Look, Pop."

ANNE AND I HAVE SEEN A COUNSELOR, WHO TOLD ME that I had to learn to accept kindness from people. He saw Anne and me together, then Anne alone, then me. Children's toys were scattered on the floor of his office. "You sound as if you don't want to let people near you," he said. "Right?"

"I'm a reasonably happy man," I answered.

I hadn't wanted to see the counselor. Anne and I have been married seven years, and sometimes I think the history of marriage can be written like this: *People Want Too Much*. Anne and I have suffered no plague; we sleep late two mornings a week; we laugh at most of the same things; we have a decent house in a suburb of Boston, where, after the commuter traffic has eased, a quiet descends and the world is at peace. She writes for a newspaper, and I teach the children of lawyers and insurance men. At times I'm alone, and need to be alone; at times she does too. But I can always count on a moment, sometimes once in a day, sometimes more, when I see her patting down the sheets on the bed, or watering the front-window violets, and I am struck by the good fortune of my life.

Still, Anne says I don't feel things.

It comes up at dinner, outside in the yard, in airports as we wait for planes. You don't let yourself feel, she tells me; and I tell her that I think it's a crazy thing, all this talk about feeling. What do the African Bushmen say? They say, Will we eat tomorrow? Will there be rain?

WHEN I WAS SIXTEEN, SITTING IN THE BACK SEAT OF a squad car, the policeman stopped in front of our house on Huron Avenue, turned around against the headrest, and asked me if I was sure this was where I lived.

"Yes, sir," I said.

He spoke through a metal grate. "Your daddy owns this house?"

"Yes, sir."

"But for some reason you don't like windows."

He got out and opened my door, and we walked up the porch steps. The swirling lights on the squad car were making crazy patterns in the French panes of the living-room bays. He knocked. "What's your daddy do?"

I heard lights snapping on, my mother moving through the house. "He's in business," I said. "But he won't be home now." The policeman wrote something on his notepad. I saw my mother's eye through the glass in the door, and then the locks were being unlatched, one by one, from the top.

WHEN ANNE AND I CAME TO CALIFORNIA TO VISIT, we stayed at my mother's for three days. On her refrigerator door was a calendar with men's names marked on it—dinner dates, theater—and I knew this was done for our benefit. My mother has been alone for fifteen years. She's still thin, and her eyes still water, and I noticed that books were lying open all through the house. Thick paperbacks—*Dr. Zhivago*, *The Thorn Birds*—in the bathroom and the studio and the bedroom. We never mentioned my father, but at the end of our stay, when we had packed the car for our drive north along the coast, after she'd hugged us both and we'd backed out of the driveway, she came down off the lawn into the street, her arms crossed over her chest, leaned into the window, and said, "You might say hello to your father for me."

We made the drive north on Highway 1. We passed mission towns, fields of butter lettuce, long stretches of pumpkin farms south of San Francisco. It was the first time we were going to see my father with Lorraine. She was a hairdresser. He'd met her a few years after coming north, and one of the first things they'd done together was take a trip around the world. We got postcards from the Nile delta and Bangkok. When I was young, my father had never taken us out of California.

His house in Sausalito was on a cliff above a finger of San Francisco Bay. A new Lincoln stood in the carport. In his bedroom was a teak-framed king-size waterbed, and on the walls were bits of African artwork—opium pipes, metal figurines. Lorraine looked the same age as Anne. One wall of the living room was glass, and after the first night's dinner, while we sat on the leather sofa watching tankers and yachts move under the Golden Gate Bridge, my father put down his Scotch and water, touched his jaw, and said, "Lenny, call Dr. Farmer."

It was his second one. The first had been two years earlier, on the golf course in Monterey, where he'd had to kneel, then sit, then lie down on the fairway.

AT DINNER THE NIGHT AFTER I WAS ARRESTED, MY mother introduced her idea. "We're going to try something," she said. She had brought out a chicken casserole, and it was steaming in front of her. "That's what we're going to do. Max, are you listening? This next year, starting tonight, is going to be the year of getting to



Thurs.

The week we lived a life with cancer.

You know someone who's had cancer. An aunt, a cousin, a father or a close friend. Or maybe a wife and mother who "wanted to go to sleep and wake up and pretend it was just a dream."

But it wasn't a dream for Helen Bartlett. A person Newsweek walked beside dur-

ing her harrowing medical and psychological odyssey. A person who shared her innermost thoughts and feelings with us.

And, because you experienced Helen's experiences as they happened, you found out what it means to be a cancer victim and live with the imminent threat of dying.

Fri.

Helen Bartlett didn't make it. But in her 18-month battle, this courageous woman showed all of us what it means to live with cancer.

Finding out what it means, that's what Newsweek is all about and what our in-depth stories have always been about.

In our story on Hiroshima



we told you what it means, after forty years, to live with the bomb still echoing in your mind.

In our special story on homosexuality, we showed you what a desperately lonely and tortured experience it still is to grow up gay in America.

And, in our National Magazine Award-winning report on

Vietnam, we told you what it meant for 65 boys, in a company called Charlie, to come home to a silent, indifferent America.

Newsweek constantly lives with people whose lives have

meaning to you. Reporting one-on-one about real human beings.

It's one of the reasons we've won more awards for excellence than any other newsweekly.

We speak in a human voice.

Newsweek
Why it happened. What it means.

know us better." She stopped speaking and dished my father some chicken.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"I mean it will be to a small extent a theme year. Nothing that's going to change every day of our lives, but in this next year I thought we'd all make an attempt to get to know each other better. Especially you, Leonard. Dad and I are going to make a better effort to know you."

"I'm not sure what you mean," my father said.

"All kinds of things, Max. We'll go to movies together, and Lenny can throw a party here at the house. And I personally would like to take a trip, all of us together, to the American Southwest."

"Sounds all right to me," I said.

"And Max," she said, "you can take Lenny with you to play golf. For example." She looked at my father.

"Neither of us would like it," he said.

"Lenny never sees you."

I looked out the window. The trees were turning, dropping their leaves onto the putting green. I didn't care what

he said, one way or the other. My mother spooned a chicken thigh onto my plate and covered it with sauce. "All right," he said. "He can caddie."

"And as preparation for our trip," my mother said, "can you take him on your Sunday rides?"

My father took off his glasses. "The Southwest," he said, wiping the lenses with a napkin, "is exactly like any other part of the country."

ANNE HAD AN AFFAIR ONCE WITH A MAN SHE MET ON an assignment. He was young, much younger than either of us—in his late twenties, I would say from the one time I saw him. I saw them because one day on the road home I passed Anne's car in the lot of a Denny's restaurant. I parked around the block and went in to surprise her. I took a table at the back, but from my seat in the corner I didn't realize for several minutes that the youngish-looking woman leaning forward and whispering to the man with a beard was my wife.

STRAWBERRYING

My hands are murder-red. Many a plump head drops on the heap in the basket. Or, ripe to bursting, they might be hearts, matching the blackbird's wing-fleck. Gripped to a reed he shrieks his ko-ka-ree in the next field. He's left his peck in some juicy cheeks, when at first blush and mostly white, they showed streaks of sweetness to the marauder.

We're picking near the shore, the morning sunny, a slight wind moving rough-veined leaves our hands rumple among. Fingers find by feel the ready fruit in clusters. Here and there, their squishy wounds. . . . Flesh was perfect yesterday. . . . June was for gorging. . . . Sweethearts, young and firm before decay.

"Take only the biggest, and not too ripe," a mother calls to her girl and boy, barefoot in the furrows. "Don't step on any. Don't change rows. Don't eat too many." Mesmerized by the largesse, the children squat and pull and pick handfuls of rich scarlets, half for the baskets, half for avid mouths. Soon, whole faces are stained.

A crop this thick begs for plunder. Ripeness wants to be ravished, as udders of cows when hard, the blue-veined bags distended, ache to be stripped. Hunkered in mud between the rows, sun burning the backs of our necks, we grope for, and rip loose soft nipped heads. If they bleed—too soft—let them stay. Let them rot in the heat.

When, hidden away in a damp hollow under mouldy leaves, I come upon a clump of heart-shapes once red, now spiderspit-gray, intact but empty, still attached to their dead stems—families smothered as at Pompeii—I rise and stretch. I eat one more big ripe lopped head. Red-handed, I leave the field.

—May Swenson

I didn't get up and pull the man out with me into the parking lot, or even join them at the table, as I have since thought might have been a good idea. Instead I sat and watched them. I could see that under the table they were holding hands. His back was to me, and I noticed that it was broad, as mine is not. I remember thinking that she probably liked this broadness. Other than that, though, I didn't feel very much. I ordered another cup of coffee just to hear myself talk, but my voice wasn't quivering or fearful. When the waitress left, I took out a napkin and wrote on it, "You are a forty-two-year-old man with no children and your wife is having an affair." Then I put some money on the table and left the restaurant.

"I think we should see somebody," Anne said to me a few weeks later. It was a Sunday morning, and we were eating breakfast on the porch.

"About what?" I asked.

ON A SUNDAY AFTERNOON WHEN I WAS SIXTEEN I went out to the garage with a plan my mother had given me. That morning my father had washed the Lincoln. He had detergent-scrubbed the finish and then sun-dried it on Huron Avenue, so that in the workshop light of the garage its highlights shone. The windshield molding, the grille, the chrome side markers, had been cloth-dried to erase water spots. The keys hung from their magnetic sling near the door to the kitchen. I took them out and opened the trunk. Then I hung them up again and sat on the rear quarter panel to consider what to do. It was almost four o'clock. The trunk of my father's car was large enough for a half dozen suitcases and had been upholstered in a gray medium-pile carpet that was cut to hug the wheel wells and the spare-tire berth. In one corner, fastened down by straps, was his toolbox, and along the back lay the golf bag. In the shadows the yellow dingos of the club socks looked like baby chicks. He was going to come out in a few minutes. I reached in, took off four of the club socks, and made a pillow for my head. Then I stepped into the trunk. The shocks bounced once and stopped. I lay down with my head propped on the quarter panel and my feet resting in the taillight berth, and then I reached up, slammed down the trunk, and was in the dark.

This didn't frighten me. When I was very young, I liked to sleep with the shades drawn and the door closed, so that no light entered my room. I used to hold my hand in front of my eyes and see if I could imagine its presence. It was too dark to see anything. I was blind then, lying in my bed, listening for every sound. I used to move my hand back and forth, close to my eyes, until I had the sensation that it was there but had in some way been amputated. I had heard of soldiers who had lost limbs but still felt them attached. Now I held my open hand before my eyes. It was dense black inside the trunk, colorless, without light.

When my father started the car, all the sounds were huge, magnified as if they were inside my own skull. The metal scratched, creaked, slammed when he got in; the

bolt of the starter shook all the way through to the trunk; the idle rose and leveled; then the gears changed and the car lurched. I heard the garage door glide up. Then it curled into its housing, bumped once, began descending again. The seams of the trunk lid lightened in the sun. We were in the street now, heading downhill. I lay back and felt the road, listened to the gravel pocking in the wheel wells.

I followed our route in my mind. Left off Huron onto Telscher, where the car bottomed in the rain gully as we turned, then up the hill to Santa Ana. As we waited for the light, the idle made its change, shifting down, so that below my head I heard the individual piston blasts in the exhaust pipe. Left on Santa Ana, counting the flat stretches where I felt my father tap the brakes, numbering the intersections as we headed west toward the ocean. I heard cars pull up next to us, accelerate, slow down, make turns. The blinkers echoed inside the quarter panels. I pulled off more club socks and enlarged my pillow. We slowed down, stopped, and then we accelerated, the soft piston explosions becoming a hiss as we turned onto the Pasadena freeway.

"Dad's rides," my mother had said to me the night before, as I lay in bed, "would be a good way for him to get to know you." It was the first week of the year of getting to know us better. She was sitting at my desk.

"But he won't let me go," I said.

"You're right." She moved some things around on a shelf. The room wasn't quite dark, and I could see the outline of her white blouse. "I talked to Mr. Goldman," she said.

"Mr. Goldman doesn't know me."

"He says you're angry." My mother stood up, and I watched her white blouse move to the window. She pulled back the shade until a triangle of light from the streetlamp fell on my sheets. "Are you angry?"

"I don't know," I said. "I don't think so."

"I don't think so either." She replaced the shade, came over and kissed me on the forehead, and then went out into the hall. In the dark I looked for my hand.

A few minutes later the door opened again. She put her head in. "If he won't let you come," she said, "sneak along."

On the freeway the thermal seams whizzed and popped in my ears. The ride had smoothed out now, as the shocks settled into the high speed, hardly dipping on curves, muffling everything as if we were under water. As far as I could tell, we were still driving west, toward the ocean. I sat halfway up and rested my back against the golf bag. I could see shapes now inside the trunk. When we slowed down and the blinker went on, I attempted bearings, but the sun was the same in all directions and the trunk lid was without shadow. We braked hard. I felt the car leave the freeway. We made turns. We went straight. Then more turns, and as we slowed down and I was stretching out, uncurling my body along the diagonal, we made a sharp right onto gravel and pulled over and stopped.

My father opened the door. The car dipped and rocked, shuddered. The engine clicked. Then the passenger door opened. I waited.

If I heard her voice today, twenty-six years later, I would recognize it.

"Angel," she said.

I heard the weight of their bodies sliding across the back seat, first hers, then his. They weren't three feet away. I curled up, crouched into the low space between the golf bag and the back of the passenger compartment. There were two firm points in the cushion where it was displaced. As I lay there, I went over the voice again in my head: it was nobody I knew. I heard a laugh from her, and then something low from him. I felt the shift of the trunk's false rear, and then, as I lay behind them, I heard the contact: the crinkle of clothing, arms wrapping, and the half-delicate, muscular sounds. It was like hearing a television in the next room. His voice once more, and then the rising of their breath, slow; a minute of this, maybe another; then shifting again, the friction of cloth on the leather seat and the car's soft rocking. "Dad," I whispered. Then rocking again; my father's sudden panting, harder and harder, his half words. The car shook violently. "Dad," I whispered. I shouted, "Dad!"

The door opened.

His steps kicked up gravel. I heard jingling metal, the sound of the key in the trunk lock. He was standing over me in an explosion of light.

He said, "Put back the club socks."

I did and got out of the car to stand next to him. He rubbed his hands down the front of his shirt.

"What the hell," he said.

"I was in the trunk."

"I know," he said. "What the Goddamn."

THE YEAR I GRADUATED FROM COLLEGE, I FOUND A job teaching junior high school in Boston. The school was a cement building with small windows well up from the street, and dark classrooms in which I spent a lot of time maintaining discipline. In the middle of an afternoon that first winter a boy knocked on my door to tell me I had a phone call. I knew who it was going to be.

"Dad's gone," my mother said.

He'd taken his things in the Lincoln, she told me, and driven away that morning before dawn. On the kitchen table he'd left a note and some cash. "A lot of cash," my mother added, lowering her voice. "Twenty thousand dollars."

I imagined the sheaf of bills on our breakfast table, held down by the ceramic butter dish, the bank notes ruffling in the breeze from the louvered windows that opened onto his green. In the note he said he had gone north and would call her when he'd settled. It was December. I told my mother that I would visit in a week, when school was out for Christmas. I told her to go to her sister's and stay there, and then I said that I was working and had to get back to

my class. She didn't say anything on the other end of the line, and in the silence I imagined my father criss-crossing the state of California, driving north, stopping in Palm Springs and Carmel, the Lincoln riding low with the weight.

"Leonard," my mother said, "did you know anything like this was happening?"

DURING THE SPRING OF THE YEAR OF GETTING TO know us better I caddied for him a few times. On Saturdays he played early in the morning, when the course was mostly empty and the grass was still wet from the night. I learned to fetch the higher irons as the sun rose over the back nine and the ball, on drying ground, rolled farther. He hit skybound approach shots with backspin, chips that bit into the green and stopped. He played in a foursome with three other men, and in the locker room, as they changed their shoes, they told jokes and poked one another in the belly. The lockers were shiny green metal, the floor clean white tiles that clicked under the shoe spikes. Beneath the mirrors were jars of combs in green disinfectant. When I combed my hair with them it stayed in place and smelled like limes.

We were on the course at dawn. At the first fairway the other men dug in their spikes, shifted their weight from leg to leg, and dummy-swung at an empty tee while my father lit a cigarette and looked out over the hole. "The big gun," he said to me, or, if it was a par three, "the lady." He stepped on his cigarette. I wiped the head with the club sock before I handed it to him. When he took the club, he felt its balance point, rested it on one finger, and then, in slow motion, he gripped the shaft. Left hand first, then right, the fingers wrapping pinkie to index. Then he leaned down over the ball. On a perfect drive the tee flew straight up in the air and landed in front of his feet.

OVER THE WEEKEND HIS HEART LOST ITS RHYTHM for a few seconds. It happened Saturday night, when Anne and I were at the house in Sausalito, and we didn't hear about it until Sunday. "Ventricular fibrillation," the intern said. "Circus movements." The condition was always a danger after a heart attack. He had been given a shock and his heartbeat had returned to normal.

"But I'll be honest with you," the intern said. We were in the hall. He looked down, touched his stethoscope. "It isn't a good sign."

The heart gets bigger as it dies, he told me. Soon it spreads across the x-ray. He brought me with him to a room and showed me strips of paper with the electric tracings: certain formations. The muscle was dying in patches, he said. He said things might get better, they might not.

My mother called that afternoon. "Should I come up?"



"He was a bastard to you," I said.

When Lorraine and Anne were eating dinner, I found the intern again. "I want to know," I said. "Tell me the truth." The intern was tall and thin, sick-looking himself. So were the other doctors I had seen around the place. Everything in that hospital was pale—the walls, the coats, the skin.

He said, "What truth?"

I told him that I'd been reading about heart disease. I'd read about EKGs, knew about the medicines—lidocaine, propranolol. I knew that the lungs filled up with water, that heart failure was death by drowning. I said, "The truth about my father."

THE AFTERNOON I HAD HIDDEN IN THE TRUNK, WE came home while my mother was cooking dinner. I walked up the path from the garage behind my father, watching the pearls of sweat on his neck. He was whistling a tune. At the door he kissed my mother's cheek. He touched the small of her back. She was cooking vegetables, and the steam had fogged up the kitchen windows and dampened her hair. My father sat down in the chair by the window and opened the newspaper. I thought of the way the trunk rear had shifted when he and the woman had moved into the back of the Lincoln. My mother was smiling.

"Well?" she said.

"What's for dinner?" I asked.

"Well?" she said again.

"It's chicken," I said. "Isn't it?"

"Max, aren't you going to tell me if anything unusual happened today?"

My father didn't look up from the newspaper. "Did anything unusual happen today?" he said. He turned the page, folded it back smartly. "Why don't you ask Lenny?"

She smiled at me.

"I surprised him," I said. Then I turned and looked out the window.

"I HAVE SOMETHING TO TELL YOU," ANNE SAID TO me one Sunday morning in the fifth year of our marriage. We were lying in bed. I knew what was coming.

"I already know," I said.

"What do you already know?"

"I know about your lover."

She didn't say anything.

"It's all right," I said.

It was winter. The sky was gray, and although the sun had risen only a few hours earlier, it seemed like late afternoon. I waited for Anne to say something more. We were silent for several minutes. Then she said, "I wanted to hurt you." She got out of bed and began straightening out the bureau. She pulled my sweaters from the drawer and refolded them. She returned all our shoes to the closet. Then she came back to the bed, sat down, and began to cry. Her back was toward me. It shook with her gasps, and I put my hand out and touched her. "It's all right," I said.

"We only saw each other a few times," she answered. "I'd take it back if I could. I'd make it never happen."

"I know you would."

"For some reason I thought I couldn't really hurt you."

She had stopped crying. I looked out the window at the tree branches hung low with snow. It didn't seem I had to say anything.

"I don't know why I thought I couldn't hurt you," she said. "Of course I can hurt you."

"I forgive you."

Her back was still toward me. Outside, a few snowflakes drifted up in the air.

"You shouldn't forgive me."

"Why not?"

"Or not so fast, at least. You should hate me."

"I don't hate you," I said. "It's something you did. It's like running over an animal. It's passed."

THE NIGHT HE DIED, ANNE STAYED AWAKE WITH ME in bed. "Tell me about him," she said.

"What about?"

"Stories. Tell me what it was like growing up, things you did together."

"We didn't do that much," I said. "I caddied for him. He taught me things about golf."

That night I never went to sleep. Lorraine was at a friend's apartment and we were alone in my father's empty house, but we pulled out the sheets anyway, and the two wool blankets, and we lay on the fold-out sofa in the den. I told stories about my father until I couldn't think of any more, and then I talked about my mother until Anne fell asleep.

In the middle of the night I got up and went into the living room. Through the glass I could see lights across the water, the bridges, Belvedere and San Francisco, ships. It was clear outside, and when I walked out to the cement carport the sky was lit with stars. The breeze moved inside my nightclothes. Next to the garage the Lincoln stood half lit in the porch floodlight. I opened the door and got in. The seats were red leather and smelled of limes and cigarettes. I rolled down the window and took the key from the glove compartment. I thought of writing a note for Anne, but didn't. Instead I coasted down the driveway in neutral and didn't close the door or turn on the lights until the bottom of the hill, or start the engine until I had swung around the corner, so that the house was out of sight and the brine smell of the marina was coming through the open windows of the car. The pistons were almost silent.

I felt urgent, though I had no route in mind. I ran one stop sign, then one red light, and when I reached the ramp onto Highway 101, I squeezed the accelerator and felt the surge of the fuel-injected, computer-sparked V-8. The dash lights glowed. I drove south and crossed over the Golden Gate Bridge at seventy miles an hour, its suspension cables swaying in the wind and the span rocking slowly, ocean to bay. The lanes were narrow. Reflectors zinged when the wheels strayed. If Anne woke, she might come out to the living room and then check for me outside. A light rain began to fall. Drops wet my knees, splattered my cheek. I kept the window open and turned on the radio; the car filled up with wind and music. Brass sounds. Trumpets. Sounds that filled my heart.

The Lincoln drove like a dream. South of San Francisco the road opened up, and in the gully of a shallow hill I took it up over a hundred. The arrow nosed rightward in the dash. Shapes flattened out. "Dad," I said. The wind sounds changed pitch. I said, "The year of getting to know us." Signposts and power poles were flying by. Only a few cars were on the road, and most moved over before I arrived. In the mirror I could see the faces as I passed. I went through San Mateo, Pacifica, Redwood City, until, underneath a concrete overpass, the radio began pulling in static and I realized that I might die at this speed. I slowed down. At seventy drizzle wandered in the windows again. At fifty-five the scenery stopped moving. In Menlo Park I got off the freeway.

It was dark still, and off the interstate I found myself on a road without streetlights. It entered the center of town and then left again, curving up into shallow hills. The houses were large on either side. They were spaced far

apart, three and four stories tall, with white shutters or ornament work that shone in the perimeter of the Lincoln's headlamps. The yards were large, dotted with eucalyptus and laurel. Here and there a light was on. Sometimes I saw faces: someone on an upstairs balcony; a man inside the breakfast room, awake at this hour, peering through the glass to see what car could be passing. I drove slowly, and when I came to a high school with its low buildings and long athletic field I pulled over and stopped.

The drizzle had become mist. I left the headlights on and got out and stood on the grass. I thought, "This is the night your father has passed." I looked up at the lightening sky. I said it, "This is the night your father has passed," but I didn't feel what I thought I would. Just the wind on my throat, the chill of the morning. A pickup drove by and flashed its lights at me on the lawn. Then I went to the trunk of the Lincoln, because this was what my father would have done, and I got out the golf bag. It was heavier than I remembered, and the leather was stiff in the cool air. On the damp sod I set up: dimpled white ball, yellow tee. My father would have swung, would have hit drives the length of the football field, high irons that disappeared into the gray sky, but as I stood there I didn't even take the clubs out of the bag. Instead I imagined his stance. I pictured the even weight, the deliberate grip, and after I had stood there for a few moments, I picked up the ball and tee, replaced them in the bag, and drove home to my wife.

THE YEAR I WAS SIXTEEN WE NEVER MADE IT TO the American Southwest. My mother bought maps anyway, and planned our trip, talking to me about it at night in the dark, taking us in her mind across the Colorado River at the California border, where the water was opal green, into Arizona and along the stretch of desert highway to New Mexico. There, she said, the canyons were a mile deep. The road was lined with sagebrush and a type of cactus, jumping cholla, that launched its spines. Above the desert, where a man could die of dehydration in an afternoon and a morning, the peaks of the Rocky Mountains turned blue with sun and ice.

We didn't ever go. Every weekend my father played golf, and at last, in August, my parents agreed to a compromise. One Sunday morning, before I started the eleventh grade, we drove north in the Lincoln to a state park along the ocean. Above the shore the cliffs were planted with ice plant to resist erosion. Pelicans soared in the thermal currents. My mother had made chicken sandwiches, which we ate on the beach, and after lunch, while I looked at the crabs and swaying fronds in the tide pools, my parents walked to the base of the cliffs. I watched their progress on

the shallow dunes. Once when I looked, my father was holding her in his arms and they were kissing.

She bent backward in his hands. I looked into the tide pool where, on the surface, the blue sky, the clouds, the reddish cliffs, were shining. Below them rock crabs scurried between submerged stones. The afternoon my father found me in the trunk, he introduced me to the woman in the back seat. Her name was Christine. She smelled of perfume. The gravel drive where we had parked was behind a warehouse, and after we shook hands through the open window of the car, she got out and went inside. It was low and long, and the metal door slammed behind her. On the drive home, wind blowing all around us in the car, my father and I didn't say much. I watched his hands on the steering wheel. They were big and red-knuckled, the hands of a butcher or a carpenter, and I tried to imagine them on the bend of Christine's back.

Later that afternoon on the beach, while my mother walked along the shore, my father and I climbed a steep trail up the cliffs. From above, where we stood in the carpet of ice plant, we could see the hue of the Pacific change to a more translucent blue—the drop-off and the outline of the shoal where the breakers rose. I tried to see what my father was seeing as he gazed out over the water. He picked up a rock and tossed it over the cliff. "You know," he said without looking at me, "you could be all right on the course." We approached the edge of the palisade, where the ice plant thinned into eroded cuts of sand. "Listen," he said. "We're here on this trip so we can get to know each other a little bit." A hundred yards below us waves broke on the rocks. He lowered his voice. "But I'm not sure about that. Anyway, you don't *have* to get to know me. You know why?"

"Why?" I asked.

"You don't have to get to know me," he said, "because one day you're going to grow up and then you're going to *be* me." He looked at me and then out over the water. "So what I'm going to do is teach you how to hit." He picked up a long stick and put it in my hand. Then he showed me the backswing. "You've got to know one thing to drive a golf ball," he told me, "and that's that the club is part of you." He stood behind me and showed me how to keep the left arm still. "The club is your hand," he said. "It's your bone. It's your whole arm and your skeleton and your heart." Below us on the beach I could see my mother walking the waterline. We took cut after cut, and he taught me to visualize the impact, to sense it. He told me to whittle down the point of energy so that the ball would fly. When I swung he held my head in position. "Don't just watch," he said. "*See.*" I looked. The ice plant was watery-looking and fat, and at the edge of my vision I could see the tips of my father's shoes. I was sixteen years old and waiting for the next thing he would tell me. □

*In his hundredth year, Sherlock Holmes
is the object of a flourishing esoteric scholarship*

THE GAME'S STILL AFOOT

BY CAIT MURPHY



ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO THE FIRST SHERLOCK Holmes story, "A Study in Scarlet," was published in *Beeton's Christmas Annual*, a lurid journal of cheap fiction. No one noticed. Only one major reviewer bothered to read it, and he thought it was unoriginal and sensational. This verdict has been decisively reversed. As Sherlock Holmes celebrates his centennial, his popularity has never been greater.

Sherlock Holmes stories have been translated into fifty-six languages, including Esperanto and shorthand. There have been at least 264 movies, 630 radio plays, thirty-two stage plays, twenty-five TV shows, and fifteen burlesques featuring the detective, as well as a ballet, a musical, and an oratorio. So familiar is Holmes that he is instantly recognized by his accoutrements alone—the deerstalker cap, inverness cape, and curved pipe—even by people who have never read a word of the stories. And like the woman who complained after seeing her first Shakespeare play that it used too many clichés, readers will find the Sherlock Holmes stories full of expressions that have entered our daily language. ("Elementary, my dear Watson" is not one of these, however; Holmes never uttered that phrase.)

As society moves further and further from the Victorian era, Sherlock Holmes only gains more fans, and more fanatical ones. Their passion for their hero has created a unique literary cult of personality. In the United States alone there are a hundred or so clubs devoted to "keeping green the memory" of Sherlock Holmes and Dr. John H. Watson, his trusty sidekick. People in at least ten other countries, including Denmark, India, Japan, Germany, Sweden, and, of course, Great Britain, share this peculiar obsession.

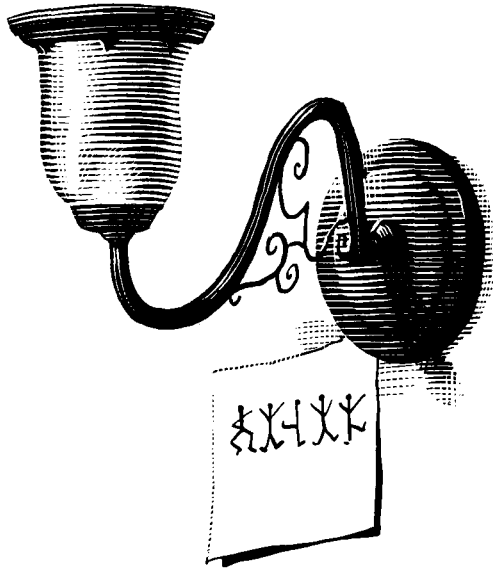
Holmes-worship can take some strange forms. For about twenty years one group, the Maiwand Jezails of Nebraska, has been trying to erect a statue in Afghanistan to commemorate the battle at which Watson was wounded. They finally worked out an agreement with the Afghans ten years ago, but then the government fell. Their mission was further complicated when the Soviets invaded the country. Still undaunted, they came up with the idea of traveling to Maiwand to inflate a portable monument there; however, no volunteers have come forward to make the trip.

Perhaps the most spectacular accomplishment of Sherlockians in recent times was the naming of Holmes Peak, outside Tulsa, Oklahoma. After a four-year struggle with the U.S. Board on Geographic Names and the Catholic Diocese of Tulsa, the Sherlockians prevailed. The Bishop of Tulsa, whose diocese owned part of the hill, at first refused to allow it to be named after Holmes, complaining that he wanted a name "more meaningful to His work." A timely letter to the Pope, reminding him of the numerous services Holmes had rendered to the Vatican, took care of that quibble.

A STUDY IN SCARLET



Mostly, though, Sherlockians honor Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson by close scrutiny of the stories describing their adventures. As far as the untutored public knows, Dr. Arthur Conan Doyle created Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson while waiting for patients in his office in a London suburb. But true believers know that Doyle was merely the literary agent for his fellow medico, Watson. Holmes and Watson, these votaries maintain, actually lived; the chronicles of their adventures are factual case studies. The only mystery is why the four novels and fifty-six short stories of Sherlock Holmes—known as the Canon or the Sacred Writings—contain so many improbabilities, inconsistencies, and obvious fictions. If the stories are the Truth, then there must be logical explanations for any anomalies, and logical answers to any questions.



For example, why did Watson's wife call him James in "The Man With the Twisted Lip"? And how many times did Watson marry? The estimates range from one to five. Further, Watson clearly states in "A Study in Scarlet" that he was "struck on the shoulder by a Jezail bullet, which shattered the bone and grazed the subclavian artery," at the Battle of Maiwand, in Afghanistan, in 1880; yet in several later stories he complains of a wound in his leg, also caused by a Jezail bullet. Sherlock Holmes speaks of his time at university. But was it Oxford or Cambridge? (It is unthinkable that he could have gone anywhere else.) During the period that Holmes and Watson were said to room at 221B Baker Street, there was no 221. How could "The Adventure of Wisteria Lodge" have taken place in 1892, when Sherlock Holmes was presumed dead?

SHERLOCKIANS HAVE ADDRESSED THESE ISSUES WITH remarkable skill and wit. Mary Morstan Watson's curious lapse in calling her husband James has been explained by the suggestion that she was an agent of Professor James Moriarty, Holmes's arch-rival, and that "in a moment of carelessness, she addressed her husband while thinking of her mentor." From what we know of Mrs. Watson's character, this charge is an outrage. Likewise the idea that Mary was thinking of a former lover. A more plausible suggestion is that "James" was a code word between husband and wife to signal him to leave. Or perhaps Watson's real name was James and he simply used John as a pen name. Or maybe there were two Watsons—John died prematurely, and his brother James stepped into his place. Dorothy Sayers made the most convincing case. Noting that the good doctor's full name was John H. Watson, she theorized that the initial stood for Hamish, Scottish for James, and that the Anglicization of his middle name was a private term of endearment.

Every aspect of the Sacred Writings has been subjected

to the same close scrutiny. This tradition of the systematic study of the contradictions of the Canon, known as the game or the Higher Criticism, dates from January of 1902, when Frank Sidgwick wrote an open letter to Dr. Watson in the *Cambridge Review*, asking for the explanations of a number of chronological inconsistencies in "The Hound of the Baskervilles." Watson did not deign to reply.

Andrew Lang, a literary critic, followed Sidgwick's lead. In June of 1904 he published a devastating critique of "The Adventure of the Three Students," in which Sherlock Holmes discovers which candidate for the Fortescue Scholarship copied the examination papers. "Not one of the incidents could have occurred," Lang maintained, and he backed up this heresy with a convincing dissection of the case. No one listened to him, either.

Seven years later the world was better prepared for Ronald Knox's lighthearted essay "Studies in the Literature of Sherlock Holmes," delivered to the Gryphon Club of Trinity College, Oxford. Knox, a Catholic priest, parodied the ponderous critical approach of contemporary German biblical scholars by applying their heavy-handed methods to the Canon. He came up with a deutero-Holmes and a deutero-Watson, and propounded the eleven basic parts of a Sherlock Holmes story.

Even Doyle, the Literary Agent, who might have known better, was astonished by Monsignor Knox's insight. "I cannot help writing to tell you of the amusement—and also the amazement—with which I read your article on Sherlock Holmes. That anyone should spend such pains on such material was what surprised me. Certainly you know a great deal more about it than I do."

Doyle, of course, was far too modest. As long as he was alive, no one could know more about Sherlock Holmes. But after his death, in 1930, a lively scholarship emerged to answer the many questions he had left unanswered. The catalyst in this effort was the writer Christopher Morley, a co-founder of the *Saturday Review of Literature*.

Morley, an affable man, had the endearing hobby of founding clubs at the onset of a whim. Only a few survived the initial flush of enthusiasm. Among these were the Grillparzer Sittenpolizei Verein, or Grillparzer Morals-Police Association, and the all-male Three Hours for Lunch Club. The only rule was to keep Morley amused. Of the two, the GSPV was the slightly more formal organization—new members were required to register, by underlining a random passage from *The Collected Works of Franz Grillparzer*—and sometime in late 1932 or early 1933 a ritual of toasting and asking challenge questions from the Canon began. A round of drinks was the penalty for ignorance. Members of the GSPV took their drinking seriously, and so they began to study the Sacred Writings with a diligence worthy of Fortescue scholars.

Morley was delighted with the direction the GSPV was taking. Noticing that the last issue of the 1933 *Saturday Review* was due to come out on what he considered to be Holmes's birthday, January 6, he felt a natural impulse to have a party. The following week Morley described the

gathering in his "Bowling Green" column as the inaugural meeting of the Baker Street Irregulars, named for the band of street urchins whom Holmes had deputized to "go everywhere, see everything, overhear everyone." Until they read the column, none of the guests had had the slightest idea that a new club had been formed. Indeed, for at least one participant the most memorable part of the affair was a rousing game of Sardines, a kind of reverse hide-and-seek in which everyone has to squeeze together.

Morley later reprinted the facetious "Buy-Laws" of the BSI, devised by Elmer Davis—a set of largely disregarded rules concerning the disposition of the liquor bill. The Buy-Laws also called for an examination to determine membership in the BSI, but naturally no one dropped everything to devise one. Finally, Morley's brother Frank put together a Sherlock Holmes crossword puzzle during a tedious Atlantic crossing. The puzzle was published in the May 3, 1934, issue of the *Saturday Review*, and Morley promised full membership in the BSI to anyone who completed it satisfactorily. Of the fifteen acceptable responses, at least four were by women. Nevertheless, when Morley called the first formal meeting of the BSI, for June 5, 1934, he made it stag. The tradition has stuck ever since.

THE 1930S AND 1940S ARE RECALLED AS THE GOLDEN age of Sherlockian scholarship. The seminal works of the discipline were published then, including *The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes* (1933), by Vincent Starrett; *Dr. Watson* (1931), by Sydney Roberts; *Sherlock Holmes: Fact or Fiction?* (1932), by T. S. Blakeney; and *Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson: The Chronology of Their Adventures* (1932), by H. W. Bell. Bell was the first to try to establish the exact order of the stories' settings, a task roughly comparable to translating the Rosetta Stone using a Berlitz phrase book.

With intellectual maturity came certain academic conventions. Jay Finley Christ devised a four-letter code to designate each of the stories, and the John Murray and Doubleday editions of the Canon came to serve as standard texts. Further, if one is going to examine subjects as different as Watson's love life (active) and medical training (competent), and Holmes's gunmanship (bad) and fee schedule (non-existent), it helps to set some ground rules. Like the British Constitution, these rules are unwritten but widely respected.

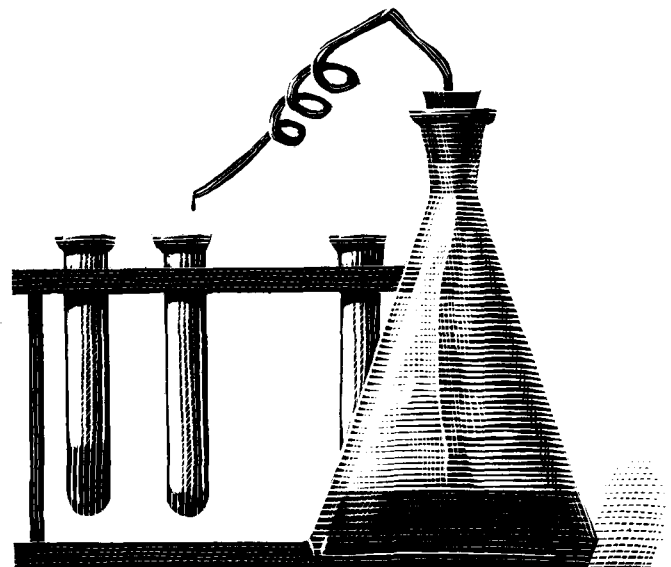
There are three basic commandments. First, Sherlock Holmes, Dr. Watson, Professor Moriarty, and the whole cast of characters are assumed to have been people who actually existed. Second, the first commandment is never mentioned. Third, the questions of the Canon must be treated with seriousness. "The rule of the game is that it must be played as solemnly as a county cricket match at Lord's," Dorothy Sayers wrote in 1946. "The slightest touch of extravagance or burlesque ruins the atmosphere."

Profile by Gaslight, published in 1944, pulled together the best of the early criticism. The contributors included Heywood Broun, Stephen Vincent Benét, Rex Stout, Christopher Morley, Dorothy Sayers, and Alexander Woolcott. The literary talents of such men and women could not long linger on a single subject without a magazine to express them. So in 1946 the *Baker Street Journal* was formed, with Edgar Smith, a vice-president of General Motors, as editor, publisher, and benign dictator, a position he held until his death, in 1960. Smith was the ideal man to run such a magazine: everyone loved him, and he had four secretaries.

The *Baker Street Journal* became the focal point for American Sherlockians, a sophisticated inside joke for the elect. As Christopher Morley once said when he compared the *BSJ*'s subscription list with its list of contributors, "Never has so much been written by so many for so few."

Occasionally, Sherlockians appeared in the public eye, perhaps to put up a plaque in St. Bartholomew's Hospital, where Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson first met, or to turn out in Victorian costume for the opening of the Sherlock Holmes train on the Baker Street line in London in 1953. In 1951 British Sherlockians had a field day when the London borough of Marylebone put on an exhibition devoted to Sherlock Holmes as its part of the Festival of Britain. The most popular feature was a full-size replica of the famous sitting room at 221B Baker Street. Even Queen Mary came for a peek. (Parts of the room may still be seen at the Sherlock Holmes pub in London.) The New York Irregulars even made the TV news, to their astonishment, when six women tried to force their way in to the 1968 BSI dinner. But mostly the Holmes fanatics were ignored. And that was fine with them.

These days of contented obscurity were shortly to end. One important sign that Holmes was becoming more than a literary cult figure was the publication of *The Annotated Sherlock Holmes*, by William S. Baring-Gould, in 1967. In



two volumes and 1,512 pages Baring-Gould pulled together the best of the previous thirty-five years of Sherlock Holmes criticism. Each story was reprinted in full, with explanatory notes and illustrations filling the outer column. In addition, there were eighteen chapters to discuss separately such matters as the species of the snake in "The Speckled Band," the illustrators of Sherlock Holmes, the geography of the Baker Street rooms, and the biographies of Holmes, Watson, and Doyle.

Baring-Gould's thoroughness is astonishing. For example, when Sherlock Holmes tells Dr. Watson in "The Sign of the Four" that Watson's romanticized account of "A Study in Scarlet" produced "much the same effect as if you worked a love story or an elopement into the fifth proposition of Euclid," Baring-Gould approvingly cited an authority who notes that any other Euclidean proposition "would . . . have done as well."

Baring-Gould identified every town, every historical personage, mentioned. He explained the functions of forgotten Victorian objects like the gasogene and the tantalus. He translated the German and Latin that clogs the Canon, and he identified the numerous Shakespearean and biblical allusions. Most important to Sherlockians, he brought together in one place virtually all the best scholarship pertaining to the game. Like most Sherlockians, Baring-Gould didn't so much argue issues as pronounce dogma, but he was reasonably fair in giving those who differed with him a chance to air their views.

As soon as it was published, the *Annotated* was widely recognized as the apogee of the game. The unspoken question was, Was it the beginning of the end? For over thirty years hundreds of people had combed the Canon, hoping to catch Watson in an error. For a time this had been quite easy, but such coups were becoming as rare as hansom cabs and thrice-a-day mail. After all, one can discover only once that Watson mentions being wounded in two different limbs, or that the direction in which a bicycle has traveled cannot be determined by looking at the track made by its back tire, as Holmes says he determined it in "The Adventure of the Priory School." All kinds of ingenious ways to explain these errors may follow, but the thrill of discovery is gone. The early Sherlock Holmes criticism had thoroughly mined the nuggets from the Canon, and Baring-Gould put it all together. What was there left to do? Had the game been won?

As an informal community of eccentrics, Sherlockians did not hold conferences to discuss the question. They simply went on doing what they did best—quizzes, long dinners, longer cocktail parties—until a series of unrelated events changed the rules of their beloved game forever.

THE FIRST HERALD OF A SHERLOCK HOLMES REVIVAL was the Royal Shakespeare Company's 1974 production of William Gillette's classic melodrama *Sherlock Holmes*. Gillette wrote the play in 1899, having asked Doyle, "May I marry Holmes?" Doyle replied,

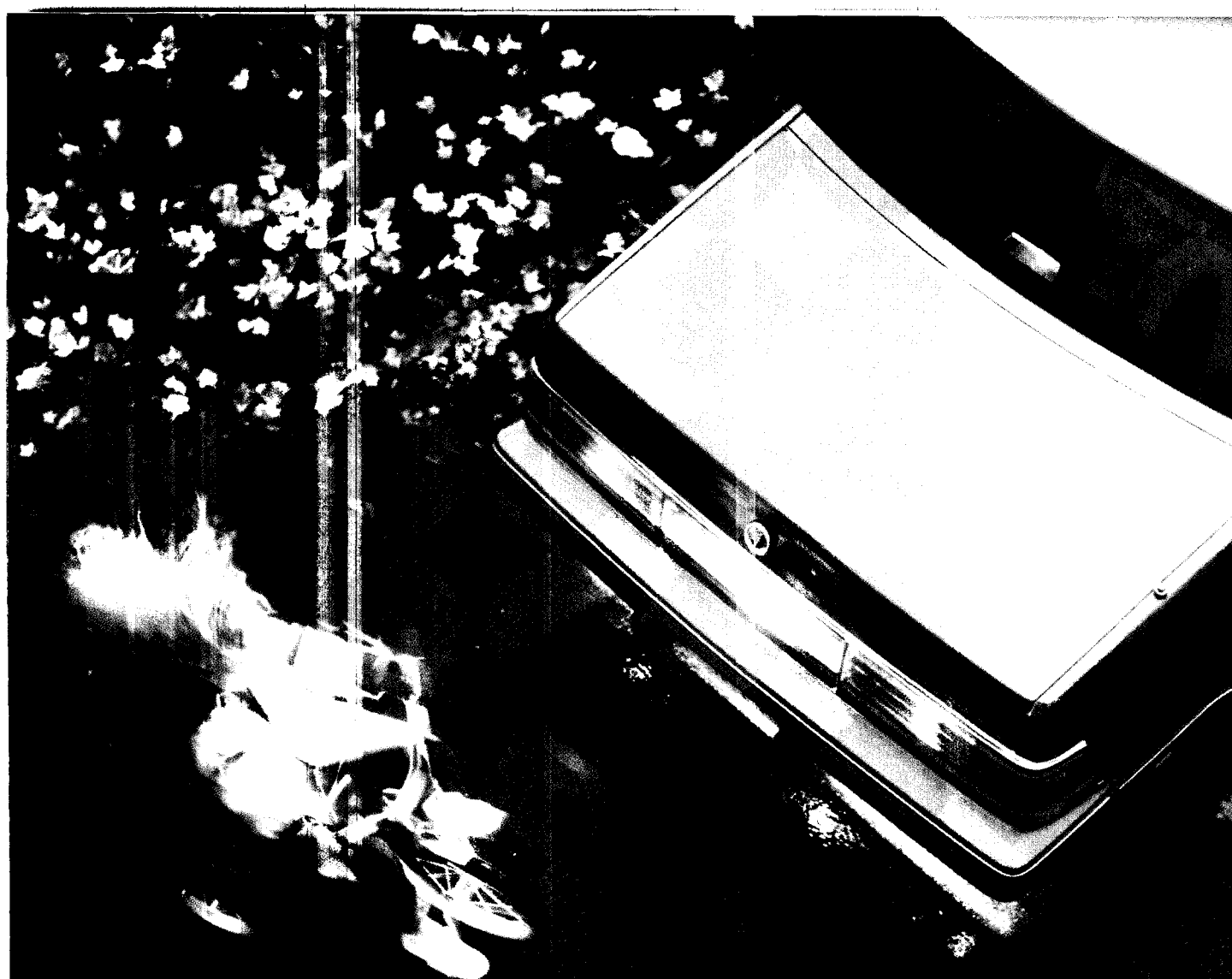
"Marry him or murder him or do anything else you like with him." The play's first run lasted thirty years, and its author, who also played the starring role, became indelibly identified with the great detective, much as Yul Brynner would later become associated with the King of Siam. Indeed, when Frederic Dorr Steele began to illustrate the stories for *Collier's* magazine, in 1903, he simply drew Gillette. Any other portrait would have been unthinkable to his audience.

Gillette retired to his castle in Connecticut in 1932, and the play was pretty much forgotten. Initially no one wanted to step into Gillette's shoes, and later the play came to be regarded as a quaint chestnut from a bygone era, not nearly hip enough for the postwar theater. The RSC's decision to resurrect the play was surprising enough; the production's rousing success in both Britain and America was even more unexpected.

As *Sherlock Holmes* was enjoying its fifty-nine-week reign on Broadway, a thirty-year-old upstart named Nicholas Meyer published an inspired and iconoclastic pastiche, *The Seven-Per-Cent Solution*. Meyer claimed to have discovered a lost manuscript of Dr. Watson's; this described an incident in 1891, in which Watson supposedly lured a hopelessly cocaine-addicted Holmes to Vienna to be treated by Sigmund Freud. The book stayed on the *New York Times* best-seller list for almost a year. This was the first time a Sherlock Holmes book had been a best seller since *The Hound of the Baskervilles* was published, in 1902.

Although the public loved the book, many Sherlockians will never forgive its author for his presumption. Meyer's great sin was to make Holmes look ridiculous. That is simply not done. One form of the game, admittedly, is to reinterpret a story in order to devise a solution different from the one Holmes found, but this revisionism is tendered in a spirit of affection and honest intellectual inquiry. In depicting the Master as a pathetic drug addict and Watson as an underhanded schemer, Meyer committed sacrilege. And when he made a fortune off his blasphemy, this encouraged hacks to try to turn a quick buck off the resurgence of interest in Sherlock Holmes. A flood of bad, awful, and nearly criminal pastiches followed.

A long-term effect of *The Seven-Per-Cent Solution* was to awaken the reading public to the existence of the Sherlock Holmes cult. To be a Sherlockian became something of a fad. By the mid-1970s Sherlock Holmes societies loosely affiliated with the BSI could be found in forty-two states. Many of these new groups began their own publications: *Wheelwrightings*, published by a club called the Hansoms of John Clayton, based in Peoria, Illinois; the *Camden House Journal*, published by the Occupants of the Empty House, of DuQuoin, Illinois; *Columbine's New-Fangled Banner* of the Jefferson Hopes, of St. Louis; and *The Serpentine Muse*, published by the Adventuresses of Sherlock Holmes, of New York City, to name a few. As Holmes became more popular, the general level of scholarship began to sink. Far too many people with more spirit than judgment began to write inane articles about the similarities between Sher-



THE ULTIMATE VISION: EYES FOR THE BACK OF YOUR HEAD.

To see some accidents coming, you'd have to be born with radar. But you're not, so GM is working to give you the next best thing. Radar for your car. The option to "see" all around you, all at once. It's called Obstacle Detection. Just one of the many safety features GM is developing for cars of the future.

Obstacle Detection will operate by sensors strategically placed all around your car which will sense and warn you of obstacles you're approaching, giving you a chance to avoid them.

At GM, we can't prevent all accidents from happening, but we want to help you steer clear of as many as we can.

**THE GM ODYSSEY:
SCIENCE NOT FICTION**



lock Holmes and Mr. Spock, or suggesting that Fu Manchu was actually Professor Moriarty.

To the utter dismay of many traditional players of the game, some of the new generation of Sherlockians seemed to delight in thinking the worst of Holmes and Watson. Yes, Holmes did occasionally take cocaine. No, he was not an addict and he did kick the habit. Yes, Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson lived together happily for years. No, they were not homosexuals. Yes, Holmes lived in London while Jack the Ripper was terrorizing Whitechapel. No, he was not Jack the Ripper. Until the 1970s it had not been necessary to say any of these things. Suddenly it was.

THE *BSJ* IS STILL PRE-EMINENT IN THE REALM OF the Higher Criticism, where the literal truth of the Canon is unquestioned and the fact that Arthur Conan Doyle wrote the stories is conveniently ignored (Doyle's name has been booed at BSI dinners). Although it fell on hard times in the 1970s—at one point it failed to publish for an entire year—the *Journal* today is a slick magazine, published by the Fordham University Press and edited by a college professor: a far cry from the shoestring operation run by and for Christopher Morley's cronies. But in the realm of what might be called the new criticism, the best of the journals is the twelve-year-old *Baker Street Miscellanea*, which is independent of any club. The *Miscellanea*, and the new criticism in general (with some noteworthy exceptions), operate on the heretical assumption that Doyle created Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson out of his own creative genius. Jon Lellenberg, a founder and co-editor of the *BSM*, describes it as an "Arthur Conan Doyle journal masquerading as Sherlockiana." The *BSM* is far more interested in the life and times of Arthur Conan Doyle than in the minutiae of the stories. Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson are viewed in connection with Doyle's life and Victorian culture in general. "I figure the

creator must be better than the creation—the more I admired Holmes the more I admired the man who created him," says Jack Tracy, the author of *The Encyclopedia Sherlockiana*, stating the (occasionally violated, as we shall see) creed of the new critics.

For the original Sherlockians, such a point of view was too prosaic. For Lellenberg, it only adds a fresh dimension to the game. "There's a fine line between fiction and reality, and we'd just as soon obscure it," he says. For example, he says, the rooms on Montague Street where Holmes lived upon first coming to London still survive; however, Doyle's house around the corner has been torn down. "That's where we hope to dupe the archaeologists of the future," Lellenberg says.

The new criticism has opened up the Canon to different kinds of questions. Instead of asking whether Holmes had an affair with Irene Adler, the heroine of "A Scandal in Bohemia," one asks whom Doyle was thinking of when he created her. Instead of arguing for the umpteenth time what university Holmes attended, the new critics wonder how Doyle came up with the unlikely name of Sherlock Holmes.

Michael Harrison, one of the icons of Sherlockiana, was the pioneer of this form of the game. In 1958 he wrote *In the Footsteps of Sherlock Holmes*, an informal tour of Holmes's Britain. Harrison assumed that every place mentioned in the Canon had an actual counterpart, and then went all around Britain identifying them. *In the Footsteps* is still the guidebook of choice for Sherlockians on pilgrimage.

The emergence of popular-culture programs in colleges in the 1970s dovetailed neatly with the growth of interest in Sherlock Holmes. The stories began to be analyzed in terms of how they were created and how they reflected Victorian culture. A good example of this method is *In Bed With Sherlock Holmes*, a fine book despite its dreadful title. Its author, Christopher Redmond, examines the stories for their sexual undertones, to show how the Canon reflects Victorian mores. He also points out how Conan Doyle used the stories to reflect his own tangled private life. In "The Sign of the Four," written in 1889, when Doyle was a newlywed, the young heroine whom Watson marries bears a remarkable resemblance to the author's new wife. Tragically, Louise Doyle contracted tuberculosis in 1893, and four years later Doyle fell in love with another woman, Jean Leckie. There is no hint that Louise suspected the relationship, and Doyle remained faithful to her until her death, in 1906. Still, it is telling that at least nine of the sixty stories have a love triangle at their center—and almost all of these were written after Louise Doyle fell ill.

Conan Doyle and the Latter-Day Saints, by Jack Tracy, is another good example of the new criticism, but with a nostalgic twist of the old whimsy. Tracy identifies the literary sources from which Conan Doyle derived his mistaken notions of the Mormons in "A Study in Scarlet," and discusses the history and origins of anti-Mormonism. However, Tracy takes scholarly objectivity only to the edge of belief: he assumes that Doyle wrote the flashback pas-



sages of "A Study in Scarlet," but not the mystery itself, which was written by Watson. The rules of the game are not so easy to change.

In fact, for all its seeming intellectual rigor, the new criticism cannot wholly abandon the game; it differs from the Higher Criticism chiefly in that it tends to rely more on Victorian sources than on flights of fancy to make its points. In practice this means that startlingly different conclusions can be derived from the same data.

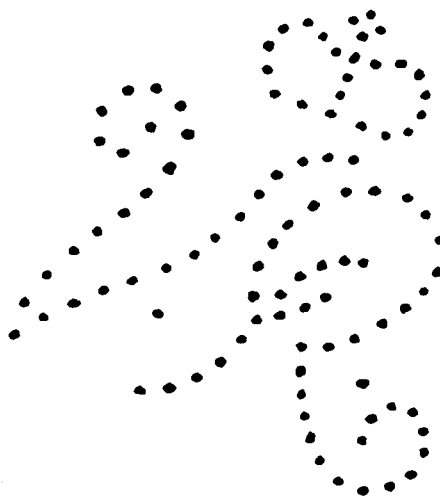
For example, in the manuscript of "The Adventure of the Second Stain" about 1,200 words are written in a strange hand. A contributor to the *Baker Street Journal* hypothesized that the writing was Watson's. Doyle's job, he argued, was to copy Watson's manuscripts, but when Watson had to add a section, he scribbled it in himself. The handwriting is a barely readable scrawl, as Sherlockians have long suspected that Watson's was. He was a doctor, after all, and such illegible handwriting would account for the errors of detail that riddle the stories. One can only pity the poor typesetter who had to deal with it.

When the editors of the *BSM* looked into the question of the second hand in "The Second Stain," they went about it very differently. By examining writing samples, they ruled out the possibility that the passage had been written by Doyle's secretary. They were also able to reject the idea that the scrawl was Doyle's "resting hand." Finally, they wrote to Dame Jean Conan Doyle, Arthur Conan Doyle's only surviving child, to ask if she could identify the writing. She wrote back promptly, and informed the breathless world that the writing was that of her mother, Doyle's second wife, Jean Leckie. Case closed. To the early practitioners of the game, this kind of intrusion of facts into the argument would have been considered rather rude. Now it is commonplace.

FOR THE MOMENT IT APPEARS THAT THE NEW CRITICISM is dominant. The traditional form of the game is simply too restrictive to engage the attention of the thousands of people who devote their energies to the Master. Michael Harrison bluntly dismisses the Higher Criticism as a "waste of time." This is going too far—Sherlockians still love the old game and play it to the hilt. But it is fair to say that while the Higher Criticism may not be played out, it is certainly played less.

The new criticism, too, has its limitations. Sometimes it has been far too successful in picking apart the stories. Take "The Adventure of the Speckled Band," which three polls of Sherlockians, and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, have declared the best of the lot.

In the story an evil stepfather, the memorable Grimesby Roylott, has murdered one stepdaughter and is preparing to kill the other. Holmes deduces the plot from a leash, a dish of milk, a chair, a bed, a bellpull, and a ventilator. As he reconstructs the case, Roylott trained "a swamp adder. . . the deadliest snake in India," to climb



down a bell rope and through a ventilator into his stepdaughter's room, to attack. Roylott calls the snake back by a low whistle, feeds it milk, and locks it back in his airtight safe. Holmes thwarts Roylott's attempt to kill the other stepdaughter by attacking the snake with his cane as it comes down the bellpull. Enraged, the snake returns through the ventilator and kills Roylott instead.

It is a thrilling tale, an entire Gothic novel in a short story. But wait. Snakes don't have ears, so they cannot hear a low whistle. Snakes can't climb ropes. Snakes can't survive in an airtight safe. There's no such thing as an Indian swamp adder. No snake poison could have killed a huge man like Grimesby Roylott instantly. Snake bites leave puncture marks, yet the coroner, who did a thorough examination of the first victim, saw nothing. And on and on. The story had been my favorite, but reading all this ruined it for me.

A good many other stories have been subjected to comparable treatment. In "A Critique of the Biologic Plots of Sherlock Holmes," which appears in *Beyond Baker Street*, a 1975 anthology of short criticism, a biologist named Edward Van Liere examines four stories whose plots turn on principles of science: "The Adventure of the Creeping Man," "Silver Blaze," "The Adventure of the Devil's Foot," and "The Adventure of the Lion's Mane." In a few spare paragraphs for each, Van Liere destroys the credibility of the plots, and then he claims, rather disingenuously, that he was only trying to "stir up interest in these fine tales."

I asked Otto Penzler, the proprietor of The Mysterious Bookshop, in New York, and the owner of one of the largest collections of mysteries in the world—about 22,000 at last count—if he thought that this demolition of the plots of the stories could be a problem. Did it spoil the fun for Sherlockians to learn that the events in the tales could not possibly have happened? He smiled patiently and replied,

"That's really only a problem for people too caught up in reality."

One might be excused for feeling, though, that the new criticism is itself sometimes too caught up in reality. Finding historical counterparts for the people, places, and events of the Canon is a great idea, but it can be taken too far. For example, Donald Redmond (Christopher's father), a librarian at Queen's College in Ontario, spent a year looking through Victorian telephone directories, street listings, and newspapers, novels, and magazines to try to match names that Doyle might have come across with names used in the Canon. The result is a 357-page volume, *Sherlock Holmes: A Study in Sources*. Occasionally Redmond discovers an interesting correspondence, but far too much of the book is composed of tidbits like this one, concerning Agatha, the housemaid in "The Adventure of Charles Augustus Milverton." Agatha is a minor character without a line of dialogue—she is never even given a last name. The obvious presumption is that Doyle simply scratched his head, thought Agatha a rather good name for a housemaid, and wrote it down. Not to Redmond.

. . . there is no doubt about Agatha's original identity. She was Agatha, daughter of William the Conqueror and a character in Julia Pardoe's *Lady Morcar of Hereward*, a rather dull 1829 novel. Doyle had a copy of Pardoe's *Louis XIV* and undoubtedly knew her other works. . . . The conclusion of this identity for Agatha is, of course, that she never had a last name.

Elementary, perhaps, but dreary.

This sincere but stultifying stuff threatens to smother the inspired fancy that has been the hallmark of Sherlockian scholarship for more than two generations. There are already signs that Sherlock Holmes has gone establishment. The University of Toronto and the University of Minnesota have assembled Sherlock Holmes collections in their libraries. Minnesota even has the grandiose dream of a separate building or wing for its material. Stanford University has offered a course on the detective. John Bennett Shaw, the owner of the largest collection of Sherlock Holmes memorabilia in the world—20,000 items, including some 12,500 books—gives workshops at colleges around the country to introduce Sherlock Holmes criticism to the wider public. Christopher Morley and his drinking buddies would be astonished, and probably derisive, that what was their offbeat hobby has gained such respectable academic credentials.

They would also be stunned by the sheer volume of material that is being generated. The *World Bibliography of Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson*, prepared by Ronald De Waal and published in 1974, contains 6,221 entries. When he updated his magnum opus, six years later, De Waal had to add 6,135 more items. He is now working on a third volume, which promises to be equally huge. Sherlock Holmes once told Neil Gibson, the Gold King in "The Problem of Thor Bridge," "I do not think that I am in need of booming." Nevertheless, the Sherlock Holmes boom shows no sign of losing force.

THERE IS ONE QUESTION THAT NEITHER THE HIGHER Criticism nor the new criticism has addressed with much success: What is it about Holmes and Watson that has generated such devotion? The stories, of course, are excellent, but there have been many other fine detective novels. The setting of Victorian London is special to us in the age of convenience, but Sherlock Holmes evoked passionate affection even among his contemporaries, who could be expected to take the setting for granted. (When Holmes supposedly died in 1891 at the Reichenbach Falls, in Switzerland, Londoners wore black arm-bands and Doyle received nasty letters.) It is not the external effects of the stories that set them apart, though these effects are wonderful. Surely there is no better way to start a story than with a tense Holmes waking up Watson on a frosty morning with the order "Come, Watson, Come! The game is afoot!" And when in summertime I happen upon one of Watson's descriptions of a winter storm, I want to close the windows and turn on the heat.

What makes Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson special is not primarily the era they live in or the way they live but the people they are. Watson is a man of action. Intelligent but not brilliant, self-assured but not arrogant, he is the quintessential Victorian man. He reveres his Queen, loves his country, believes in honesty and justice. When Watson tells Holmes, in "The Adventure of Charles Augustus Milverton," "I give you my word of honour—and I never broke it in my life," we know he is telling the simple truth. He never fails Holmes. And his devotion to the great detective never falters, though Holmes must have been a deplorable roommate. Sherlock Holmes, meanwhile, is a self-described "thinking machine." Totally at home in his world, he knows his role and his value and never questions himself. He is a moral man, who will bend—or break—the law to serve a higher justice. But Holmes fools no one with his façade of cold rationality. He has a great heart as well as a great brain. He is able to talk a desperate woman out of suicide in "The Adventure of the Veiled Lodger" with a few quiet words; his empathy for his clients, whatever their station, is genuine. Watson describes him as "the best and the wisest man whom I have ever known."

Those who come to know the Master through the Sacred Writings can only regret that they will never chase the game afoot with him in person. They must be content with the sixty chronicles Watson left—a considerable consolation. And that seems to be enough. Another consolation was offered by Vincent Starrett, when he wrote that men who never lived can never die. "Shall they not always live in Baker Street?" Starrett wrote in *The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes*. "Are they not there this instant, as one writes? . . . Outside, the hansoms rattle through the rain, and Moriarty plans his latest devilry. Within, the sea-coal flames upon the hearth and Holmes and Watson take their well-won ease. . . . So they still live for all that love them well: in a romantic chamber of the heart: in a nostalgic country of the mind: where it is always 1895." □



FIRST ENCOUNTERS

J. P. MORGAN AND KAISER WILHELM II

ONE REASON FOR Pierpont Morgan's European trip that summer of 1902 was to attend the coronation of his friend Edward VII. Another was to meet Edward's nephew, Kaiser Wilhelm II. The Kaiser, Morgan knew, was a different animal entirely from Edward and himself, whose proper public lives shielded considerable private indecorum. Kaiser Wilhelm was younger, fitter, and on the surface less inhibited, but underneath he was a strait-laced, puritanical Prussian.

Morgan's purpose for the meeting was twofold. He had in mind to add the Kaiser to the string of European princes that he dined with, advised on monetary matters, and quietly funded when they found themselves financially embarrassed. But there was also a deal afoot. With an eye to an international marine cartel, Morgan had recently bought England's White Star Line and was casting covetous glances at Germany's Hamburg-American. So in July he boarded his magnificent steam yacht, *Corsair III*, and set off for the annual regatta at Kiel.

The Kaiser, Morgan knew, would be overseeing the races from the imperial *Hohenzollern*. Would he come to lunch? Wilhelm accepted. With his sixty-nine-man crew at attention, Morgan welcomed the Kaiser aboard and introduced him to his guests, including the beautiful actress Maxine Elliott, who was his mistress—although that wasn't mentioned. At table those in the royal retinue tried to avoid staring at their host's large, inflamed nose, and those in Morgan's entourage at the guest of honor's withered left hand. When afterward Wilhelm proposed a brisk turn about the quarterdeck, the portly Pierpont, who hated exercise, thought it politic to concur.

Later Morgan and his new friend dined together in private. But Wilhelm adored his navy and, by extension, his merchant marine, and the sale of the Hamburg-American was delicately sidestepped. Morgan had to return home without his deal. Still, he counted the summer a success. "I have met the Kaiser," he informed the press, "and I like him."

—Nancy Caldwell Sorel



A Short Story



SMOKE

BY JAY MCINERNEY

THAT SUMMER IN NEW YORK EVERYONE WAS WEARING yellow ties. The stock market was coming into a long bull run; over plates of blackened redfish, artists and gourmet-shop proprietors exchanged prognostications on the Dow. And on the sidewalks noble dark men from Senegal were selling watches, jewelry, and fake Gucci bags. No one seemed to know how or why these Africans had come to town—certainly not the police, who tried with little success to explain in English the regulations governing street vendors and finally sent out a special French-speaking squad, who received the same blank smiles. It was a mystery. Also that summer Corrine and Russell Callahan quit smoking.

Russell Callahan was not one of those wearing a tie. He had worn a tie to work his first day at the publishing house and sensed suspicion among his colleagues, as if wearing a tie signaled aspirations to a higher position, or a lunch date with someone already elevated. The polite bohemian look of the junior staff suited him just fine, and abetted his sense that he was engaged in the enterprise of literature. On clear days he saw himself as an underpaid hack in a windowless annex of a third-rate institution. After two promotions he presided over a series of travel books composed of plagiarism and speculation in equal parts. The current title, *Grand Hotels of America*, was typical: he and his associates plundered the literature in print, sent letters requesting brochures, and then wrote colorful and informative descriptions designed to convey the impression of eyewitness reports. Certain adjectives became severely dog-eared in the process. The words *comfortable*, *elegant*, and *spacious* encountered outside the office made Russell feel queasy and unclean. In June, a month after the current project had been launched, two years after he'd started work, he'd been assigned a college intern, an eager young woman named Tracey Wheeler. As a mentor, he found himself assuming the air of a grizzled veteran. Tracey's enthusiasm helped to focus his cynicism about his job.

Corrine worked as an analyst in a brokerage house. If she had been a man, she would have had an easier time of it her first year. She nearly quit on several occasions. But once she became comfortable with the work, she found that the men around her were vaguely embarrassed by the old cigars-and-brandies etiquette and were vulnerable to the suspicion that she and her female colleagues possessed a

new rule book. Gifted with mathematical genius and a wildly superstitious nature, she found herself precisely equipped to understand the stock market. She was near the center of the world. The sweat and blood of labor, the rise and fall of steel pistons, the test-tube matchmaking of chemicals and cells—all the productive energies of the world, coded in binary electronic impulses, coursed through the towers of downtown Manhattan, accessible to her at any moment on the screen of her terminal. Corrine came to appreciate aspects of a style that had at first intimidated her: she started playing squash again, and began to enjoy the leathery, wood-paneled, masculine atmosphere of the clubs where she sometimes lunched with her superiors, under the increasingly benign gaze of dead rich men in gilt frames.

CORRINE AND RUSSELL HAD MET IN COLLEGE. THEY were married the summer of graduation, and in New York their East Side apartment became a supper club for former classmates who had migrated to New York. As a married couple, the Callahans were pioneers of the state of adulthood, but they were also indulgent hosts. They put out crystal with dinner and weren't appalled if a piece of stemware got smashed toward morning. Men who had found Corrine daunting in college, when she was an erotic totem figure, could now flirt with her safely, while women often confided in Russell, drawing him into the bedroom for urgent conferences. He had been known as a poet in college, his poetry tending toward the Byronic. Now people who had hardly known him at school fished up from the yearbook file of their memories a word like *sensitive* and *artistic* when his name was mentioned.

A Memorial Day party had reached the stage at which the empty glasses were becoming ashtrays when Nancy Tanner drew Russell into the bedroom. As she tugged him by his fingers, he watched the thick tongue of blonde hair licking the back of her shoulders and the edge of her red dress, and remembered again something he'd thought of earlier—that he'd slept with her one night in college.

"I guess you've noticed I haven't exactly been myself tonight."

She sat down on the bed and looked up at Russell, who thought that Nancy had been exactly herself, trolling her

scooped neckline under the eyes of Russell's friends, her laugh audible from any corner of the living room.

"My stepfather just went into the hospital with cancer. It's really got me down."

"That's rough," Russell said. He didn't know what else to say, and Nancy seemed to be bearing up anyway.

"He used to take me to the Museum of Natural History. I always wanted to see the Eskimos, and I'd think how nice it would be to live in a little round igloo. I was a pretty ugly kid, but he'd call me his beauty queen." Actual tears were welling in her eyes, and Russell began to believe that she was genuinely upset, and to feel guilty for doubting it.

"I haven't told anybody," she said, reaching for his hand, which he surrendered. "I just wanted you to know."

"I find it hard to believe the part about your being an ugly kid," Russell said, finally summoning some conviction. She was not nearly as good-looking as Corrine, he reminded himself, impressed with his own loyalty.

She stood up and dabbed at her eyes with her free hand. "Thank you, Russell." She leaned forward and kissed him. In temperature and duration it was a little beyond what the situation called for.

"Do you have a cigarette?" she asked when she drew away from him.

In the hallway Bruce Davidoff was pounding on the bathroom door. Seeing Russell, he said, "Twenty minutes they've been in there." Back in the living room Corrine was talking with Rick Cohen, cupping her hand in front of her to catch the ashes from her cigarette, nodding vigorously, her smoky exhalations dissipating like contrails of her rapid speech. He liked to watch her this way at parties, eavesdrop on her conversations with other men. At these times she seemed more like the woman he had proposed to than the one he watched the eleven o'clock news with.

"Symbols work in the market the same way they do in literature," Corrine was saying.

Frowning earnestly, Rick Cohen said, "I don't quite follow you there."

Corrine considered, taking a thoughtful drag on her cigarette. "There's, like, a symbolic order of things underneath the real economy. A kind of dream life of the economy that affects the market as much as the hard facts, the stats. The secret urges and desires of consumers and producers work up toward the surface. Market analysis is like dream interpretation. One thing stands for another thing—a new hairstyle means a rise in gold and a fall in bonds."

Rick Cohen nodded to mask his incomprehension. Russell moved toward the kitchen to check out the wine situation. Except for Corrine, the perfect hostess, who was splitting the difference, it seemed to him that the publishing people were all talking about the stock market and the financial people were talking about books and movies. By the end of the night everyone would be talking about real estate—co-ops, condominiums, summer rentals in the Hamptons. Igloos on West Seventy-ninth Street. *Spacious, comfortable, elegant.*

AFTER THE LAST GUEST HAD BEEN SHOVELED INTO the elevator, Corrine and Russell sat on the couch in the living room and had a cigarette before turning in. Russell put a side of Hank Williams on the stereo to wind them down. Corrine said, "God, I'm tired. I don't think I can keep this up."

"Keep what up?"

"Everything." She stubbed out her butt and winced at the ashtray. "We've got to quit smoking. I feel like I'm dying."

Russell looked down at the cigarette between his fingers, as if it might suddenly show overt signs of hostility. He knew what she meant. It was a nasty habit. They had talked about quitting before, and Russell had always believed that they would someday.

"You're right," he said. "Let's quit."

To mark the end of the smoking era, Corrine insisted, they should hunt up all the cigarettes in the apartment and break them into pieces. Russell would just as soon have waited till morning, but he got up and joined her in the ritual, leaving one pack in the pocket of a blazer in his closet for insurance.

As they were loading the dishwasher, she said, "Phil Crane was hitting on me tonight."

"What do you mean—hitting on you?"

"I mean he made it pretty clear that if I was interested, he was interested." She sounded sad, as if she had lived in a world where until tonight infidelity hadn't existed, where it had suddenly become a possibility by allusion.

"That son of a bitch. What did he say?"

"It doesn't matter," she said. She said she was sorry she had mentioned it, and made him promise he wouldn't say anything to Phil Crane.

Later, in bed, she said, "Have you ever been unfaithful?"

"Of course not," he said, and then remembered Nancy Tanner, in the bedroom.

RUSSELL HAD FIRST CAUGHT SIGHT OF CORRINE AT the top of a fraternity-house staircase, leaning forward over the banister with a cigarette in her fingers, looking down at a party that until that moment had seemed to Russell to be the climax of his recent escape from home and parents. He'd been drinking everything in sight, huddling with his new roommates, getting ridiculously witty at the expense of girls he was just working up the courage to talk to. Then he saw Corrine at the top of the stairs. He felt he knew her, everything essential in her character, though he'd never seen her before. He stifled his first impulse, to point her out to his roommates, not sure that they would see what he saw. Russell believed in his own secret aristocracy, a refinement of soul and taste which he had learned to keep to himself, and which much later he would almost cease to believe in. Later he would realize that most of us believe in our ability to read character from physiognomy. But now, while she ignored him

from her aerie atop the staircase, he read intelligence into her eyes, breeding into her nose, sensuality into her lips, self-confidence into her languid pose. As he watched, a boy he recognized as a campus figure appeared on the landing behind her, along with another couple. She turned, and though he could not see her expression, though they did not touch, the air of familiarity and possession between the two was unmistakable; and then the two couples disappeared from view, retreating to the real party, the actual center of the world, an action that suddenly revealed the event on the lower floor to be a beer brawl, a congress of the second-rate.

The social and academic accomplishments of his first semester, unknown to Corrine, were committed in her name. He did not have to sleuth hard for news of her, since she formed part of the group everyone talked about, which made her seem more desirable and less accessible, as did her liaison with Dino Signorelli. Signorelli was a basketball star and a druggie, a formidable combination. Tall, lanky, and slightly bowlegged, he was alleged to be good-looking, although Russell disputed this judgment. Russell bided his time. He had four years.

Second semester Corrine was in his English class, and without ever actually meeting they became acquainted. At registration the next fall he ran into her coming out of the administration building and she greeted him as if they were friends. It was a hot September day. Russell admired the tan slopes of her legs, imagined that he could feel radiant heat from the waves of her long, dark hair. He kept waiting for her to say good-bye. She kept talking.

They talked through lunch at the Inn, filling the ashtray and emptying wineglasses. They talked about everything, but he couldn't stop thinking about her mouth, her lips on a cigarette, the clouds of smoke that she exhaled seeming to him the visible trace of inner fires. Still smoking and talking, they found themselves in Russell's dorm room, where they suddenly fell on each other—a crisis of lips and tongues and limbs which somehow stopped just short of the desired conclusion. She was still going with Dino, and he was involved with a girl named Maggie Sloan.

Their romance fell dormant for almost two years, till Corrine called up one night and asked if she could come over. She said she had broken up with Dino, although she had failed to make this clear to Dino, who began calling up and then coming over to shout drunken threats across the quad soon after Corrine holed up in Russell's room. Although he was worried that Dino might make good on one of his threats, Russell savored the atmosphere of siege, which lent an extra dimension of urgency to their union, an element of danger and illegitimacy. He broke up with Maggie Sloan over the phone. Maggie cried, and appealed to the weight of tradition—two years they'd been going out. Russell, with Corrine at his side, was sympathetic but firm.

Outside the dorm it was a prematurely cold New England fall; red and yellow leaves slipped from the trees and twisted in the wind. For three days they left the room only

to get food, staying in bed most of the time, drinking St. Pauli Girls, smoking Marlboros, and talking. Russell had been a party smoker before, but Corrine smoked heavily, and Russell gradually caught up with her. They smoked before bed, after making love, and then in the morning, before they got out of bed, while Corrine told Russell her dreams in minute detail. Her imagination was curiously literal. She remembered everything—what people were wearing, inconsistencies and illogic that seemed to surprise and annoy her a little, as if she expected dreams not to be so dreamlike. Her view of the waking world, though, was somewhat fantastic. Certain dates and names were fraught with unlikely significance for her, and, much more than Russell, the class poet, she believed in the power of words in the world. When, after a week, Russell asked her to marry him, she made him solemnly promise never to use the word *divorce*, even in jest.

He might have taken her acceptance of his proposal to be impulsive, her renunciation of Dino to be precipitate, but he didn't. He'd been in love with her for two and a half years.

The campus seemed to split down the middle over the issue. Some sided with the new couple, some with Maggie Sloan and Dino, whose senior basketball season was visibly affected. He became a loud and dangerous regular at the pub, and one night, while Corrine and Russell were at a movie, watching French people smoke cigarettes and cheat on each other, Dino trashed Russell's room. Corrine and Russell developed a repertoire of Dino jokes. The day of their wedding, in June, two weeks after graduation, Dino was in a car wreck that landed him in the hospital for three weeks. Two years after graduation they heard that he was working as a representative for a feed-and-grain distributor in South Dakota.

THE MORNING AFTER THE MEMORIAL DAY PARTY
Corrine reminded Russell of their resolution, and for the first time since they'd known each other they had coffee without cigarettes. Russell left his first cup unfinished.

Corrine was staring wistfully at her blue Trivial Pursuit coffee mug. Somebody had given them a set of four for a wedding present—Russell tried to recall who it was. "Remember that Campbell's Soup commercial?" she said. "Soup and sandwich, love and marriage, horse and carriage?"

Russell nodded. "They forgot caffeine and nicotine."

"I've heard it helps to drink a lot of water the first few days," Corrine said. "Cleans out the system."

Russell got half a glass of water down before he had to leave for work. "We've got to buy you some new shirts," Corrine said, fingering Russell's frayed collar when they were in the elevator.

"I've got plenty of shirts," Russell said.

"We can certainly afford a few more," Corrine said.

One of us can, Russell thought.

A T A LITTLE AFTER ELEVEN CORRINE CALLED HIM AT the office.

"How are you holding up?"

"All I can think about is cigarettes."

"Me too."

Talking about it made it easier. Or else it made it harder. They weren't sure, but agreed to call each other whenever they were feeling weak. Tracey Wheeler, Russell's intern, came over with a set of galleys she had proofread, smoking a cigarette; she must have seen him looking at it longingly. "Do you want one?"

"No," he said. "I've quit. At least, I'm trying." He felt sad hearing himself. The words seemed to mark the end of a chapter in his life, and made him feel older than Tracey in a way he didn't like. It sounded fussy, not at all in keeping with the swashbuckling air he assumed whenever she was around.

AFTER CORRINE HUNG UP THE PHONE, DUANE JONES, an analyst who'd gone through training with her, came into the office and sat down. Corrine and Duane had made a habit of stealing a mid-morning break together. This ritual had developed in part because they had been the only smokers in the training program; it was a bond between them. The first day of orientation she did mental caricatures of the faces around the seminar table. Duane was *GQ* subscriber, *Dartmouth* class officer, *boxer shorts and jockstraps*, *lacrosse and skiing*. The fact that he smoked made him seem less buttoned-down. Now they often had lunch together, to the point that Russell was a little jealous of Duane. Russell always referred to him as "Dow Jones, Industrious Average." Duane called Russell "the Poet." This morning Duane sat down on the edge of the armchair across from the desk and adjusted one of his socks.

"Got any brilliant hunches this morning? Any dreams that might have a bearing on the Exchange?" He took out a new pack of Merits and slapped it against his wrist.

"Put out a heavy sell call on tobacco issues. We quit smoking."

"Say it ain't so. *You?*"

"Me and Russell both," she said, not certain whether she was being loyal or laying off part of the blame on her husband.

Duane stood up and straightened his yellow tie. "I won't tempt you," he said. At the door he turned and winked. "But if you change your mind . . ."

That night Corrine cooked a deliberately bland meal of chicken, peas, and rice. It was the first time they'd eaten at home in weeks. Corrine had read somewhere that red meat and spicy food abet the craving to smoke.

"I think we should try not to go out so much for a while," Corrine said, as they ate in front of the television. They were watching a rerun of *M*A*S*H*. Hawkeye was wooing a recalcitrant nurse.

"Have you noticed that on television hardly anyone smokes?" Russell asked.

Corrine nodded and then said, "Moratorium on French movies."

"Absolutely."

"And it wouldn't hurt us to cut down on our drinking."

Russell agreed in principle, even as the ice shrank in his third drink of the evening. After ten hours of not smoking he had arrived home feeling like he'd been beaten up, and had reached immediately for the vodka.

Russell said, "The old soup-and-sandwich theorem."

"The thing we've got to realize," Corrine said, "is that you can't have 'just one cigarette.' If you break down once, you'll do it more easily the next time."

"Right." Russell was trying to watch *M*A*S*H*. Corrine had absolutely no television etiquette. She would talk through the first twenty-five minutes of a show and then ask Russell to explain what was going on. Her questions were a little maddening at the best of times. Tonight he was ready to hurl her out the window. Either that or grab the pack of smokes he'd left in his blazer in the closet.

"Russell?"

"Yeah?"

"Please listen just for one minute. This is important."

He looked at her. She was wearing her earnest, small-girl-wanting-to-know-why-the-sky-is-blue expression. He normally found this look devastating.

"Did you ever," she said, "when you were a kid, pretend that something really bad would happen to you if you did or didn't do something? You know, like if you didn't stay under water till the far end of the pool, then somebody would die?"

"All the time," Russell said. "Thousands died."

"I'm serious. Let's pretend, like that, that something really bad will happen to us if we start smoking again."

"Okay," Russell said, turning back to the TV.

THE NEXT DAY CORRINE SCREAMED AT RUSSELL FOR leaving his dirty socks in the bathroom sink. He got mad at her when he went to the kitchen and found the cupboards bare: how was he supposed to quit smoking if he couldn't have some toast or cereal to keep his mouth busy? She said the shopping wasn't her responsibility—she certainly brought home her share of the grocery money. Corrine stormed out of the house without saying good-bye, forgetting her briefcase. At the office Russell bummed a cigarette from Tracey and almost smoked it out of spite, as a way of getting back at Corrine. He finally broke it in half and threw it in the wastebasket.

That night, when Corrine got home, their fight was not mentioned; they were both shy and solicitous, as if helping each other through a tropical illness. They cranked up the air-conditioning and collapsed into bed at ten. Russell woke up at seven with a keen sensation of guilt. Corrine was not in bed; he heard the shower running in the bathroom. Gradually he began to recall a dream: He'd been at a party, and Nancy Tanner was beckoning to him from the door of an igloo. The purpose of the invitation was unclear.

M I T S U B I S H I



Soothe your nervous system.

There are those who measure distance in miles. While others choose to measure distance in terms of time.

At Mitsubishi Motors, we take an altogether different view. We believe that the best measure of distance in a luxury sedan is the distance you never notice.

And to prove it, we created the Mitsubishi Galant.

Galant's engineered to deliver a unique driving experience. Patiently crafted to be an island of calm amid the storm of demands success often brings. Galant's onboard computer, ETACS IV™, monitors all secondary

functions from power windows and door locks to a new theft-deterrent system. Its electronically fuel-injected 2.4-liter engine responds with a silent surge of power. There's even an available ECS™ electronically controlled suspension that self-adjusts to changing road conditions.

Of course a sedan this sophisticated demands luxury as well as performance, so inside you'll find a haven of comforts and appointments. Adjustable front bucket seats, in velour or optional leather. Electronic power steering for smooth, confident handling. An available six-speaker AM/FM cas-

sette stereo system with graphic equalizer and remote controls mounted on the steering wheel. And to ensure that passengers in back are every bit as comfortable, Galant offers a unique reclining rear seat with adjustable headrests.

The Mitsubishi Galant. Road car performance in a luxury sedan. Patiently engineered to soothe your nervous system and to keep an impatient world at a comfortable distance.

Call 1-800-447-4700 for your nearest dealer.

Mitsubishi.
Perfecting the
Experience.™



G A L A N T

Russell walked toward the open door. It was surprisingly distant, and with each step he told himself he should turn around and run. When he finally reached her, she held out a cigarette and smiled lewdly.

Corrine came into the bedroom wearing a towel twisted around her head and another secured beneath her arms.

"We've got to do something about this water pressure," she said, sitting down at the vanity. Lying in bed, Russell could see her face in the mirror as she began to apply her makeup. She caught his eye and smiled. "What are you so serious about?"

"Nothing."

"I had the weirdest dream last night," she said.

"What else is new," he said, glad that she was accustomed to his not remembering his own dreams.

"I dreamed about cigarettes. Sneaking a smoke, like when I was a kid."

Applying a tool shaped like a miniature toothbrush to her eyebrow, she asked, "Have you dreamed about it?" Her eyes zoomed in on his for just a moment, and, reflexively, he answered, "No."

"I guess I'm just perverse."

THE NEXT NIGHT CORRINE DREAMED THAT SHE WAS standing on the sidewalk, waiting for someone. The street was entirely deserted, though it was Park Avenue. Not another soul on the sidewalk, not a car on the street. A black limousine appeared several blocks down, cruising toward her slowly, finally pulling up and stopping by the curb in front of her. The glass was smoked; she could not see inside the car. The back window slipped down; a man's hand emerged from the open

IN PRAISE OF THE POTATO

Potato, sojourner north, first sprung
from the flanks of volcanos, plainspoken kin

to bright chili and deadly nightshade,
sleek eggplant and hairy tobacco,

we could live on you alone if we had to,
and scorched-earth marauders never bothered you much.

I love you because your body's a stem,
your eyes sprout, and you're not in the Bible,

and if we did not eat your strength,
you'd drive it up, into a flower.

—David Williams

window, holding out a pack of cigarettes. She looked up and down the street, and then climbed into the limo. She couldn't make out the figure beside her in the back seat, but as the car pulled away from the curb, she saw Russell looking down from a window in an apartment building high above the street.

In the morning she didn't mention the dream to Russell. Getting his attention had been difficult lately anyway.

THAT WEEK WAS THE FIRST REAL SCORCHER OF THE summer; the humidity brimmed to the verge of rain, without breaking. Walking to the subway the next morning, Corrine could feel her damp blouse sticking to her shoulder blades. In the station the men in yellow ties looked wilted, the women in their tailored suits defensive, as if they sensed that on days like this the subterranean violence of the city was likely to boil to the surface. She had forgotten to buy a paper, and as her gaze wandered idly around the platform, she suddenly met the eyes of a ragged man staring back at her with malevolent intensity. She turned away, staggered by that look, her mind unreeling images of carnage: muzzle flash, neon blood, filthy hands at her throat, boldface headlines. As the train rattled in, she couldn't help looking again; this time she saw a blank face and lusterless, unfocused eyes behind a tangle of matted hair.

A little after ten Duane Jones stuck his head into her office. "Still being virtuous?"

She motioned him in and whispered, "Close the door."

He raised his eyebrows and pulled the door closed.

"Let me have a couple of drags."

"All this secrecy for a couple of drags?"

"Just light it, will you?"

He shook a Merit out of his pack and held it out to her.

"No, you light it."

Duane was enjoying this. He lit the cigarette from his lighter and held it out to her. "The idea being that if I light it, you won't have actually smoked a cigarette?"

"Humor me." She took the cigarette and inhaled deeply, held the smoke in her lungs.

"Funny, it doesn't taste like I thought it would."

"You look great with a cigarette."

She took another, strictly experimental drag. This was more like what she had anticipated, a reunion clinch with a former lover. But she wasn't going to hop into bed. She just wanted to remind herself that she could live without this one passion. Corrine held the cigarette out to him, fortified with a new resolve. "Take it."

"I've got more."

"Take it."

"Okay." Duane noted the faint peach impression of Corrine's lips on the filter. He took a drag.

Corrine was sorting papers on her desk, suddenly all business. "I'm going to be here till midnight if I don't get moving," she said.

"You know where to find me," Duane said, as he left.

THE STOCK MARKET WAS GETTING HOT; CORRINE was working twelve- and fourteen-hour days. With the advent of Tracey, Russell's work load was considerably lighter. They couldn't get out of the city much, because of Corrine's job. At first he enjoyed being able to meet friends for drinks, watch TV, or read at home without interruption, but as the summer wore on, he began to resent her scrupulous fidelity to her job. One hot night when she arrived home after midnight, he made insinuations, mentioning Duane Jones.

At the office he read the *Times* front to back before settling into his official chores, and sometimes composed fake guide entries for his own amusement. One morning, as the temperature climbed toward ninety and the air-conditioning became less and less a source of relief, he was writing one of these when Tracey came in with a new batch of her own vivid compositions.

"I think I've finished Michigan," she said. "What state are you working on?"

He read: "The Yukon Sheraton: charming, individual guest cottages constructed by native craftsmen of local materials; cozy interiors, domed ceilings, blubber heat. Year-round winter sports."

She forced a faint, nervous chuckle, and then became pensive. "Do you mind if I ask you something? Don't you think what we're doing is kind of, uh, unethical?"

"Think of yourself as a fiction writer."

"I just feel funny about it."

"Why do you think most of the senior staff is alcoholic?" This hard-boiled manner had become reflexive when he was talking with Tracey. He couldn't seem to be straightforward.

An inner struggle was working havoc on Tracey's normally cheerful demeanor. Russell couldn't help admiring the contours of her sleeveless top. "You're so talented," she gasped, as if delivering a horrible confession. She looked down at the floor. "I'm being a baby." She turned and walked out of the office. Russell stared at the door long after she had gone, and then left early for lunch.

Lately Russell had felt a great shroud of gauze enveloping him, preventing him from touching life and getting hold of it. He felt torpid and cloudy, but didn't know whether this was a function of the oppressive weather, his decision to quit cigarettes, or some subheading under Changes of Life.

Nicotine withdrawal seemed to dull his mind and sharpen all his senses. The rancid smells of the summer streets had never seemed so acute. The vapors curling from mysterious apertures in the city streets were cruel reminders. *Where there's smoke*, he thought. He ate four or five times a day. Even his hearing seemed sharper: noise bothered him, as if he were suffering from an extended hangover. And the women in their summer dresses on the sidewalks excited fantasies more detailed than any he'd experienced since adolescence.

On the way back from his coffee-shop lunch he walked two blocks out of his way to follow a redhead in a yellow

halter top. He entertained the notion of striking up a conversation, but then she walked out of his life, slipping smartly into the revolving door of an office building.

"What the hell is wrong with you?" he said aloud, standing in the middle of the sidewalk, drawing scrutiny from several pedestrians who seemed ready to offer opinions.

He absolutely had to have a cigarette.

Outside the newsstand he stopped and reminded himself that he had already betrayed Corrine once today, if only in his imagination. He walked on, smokeless and repentant.

Waiting for a traffic light on the way back to the office, he looked over the display of a sidewalk vendor, one of those West Africans he'd read about in the *Times*, and spotted among the wares a cigarette case made out of python skin. Tracey would be leaving soon to go back to school. He bought the case for ten bucks and took it back to work. Tracey was at her desk, eating a bowl of cottage cheese.

"It's beautiful," she said. "You're so thoughtful."

"It comes with strings attached," Russell said.

She looked up warily.

"Give me a cigarette, for Christ's sake, before I die." He smoked it in her office. They talked about her courses for the fall. Russell wished he were going back to college, wished that he were embarking on some open-ended adventure, as he savored what he told himself would be his last cigarette.

ONE MORNING TOWARD THE END OF AUGUST, CORRINE woke up at 5:00 A.M. in a terrible state. She'd had a dream—the apartment had gone up in flames. Her breath was short, and she was trembling. At first she wanted to stay home from work, and wanted Russell to stay with her, but Russell suggested that if the fire were in the apartment building, they were both better off in their offices.

She called after lunch to see if he was okay. As he was leaving the office, he called to remind her about a cocktail party that night. The theme was *La Mort d'Été*; for some reason all the parties had themes that year, as if conviviality were no longer its own reward.

"I won't be able to make it," she said. "You should go."

"Got a previous engagement?" Russell suggested.

"Don't be an idiot, okay? It's been a bitch of a day already."

"What should I wear?" Russell said.

"Wear a tie. They won't recognize you."

"Remind me what you look like, so I'll recognize you when you get home tonight."

"I'll be the girl with dark circles under her eyes."

After a moment Russell said, "How's old Dow Jones?"

"The market's up four points."

"I mean the stiff with the starched boxer shorts."

"Duane is very busy, like the rest of us."

"I don't hear you denying my surmise about his under-shorts."

"Would you like me to check?"

"No, that's okay."

"I'll see you when I get home. And no smoking."

RUSSELL PLANNED TO MAKE A QUICK APPEARANCE, but after two hours the party was just hitting optimal cruise altitude. The invitation said "Cocktails six to eight," but food and booze were plentiful, and everyone was canceling dinner reservations. Rick Cohen had some blow that he let Russell in on. By ten Russell had bummed three cigarettes. He felt guilty about the first. The second came after he visited the bathroom with Rick, and obviously that didn't count. Smoking the third, he decided that he was glad Corrine wasn't with him: he could be weak without spoiling her resolution.

Nancy Tanner arrived wearing one of her strapless dresses. She was flashy in a way that reminded him of stewardesses—a stylized, overly wrought femininity that he associated with the service sector. Her obviousness made him feel virtuous. If Nancy were a film, she'd be *Superman II*. Corrine was, say, *Hiroshima Mon Amour*.

Nancy spotted Russell and winked. She caught up with him at the bar. "Behaving yourself?" she asked.

"Trying."

"Haven't seen you since . . . you remember."

For a moment he thought she meant the dream. "How's your stepfather?" he said.

"My stepfather?" She looked baffled for a moment. "Oh, he's fine. He's better. Where's Corrine?" she asked, the way one asks after a tagalong sibling who has finally been given the slip. He felt that if he didn't challenge her tone in some way, he would be implicated in a developing conspiracy.

"Working," he said.

"All work and no play . . ." She arched her eyebrows and then escaped before he could register his indignation. That was going a little too far. He got a drink and plunged back into the crowd.

"We were just wondering what happened to Dino Signorelli," Rick said when Russell caught up with him.

"Last I heard, he was selling seeds in South Dakota."

"Spilling seed, you mean," Tom Dalton said.

"That guy could fake a guard like nobody's business."

"He could bend an elbow, too," Russell observed.

Russell was listening to Skip Blackman's girlfriend—who had never looked so good—talk about her incredibly boring job when Nancy touched his shoulder.

"Got a cigarette?"

Russell was about to say he had quit, but deftly turned the reflex into a monosyllable.

"Let's find some," she said, her eyes sparkling in a way that seemed to make this simple notion witty and daring.

She took his hand, and he followed her, feeling crisp and purposeful in his movements, negotiating the tight throng of bodies and the carpeted floor like an expert skier rounding the poles of a hazardous slalom course.

"I think I've got some in my coat," she said, leading him into one of the bedrooms. She closed the door behind them. He reached for her and drew her face to his, the feeling of precision and control dissolving, the ski slope giving way to a free fall through the clouds.

SHORTLY BEFORE MIDNIGHT RUSSELL REELED TOWARD home. His legs were wobbly, but this was a transparent defensive strategy, a white lie on the part of the body, on behalf of the guilty mind. It was no good. His head was utterly clear, an acoustically perfect amphitheater for the voices of accusation. He told himself that it could have been worse; they hadn't done much, those few minutes in the bedroom. But they might have. They were well on their way when somebody came in looking for a coat.

He took off his shoes in the hallway, eased the keys into the locks. The apartment was dark. He crept to the bedroom, which was empty. He tried to feel relief, told himself he had a second chance. He couldn't have faced Corrine tonight. She would have seen through him.

Russell was in bed when he heard the stealthy tick of keys and tumblers. With one eye half open he watched the door of the bedroom. The hallway remained dark. Eventually he heard her tiptoe into the bedroom; accustomed to the dark, he could see that she was carrying her shoes.

He pretended to be asleep as she undressed and slipped into bed beside him. He wanted to take her in his arms.

Corrine lay very still beside him. He waited for her rapid breathing to resolve itself into the rhythm of sleep; she could fall asleep on a dime. Instead her breath became shorter, more irregular, until he realized that she was crying. Somehow she knew. Russell cursed himself for violating this intimacy, which over the years had become so finely tuned that she was able, even in the silent dark, to sense a change in pitch. Then he decided that was absurd. He began to wonder where she'd been all night.

"Oh, Russell," she said. "I'm sorry."

He lifted himself on an elbow and tried to see her face in the dark.

"What do you mean, you're sorry?"

She began to sob. Her back was heaving. She was trying to say something, but her words were muffled by the pillow.

"What?" he said.

When she finally spoke, it was in a dull, featureless voice that he had never heard before. "Tonight," she said, "tonight I had a couple of cigarettes . . ."

She said more, but the sound of her voice was already fading away as Russell lay back on his own pillow, feeling the chill blast of the air-conditioner on his face, imagining himself henceforth as a wanderer of frozen landscapes, and in searching for a suitably tragic picture of himself he came at length, unexpectedly, upon the image of Dino Signorelli, standing alone on a treeless prairie, hatless, leaning into the cold wind. □

Spring Catalogue Collection

Catalogues, for their diversity of merchandise and their shop-at-home convenience, are appealing to a growing number of busy but discriminating consumers.

The Atlantic makes shopping easy for you. Our Spring Catalogue Collection features an eclectic assortment of thirty-one current catalogues and provides an efficient means of ordering them. Simply complete and mail the order envelope adjacent to this advertising section or—if that is missing—the coupon printed on the last page.

Please allow six to eight weeks for delivery.



AUDIO-FORUM
THE LANGUAGE SOURCE

Foreign Language, Self-Instructional Book/Cassette Courses

Choose from 130 courses in 47 languages. Comprehensive courses designed for learning on your own, developed for State Department personnel. Also brief courses for travelers, and "No-Time" courses—ideal for learning while driving, etc. They really work! 32-page catalog, \$1.00, refundable with order.



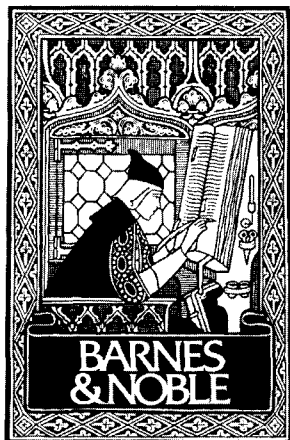
BANANA REPUBLIC
TRAVEL & SAFARI
CLOTHING CO.

The official gazette of our imaginary republic contains not only information on our functional, natural-fabric, travel and safari clothing, but also travel tales and trivia, clothing reviews by distinguished critics, unique and soulful artwork. Our offerings include: bush jackets, safari bags, multi-pocketed vests, khaki trousers and shorts, bush dresses. \$1.00.

BANANA REPUBLIC
TRAVEL BOOKSTORE
CATALOGUE



Our new Travel Bookstore Catalogue is the most complete, the most opinionated—and the most reliable—compendium of travel reading available anywhere. Informed, succinct reviews of 800 titles, including some very exotic finds, many published abroad and some exclusive to Banana Republic—as well as an unusual selection of maps, language tapes, phrase-books. \$1.00.



Satisfying Book Lovers Since 1873

This unique book catalog from the "world's largest bookstore" brings you hundreds of hardcover book bargains, current paperbacks, out of print editions, records & tapes, videocassettes, desk accessories, plus exclusive offers available by mail *only* from Barnes & Noble—in some cases with savings up to 80% off publisher's prices. Every item backed by a 30-day money-back guarantee. Send \$1.00. (Offer valid only in Continental U.S.A.)



1-800-VIDALIA
(1-800-843-2542)

Call Today to reserve a bag of Fresh, Sweet Vidalia Onions!

The fresh, sweet flavor of our hand-selected Vidalia Onions can now be enjoyed just by calling the toll-free number above! You'll receive the finest, genuine Vidalia Onions... guaranteed fresh from our fields, to your door, and packed with a **FREE RECIPE BOOKLET!** Limited availability May thru July... so call today to reserve your bag of Nature's Sweetest Onions!

10 lbs.	\$12.95
25 lbs.	\$29.95
50 lbs.	\$56.95

(Add \$1.95 per address for shipping & handling)

We also offer a variety of other delicious items for your enjoyment, please write or call for a Free catalog today!



P.O. Box 506-AM/Glenville, GA 30427-9990
(Georgia residents call 1-912-654-3048)

BOOKS ON TAPE™

New!

Books on Tape



- Best Sellers on Cassette
- Full-length Readings
- Call for Free Brochure

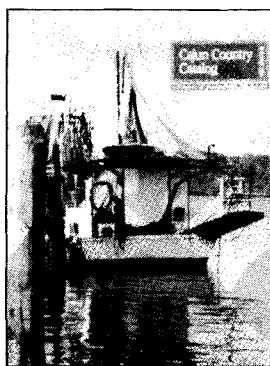
Box 7900-AT, Newport Beach, CA 92660

(800) 626-3333



Cabela's®

Cabela's... World's foremost outfitter of fishing, hunting and outdoor gear. 100% Satisfaction Guaranteed. Thousands of items for the outdoor enthusiast: Clothing... Footwear... Gifts... Fishing Items... Hunting Equipment... Camping Supplies... Boating Gear... Optics... Archery... and much, much more. Cabela's... providing over 25 years of quality, service and values. Free full-color catalogs.



Enjoy the finest in Cajun cuisine right in your own home. Hundreds of items available from world-renowned restaurants and chefs such as Commander's Palace, Brennan's, Alex Patout, Paul Prudhomme, and many more. Or learn to cook Cajun style as they do in homes throughout South Louisiana from any of our many authentic Cajun cookbooks. Everything you need is available in this catalog, from spices to fresh seafood to black iron pots. Also learn about our culture with Cajun books, prints, posters, handicrafts, and much more. 24-page catalog, \$2.00. Cajun Country Catalog, (504) 851-3615.

A COMMON READER

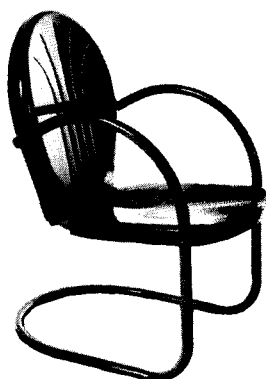


Q: What do our readers have in common?

A: Too many books and a need for more: books of the hour and books of all time, books to be savored or read at whim, books that climb mountains or meet you for breakfast—even some books to rattle your bones. Our catalog is a selection for readers with imagination. Two dollars for two years.

SUMMER INSIDE • OUT

OUR LATEST QUARTERLY CATALOG
FEATURES YEAR-ROUND BESTSELLERS
PLUS A SELECTION OF THE SEASON'S
HOTTEST FURNITURE & ACCESSORIES!
GOOD DESIGN AT GOOD PRICES.
SEND \$2.



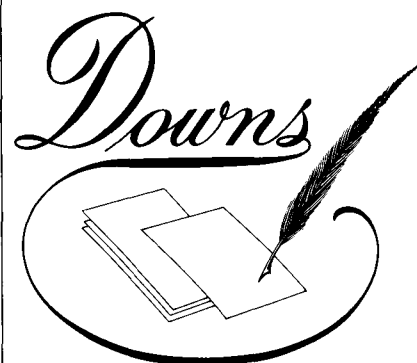
conran's

DAEDALUS BOOKS



Daedalus offers publishers' overstocks of good fiction, history, and art. We are unique in that we only offer books that will appeal to the serious reader. We send out five catalogs a year filled with sale books by authors such as Marguerite Yourcenar, Madison Smartt Bell, Saul Bellow, Jean Rhys, Elizabeth Bishop, James Joyce, John Ashbery, Isabel Colegate, and hundreds of other excellent writers. Send for our free catalog and expand your library.

**Remainders for
People Who Read**



**ENGRAVERS
AND STATIONERS**

OF BALTIMORE

SINCE 1835

SAVE ¼ THE COST ON YOUR OWN CUSTOM-MADE ENGRAVED STATIONERY DIE. The master craftsmen at Downs will create your personal fully engraved stationery on Crane's 100% cotton fiber papers. Be confident that your messages are carried on elegant, socially correct stationery. Examples of die styles & papers: \$2.00 (credited to order).



GUCCI

Gucci catalogue subscription. You will receive, over the course of a year, four seasonal catalogues featuring highlights from our collection of classic fashion, leathergoods, gifts, and accessories. One year \$6.00.



**Hammacher
Schlemmer**

ESTABLISHED 1848



Hammacher Schlemmer has strived for over 139 years to offer the best, the only and the unexpected. In our new 64-page catalog you'll find The Best Electric Hedge Trimmer, The Only Inflatable Catamaran, The Wireless AM Radio Antenna and still hundreds of other unusual things that can't be found elsewhere. \$2.00 for a year's subscription.



"It's All Your Body Wants"

Open yourself like the wild rose in the sun's welcoming light. Spill into your day with health and beauty.

Indulge in the best in renewing and natural body care products: mineral baths, imported soaps and skin care, massage oils, uplifting music, exotic powders, sensuous toys and luxurious silk wraps.

Enchanting Southwestern Art Deco style catalog. Send for subscription, \$2.00.

LANDS' END DIRECT MERCHANTS

of fine wool and cotton sweaters, Oxford buttondown shirts, traditional dress clothing, snow wear, deck wear, original Lands' End soft luggage and a multitude of other quality goods from around the world.

THE FRILL IS GONE.

Lands' End is a reliable source of classic styles, natural fabrics, values as a victory of quality over price. No froufrou or gingerbread. Think of us for casual and dress clothing, snow wear, deck wear, shoes and our original, unbeatable Lands' End soft luggage, plus accessories from around the world. Free catalog. 24-hour phones (1-800-356-4444). World's most unconditional guarantee. In two words: **GUARANTEED. PERIOD.** Try us.

LAURA ASHLEY BY POST



Laura Ashley, the foremost purveyor of fine English fashions for you and your home, with over 100 shops in the U.S. and Canada, invites you to become a subscriber. Subscribe and enjoy shopping conveniently at home with our seasonal fashion catalogues, the exciting 1987 Home Furnishings annual and our Christmas Gift catalogue. One year for **\$5.00**



Long regarded as an American classic, Long John Shirts are now better than ever. We've expanded our line to include ten styles in over 20 colors in 50/50 poly/cotton blend. The long sleeve now also comes in 100% cotton. Send away for \$1.00 catalog. Long John Shirts, 3580 Willow Lane, Thousand Oaks, CA 91361.

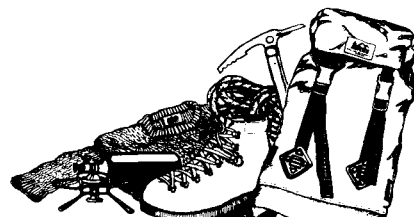
THE NATURE COMPANY



A unique assemblage of gifts and tools to enhance your enjoyment of the world of nature. Fine Arts prints, sculpture, books, binoculars, clothing . . . games for kids and discovery tools for all ages. Two issues annually, representing the best of more than 6000 items carried in our retail stores. \$1.00.

Neiman-Marcus

Reserve a sampler collection of N-M spring fashion catalogs, plus the 1987 Christmas Book for delivery by mid-October. Only \$5.00, applicable toward your first credit card purchase by phone or mail from the catalogs. Mail to: Neiman-Marcus, P.O. Box 2968, Dept. 6767, Dallas, Texas 75221-9950.



REI
Quality Outdoor Gear and Clothing
Since 1938

Getting you set with the right gear and clothing for your outdoor adventures is what REI does best. From bicycling to camping to climbing the Himalayas, you'll find everything you need at REI, the nation's largest consumer cooperative. Membership is not required, but members receive a yearly patronage dividend based on their purchases. Our money-back guarantee ensures satisfaction.

Unabridged books-on- cassette



**Recorded
Books, Inc.**
30-day rentals
by mail.



No time to read any books? Now, you can listen to bestselling authors while you drive. John Le Carré, Paul Theroux, Stephen King, and many more expertly narrated on cassette—and all *unabridged*! You can rent unabridged Recorded Books quickly and easily through the mail. Write now for a catalog of scores of bestsellers, histories, classics, and mysteries unabridged on Recorded Books. \$1.00.

RIZZOLI

NEW YORK

This distinguished publisher offers a color-illustrated 32-page catalog describing over 40 new spring books on art, architecture, fashion, decorative arts, opera, dance, and gardening, such as *Gustav Klimt: Women, Poiret, Jewelry by Architects*, *The Vienna Opera*, *Katsura Villa in Japan*, and *New York 1930*. \$1.00.



Romanoff Caviar

Romanoff Caviar.
Transform a social occasion into a spectacular event. There is no gourmet experience to match the sensation of fresh sturgeon caviar and no more convenient way to acquire it than through this colorful catalogue. Covers caviar varieties; etiquette; presentation; recipes. Complimentary.

S.E. RYKOFF & CO.

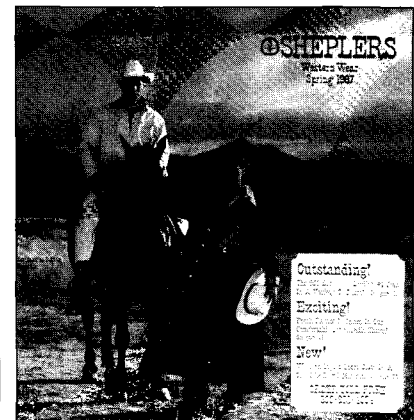
Foods and Cookware of Distinction
Since 1911

S.E. Rykoff & Co. offers 48 pages of imported and domestic foods, fine cookware and flatware and other kitchen and entertaining necessities. Inside find a full selection of gourmet items, convenience foods, diet products and more. Previously only available to the finest restaurants, clubs and hotels, now they can be found in your home! Four catalogs a year. \$1.00.



SAFFRAN

Extraordinary clothing from Sweden, is now available in the U.S. Of fresh yet timeless design, high quality, and rich colors, Saffran is made of pure natural fibers. Incredible comfort in sizes 6 to 18. 40-page color catalog, \$1.00.



Receive a free
Sheplers catalog and
become part of the
Sheplers legend

Experience all the excitement and romance of the wild west in the mail! At Sheplers you'll find pure-bred western wear that's rugged enough for everyday . . . fancy enough for Sunday. At Sheplers we don't just sell the western "look"; we are the western look.



Catalogs From Around The World

A fabulous collection of international catalogs enabling you to purchase china, crystal, clothing, carpets, silver, linens, handicrafts, furniture, furs, jewelry, cars, clocks, etc. at tremendous savings direct from 114 factories, retail stores and craftsmen in 22 countries including Denmark, England, France, Germany, Greece, Hong Kong, Ireland, Italy, Malaysia, Thailand, Turkey, etc. Color catalog \$3.00.

TIFFANY & Co.

Tiffany's designs have set internationally recognized standards of excellence. Select from among Tiffany classics in jewelry, time pieces, sterling silver, leather goods, china and crystal. Spring Selections catalogue, \$2.00.

TIME LIFE BOOKS

Build your home library with TIME-LIFE BOOKS' most popular book series. Enjoy imaginative new meals. Enter worlds of mystery and enchantment. Follow step-by-step home improvement projects. Return to the battlefields of the Civil War and Vietnam. Learn more about computers. Discover how to take better photographs . . . and more! Free catalogue.

yes! Bookshop

Wondrous Books for Thoughtful Readers

We specialize in books for those who seek a better understanding of what life is all about. Timeless—not timely—books. Carefully selected books on the great religious traditions, inner work, science for non-scientists, Asian cultures, world travel, Jungian psychology, ancient history and mythology, consciousness and creativity. Plus audio & video tapes. Catalogs for two years, two dollars.

The Atlantic

SPRING CATALOGUE COLLECTION

To order, please use the envelope adjacent to this section or complete this form. Circle the numbers of the catalogues you would like to receive. Be sure to provide your name and address, and enclose a check or money order, payable to *The Atlantic*, for catalogues that require payment. International orders accepted only if accompanied by U.S. funds. Send your order form and payment to: *The Atlantic* Spring Catalogue Collection, P.O. Box 2749, Clinton, Iowa 52735.

- | | | | |
|---|--------|--------------------------------------|--------|
| 1. Audio Forum | \$1.00 | 18. Long John Shirts | \$1.00 |
| 2. Banana Republic Travel Clothing | \$1.00 | 19. Nature Company | \$1.00 |
| 3. Banana Republic Travel Bookstore | \$1.00 | 20. Neiman-Marcus | \$5.00 |
| 4. Barnes & Noble | \$1.00 | 21. REI | \$3.00 |
| 5. Bland Farms | FREE | 22. Recorded Books | \$1.00 |
| 6. Books on Tape | FREE | 23. Rizzoli Books | \$1.00 |
| 7. Cabela's | FREE | 24. Romanoff Caviar | FREE |
| 8. Cajun Country | \$2.00 | 25. S.E. Rykoff & Company | \$1.00 |
| 9. A Common Reader | \$2.00 | 26. Saffran | \$1.00 |
| 10. Conran's | \$2.00 | 27. Sheplers | FREE |
| 11. Daedalus Books | FREE | 28. Shop The World by Mail | \$3.00 |
| 12. Downs Engravers & Stationers | \$2.00 | 29. Tiffany | \$2.00 |
| 13. Gucci | \$6.00 | 30. Time-Life Books | FREE |
| 14. Hammacher Schlemmer | \$2.00 | 31. Yes! Bookshop | \$2.00 |
| 15. In Harmony | \$2.00 | | |
| 16. Land's End | FREE | | |
| 17. Laura Ashley | \$5.00 | | |

Total \$ _____

Name _____ Amount Enclosed \$ _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Requests cannot be honored after May 30, 1987. Please allow 6 to 8 weeks for delivery.

MUSIC

AMERICAN SOUNDINGS

BY WILLIAM H. YOUNGREN

THE PUBLICATION, in 1980, of *The New Grove Dictionary of Music and Musicians* at last provided English-speaking readers with a reference tool comparable (and in some ways superior) to the German *Die Musik in Geschichte und Gegenwart* (1949–1968). Sir George Grove's original dictionary (1878–1890) had been updated four times prior to 1980: in 1904–1910, 1927, 1940, and 1954. But the last of these editions, in nine volumes, still contained much material taken from earlier editions and was, like its predecessors, aimed mainly at the musical amateur. The *New Grove*, in twenty volumes, was an altogether different production: a thoroughgoing revision that, like its German counterpart, met the needs of the most specialized scholar as well as those of the casual listener. Now Stanley Sadie, the editor of the *New Grove*, and H. Wiley Hitchcock, one of the leading authorities on American music, have collaborated in producing *The New Grove Dictionary of American Music*. In four volumes, this new *New Grove* contains 5,000 entries and runs to just over 2,700 large, double-column pages of small but comfortably readable print. At \$495 it is by no means cheap; but in an age when the average scholarly book in the humanities, containing 200 (or fewer) small pages of large print, sells for between \$20 and \$40, the *New Grove American* is an excellent value. Even those who have already spent more than \$2,000 for the 1980 set may want to buy this one, since of the 5,000 entries 3,000 are completely new, 500 have been newly commissioned, and the remainder have been expanded and updated from their 1980 versions.

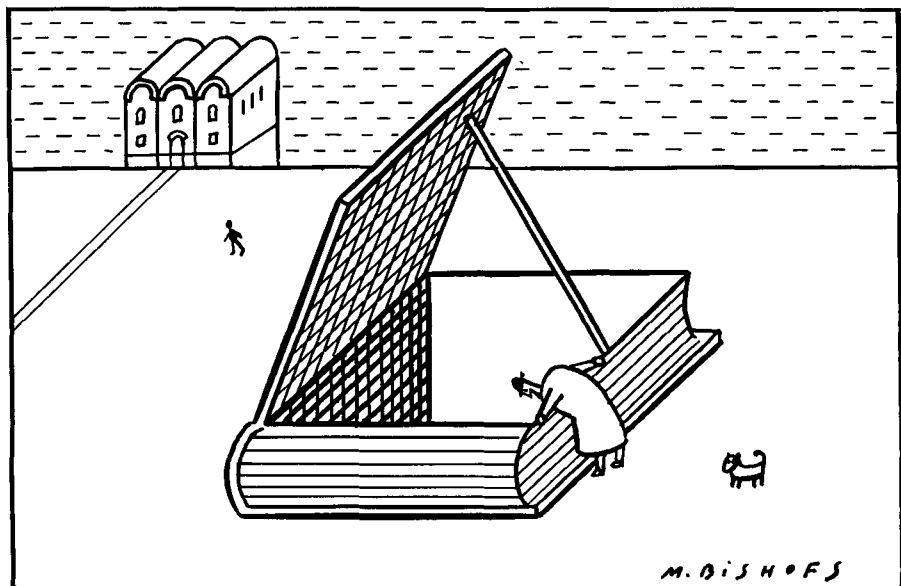
It is of course impossible in a short space to do justice to the comprehensiveness of this admirable work. But perhaps the *New Grove American*, like the 1980 *New Grove*, is most obviously distinguished by its many long and helpful articles on individual composers, to each of which are appended a complete list of works and an extensive bibliography of secondary literature. (Several of the bibliographies from the 1980 *New Grove* have

already been republished in paperback form, and one hopes that this will also be true of those in the *New Grove American*.) More generally, but still mostly within the sphere of art music, there are illuminating historical accounts of the musical traditions and organizations of about sixty American cities, and of the parts played in American musical life by such genres as chamber music, choral music, opera, and orchestral music. When I spoke recently to Sadie and Hitchcock, they told me that these two groups of articles, which present information never before gathered in one place, had been among the most difficult to assemble, and in their view constituted one of the dictionary's most original and valuable contributions. Also of great interest are the articles on such fields as publishing and printing, broadcasting, and sound recording, and the scholarly aids offered by the entries under "Bibliographies," "Dictionaries," "Discographies," "Libraries and collections," and "Periodicals." In the wide area that falls between art music and vernacular music there are the expected entries under "Musical," "Musical film," "Musical theater," "Popular music," and the like, and also some surprises: articles on the music of the various American religious denomi-

nations, for example; the entries under "Hymnody," "Psalmody," "Psalms, metrical," and "Shape-note hymnody"; and those under "College songs," "Patriotic music," and "Political music."

But I was most interested in the articles dealing directly with indigenous vernacular music—both in themselves and also because of what they tell us about the cultural situation in which the *New Grove American* was compiled. For what makes America unique among the major music-producing nations of the world is the fact that its musical influence on other nations has been mainly through its informal vernacular music rather than its formal art music. Jazz, of course, offers the prime example, but one thinks also of blues, gospel, country music, and rock. American music thus raises special problems for the historian. When one is dealing with music that has grown out of folk sources and has not been electronically recorded or even competently transcribed until quite recently, there is not only the problem of ferreting out reliable documents and oral testimony concerning persons and events that are necessarily somewhat obscure; there is also the problem of knowing how far to extrapolate from them—the problem of not going beyond what the evidence warrants. In its handling of these problems the *New Grove American* has not been altogether successful.

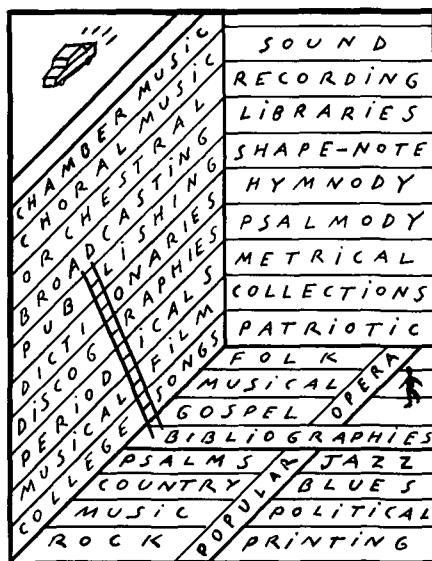
IN THE CASE OF jazz, the main inducement to go beyond the evidence has been the temptation to create cultural or racial myths. Because the earliest black jazz was almost entirely improvised, jazz history was dogged for decades by the



vision of blacks as happy, childlike, spontaneous creatures whose music had little or nothing in common with European notated music. Today we recognize this as a myth and quite rightly find it offensive. Yet it lives on, in a more intellectually respectable and hence more plausible form, in the widely held notion that jazz stems directly from the music of West Africa, homeland of most of the black slaves.

When real jazz first became widely available on records, in the mid-1920s, most critics, at a loss to describe this daringly original (and somewhat threatening) new music, fell back on the word *syncopated*—even though most of the jazz they were hearing was less highly syncopated than much of Brahms (let alone the Stravinsky of *Le Sacre du printemps*). It was subsequently discovered and documented, most notably by A. M. Jones in his superb *Studies in African Music* (1959), that the basis of West African music, which has little or no melody or harmony, is a highly complex polyrhythmic overlay of drum patterns. It was then easy enough to conclude, as did Gunther Schuller in his otherwise excellent book *Early Jazz* (1968), that “the syncopation of jazz is no more than an idiomatic corruption, a flattened-out mutation of what was once the true polyrhythmic character of African music.” Jones, in one of his very few references to jazz, had insisted on the absolute contrast between West African music’s “essential basis of cross-rhythms” and “the typical reiterative bass of jazz which in essence is completely Western.” Yet Schuller went so far as to speak of “the Negro’s inherent love for polyrhythmic organization,” and to ask rhetorically, of the heightened rhythmic complexity of bop: “Was this—like the emergence of some underground river—the musical reincarnation of impulses subconsciously remembered from generations earlier and produceable *only* when the carrier of this memory had developed his instrumental technique sufficiently to cope with it?”

When as learned and sensitive a listener and writer as Schuller goes so far wrong, one can be sure that powerful forces are at work. In an age dominated by science and technology, humanists are all too vulnerable to sentimental appeals to the unconscious racial memory. More to the point, anyone—and especially any American—who loves jazz is likely to have a keen sense of the injustice done to black musicians by early



jazz critics and historians, to see this injustice as an extension of the general racism in American culture, and to have an urge to right the balance. Hence the misguided efforts to demonstrate not only that jazz is a music created mainly by blacks, which no sensible person could quarrel with, but also that it is basically an African rather than a Western or European music—which is simply untrue.

One is therefore glad to see that James Lincoln Collier, in the *New Grove American's* long entry under “Jazz,” largely avoids subscribing to the myth of jazz’s African origins. “The free, improvisatory, and spontaneous aspects” of jazz, Collier writes, are “often seen as African or ‘black,’ and the more formal, arranged elements” are “sometimes viewed as European or ‘white.’” But Collier then goes on to contrast the improvisatory nature of jazz with the “carefully worked out” polyrhythms of African music. Rather than attempting to establish a direct link between West African music and jazz, he places his stress on “the development, in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, of an indigenous black folk music out of African and European-American elements”; on “the rise out of this music of subforms, notably plantation and minstrel songs, ragtime, and blues”; and finally on “the appearance of jazz itself, from an imperfectly understood merging of blues, ragtime, and mainstream popular music.” Occasionally Collier does stray into myth. Ragtime, he asserts, is “highly syncopated, undoubtedly in an effort to capture a sense of African cross-rhythms.” Yet one can find in Beethoven’s early piano music (let alone the pi-

ano music of Chopin and Brahms) syncopations more complex than those in any published or recorded rag. Generally, however, Collier’s account makes good historical sense, and the welcome stress on the rise of an indigenous Afro-American music is elaborated at great length in the excellent entry under “Afro-American music,” by Eileen Southern.

IF THE MYTH of jazz’s African origins, born of an understandable sense of racial injustice, is at last passing away, it seems that another myth, born of similar causes, is now rising to take its place. One of the first things one notices, leafing through the four volumes of the *New Grove American*, is the extraordinary amount of space allotted to American Indians. There are over forty entries under the names of individual tribes and tribal groups, and the entry under “Indians, American,” is about twenty pages long, complete with detailed maps, many musical examples, and several illustrations. Just as it was once felt necessary to prove that jazz is basically an African music, so it is now apparently felt necessary to prove that Indians have made an important contribution to our musical culture.

Yet most of the short entries on tribes are devoted mainly to tribal history and customs, rituals, dances, and the like. There is little about the substance and organization of actual music, and that little is mostly superficial. Even the long “Indians, American,” entry, substantially reprinted from the *New Grove*, in effect admits that the American Indian music of earlier periods is virtually inaccessible now, and that what remains is of slight musical interest. The principal author, Bruno Nettl, tells us that since “the Indians had no musical notation and relatively few musical instruments, archaeology has not contributed greatly to music research, and ethnomusicologists have therefore concentrated on the period in which sound recording has been possible”—a period that, however, “though well documented, has been untypical” and thus “unreliable” as a guide to earlier periods. Since “music evidently symbolized and personalized supernatural power, it was believed that spirits gave this power to human beings by teaching them songs,” and hence “music and performance were judged less by specifically musical criteria than by how well they fulfilled religious and other functions and were effective in providing food, water, healing, etc.” The

musical examples are not analyzed illuminatingly but are mostly just window-dressing, and there is a great deal of prose that can best be described as "filler": "The Nootka of the Northwest use the term *quoqacupita* for this change of pace. They call a steady, even stepping rhythm *xaeskaanal*, and a rhythm with short, fast steps *tsaxailala*." "On the whole," Nettl concludes, "North American Indian music is among the simpler musics of the world."

Why then should so much space be devoted to it? When I put the question to Sadie and Hitchcock, they were surprised. "It may not seem of much value to our culture," Sadie said, "but maybe it does to theirs." Although he agreed that there was "a strong anthropological element" in the entries, he maintained that "the only reason we call it anthropological is that we take for granted the social function of music in our own society. No doubt if the Indians were researching us, they'd talk about the funny ways in which we use music." Hitchcock took a more positive line. Of an arts-and-crafts gathering of Pueblos he had recently witnessed in New Mexico, he remarked: "I was suddenly aware of how important a part of our nation's culture Indian music—even though we've pretty well stamped it out—remains, and how vital it still remains." His and Sadie's "stance from the very beginning in this dictionary," he added, "was not to exclude any kind of music that's been made in America."

Now, of course, American Indian music should not have been excluded from consideration in the *New Grove American*. But it is difficult to see how a music that has been pretty well stamped out can still be vital and still be playing an important role in our musical culture. No matter what one's cultural perspective, and no matter how important a social role music fulfills in the culture one is studying, it is surely still possible (and in this case necessary) to distinguish between anthropological commentary, which bears mainly on social customs and usages, and strictly musical commentary. The black slaves were as sorely oppressed by their white masters as were the Indians by their white conquerors, and the really interesting question is why American blacks created a culturally mixed music that has had a vast influence not only within our own culture but throughout the world, whereas American Indian music survives, diluted, only in events staged for

tourists. No amount of relativistic waffling will help us answer this question and others that follow from it. Not all musical cultures are created equal, and the inequalities must be freely and frankly dealt with by the historian.

In contrast with the elaborate, largely ceremonial pseudo treatment of American Indian music, the various white vernacular musics are treated quite skimpily in the *New Grove American*. There are many articles on genres and performers, but some of the most important ones—on "Bluegrass music," "Country music," "Cowboy song," and "Hillbilly music," for example—are brief and uninformative. This is all the more surprising because the last three of these were written by Bill C. Malone, the author of the definitive work *Country Music U.S.A.* (1968) and the compiler of the Smithsonian's recorded anthology of country music. Having read Malone and having once heard him speak fascinatingly on a highly specialized area of his subject (the transformation that cowboy music underwent at the hands of eastern mountain-country bands), I am sure that he had more depth and detail to report than is found in these entries. One can't help feeling that the same unconscious reverse racism that produced the excessive coverage of Indian music is at work here: only when we approach formal art music, it seems, can the contribution of whites be fully acknowledged and analyzed. Even a mixed white and black music of great interest, that of the Cajuns, is relegated to a subheading under "European-American music." And the entries on such great white early jazz musicians as Bix Beiderbecke, Jack Teagarden, and Pee Wee Russell are also rather skimpy.

The British wit Sydney Smith once said that we should not speak disrespectfully of the Equator, and a reviewer feels somewhat that way when confronted with a work like the *New Grove American*. It is in any case impossible to review (in the ordinary sense of that word) a 2,700-page book. Since I have concentrated here on what may seem rather narrow issues, and since my criticisms may seem niggling, I want to reiterate my great admiration for the splendid job that Sadie and Hitchcock have done. Still, I do think that the ways in which the *New Grove American* goes slightly wrong reveal some of the prejudices that continue to inhibit our treatment of the vast and intriguing subject of American music. □

BOOKS ON TAPE™



- Best Sellers on Cassette
- Full-length Readings
- Call for Free Brochure

Box 7900-AT, Newport Beach, CA 92660

(800) 626-3333

Help Someone See Again. \$20.

Your \$20 gift can perform a miracle by providing cataract surgery for a needy blind person in a poor country.

Call today and make that miracle happen with your contribution of \$20, \$40, or more.

1-800-255-4321

HKI HELEN KELLER INTERNATIONAL INCORPORATED

15 West 16 Street, New York, New York 10011

25 FREE pairs of Wright Arch Preserver® Shoes.



Yes! A FREE pair of America's finest men's shoes will be given to 25 people who answer this ad by May 30. We will draw 25 names from those who send for our FREE catalog. Each will choose a pair of WRIGHT ARCH PRESERVER SHOES priced up to \$149! Mail this coupon for FREE catalog and YOUR chance to win these famous shoes.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!
Executive Shoes, Dept. 397, Box E
Rockland, MA 02370

Enter me in the Free drawing, and send Free catalog of Wright Arch Preserver Shoes.

Name _____ (PLEASE PRINT)
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Have you ever worn Wright Shoes? yes ☐ no ☐

DANCE

TWYLA THARP'S RETURN

BY HOLLY BRUBACH

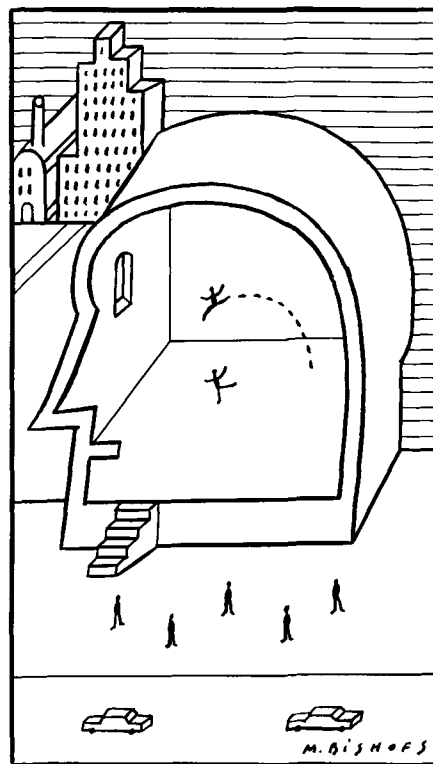
OVER THE YEARS, we've witnessed Twyla Tharp's transformation from a 1960s modern-dance experimentalist into one of the leading choreographers in the world today, working for her own company, ballet companies, the movies, and Broadway, as she has tackled the various problems she's set for herself—how to use different kinds of music, the proscenium stage, narrative, the camera. She has choreographed for Mikhail Baryshnikov, the ballet virtuoso; John Curry, the ice skater; and Lynn Swann, the Pittsburgh Steeler. In overdrive, Tharp proceeded from one assignment to the next until suddenly, two years ago, her career seemed to stall. Directing *Singin' in the Rain* on Broadway, she disbanded her company of fine dancers and folded them into the ranks of the show's chorus. *Singin' in the Rain* proved to be a debacle, and after it Tharp, who had seemed not all that long before to be everywhere, was suddenly nowhere to be found, except in an ad for MasterCard.

Now, again, she has a company of her own, and though four (out of fifteen) dancers, the name (Twyla Tharp Dance), and some of the repertory are the same, this clearly marks the start of a new chapter, devoted to classical ballet. Tharp has choreographed ballets before—most of them commissions for ballet companies and one or two attempts on her own company—but with this new company she seems to be making a commitment. Why she should be turning to ballet now, some twenty years into her career, is anybody's guess. Mine is that it's for a number of reasons: out of genuine affection for George Balanchine's work and a sense of responsibility to it; out of the need to set herself some new, ongoing challenge, having done almost everything else so early on; and out of her ravenous ambition.

Since Balanchine's death, four years ago, the dance world has been eagerly on the lookout for someone who could succeed him, who could pick up the classical tradition where he left it off. No one has as yet become accomplished as a classical choreographer, and Tharp, al-

though she isn't a ballet dancer and therefore isn't naturally qualified for the task, undoubtedly senses this lack along with the rest of us. In 1984 she choreographed for the New York City Ballet, collaborating on *Brahms Handel* with Jerome Robbins, but she has not been invited back. Ignored, she is now doing what she has seemingly appointed herself to do on a new company of her own, instead.

Most of the dancers Tharp has hired are classically trained, and the two new works she has made for them—*In The Upper Room*, to a commissioned score by Philip Glass, and *Ballare*, set to Mozart—utilize pointework. Both are on view at the Brooklyn Academy of Music through March 1 and then will be performed all over the country, as Twyla Tharp Dance embarks on a domestic tour of twenty-two cities. I caught up with the company not long ago in Switzerland, where the audience whiles away the intermissions by filing past a row of display cases filled with watches.



It's wonderful to see the four veteran again. When John Carrafa, a dancing jock, and Shelley Washington, the company soubrette, rush onstage in the third of the six duets that open *Baker's Dozen* the entire piece picks up and takes off. William Whitener is the great pleasure to watch he has always been, a dancer's dancer—gentlemanly, unstinting, shaping every phrase with intelligence. Richard Colton has a hilarious knack for exaggerating the noble bearing that classical ballet requires, parodying himself as he motors his partner around the stage in *Nine Sinatra Songs*, like a ballroom-dance instructor who has finally wrested the floor from a horde of box-stepping amateurs.

The new dancers Tharp has taken on don't have the standardized, hothouse look that most conservatory-trained ballet dancers do. In physical terms they're distinct individuals. But neither do they have as much character as her old dancers; their personalities flicker on and off. Erzsébet Foldi, Kevin O'Day, and Kevin Santee seem especially promising. It's hard to know what Tharp sees in some of the rest.

The two new works she has made on these dancers are dissimilar, but one seems to serve as a bridge to the other. *In The Upper Room*, a full-company frontal assault on the audience, is in some ways a recapitulation of *Fait Accompli*, the last extravaganza Tharp choreographed for her company, four years ago. She has salvaged its formal aspects: the upstage haze created by Jennifer Tipton's lighting and a backdrop of darkness out of which the dancers materialize; the head-on concentration; the gradual build to full throttle, when the dance phrase is stretched almost to the breaking point. *In The Upper Room* is Tharp on familiar ground, reworking material she is comfortable with and adding one new device, pointework. Four women in toe shoes come and go, backed by a corps of men and women wearing jazz shoes and sneakers. I find this piece, however busy, rather empty, but it looks as if it may have served to help Tharp get her bearings. From it she could see her way clear to *Ballare*, a bona fide, symmetrical, sincerely classical ballet (only one section of which I was able to see), and beyond that to the future.

THARP'S PIECES THAT incorporate classical ballet have always been about her relationship to it at the time. In *Deuce Coupe* (1973, for the Joffrey Bal-

ENJOY A RARE PLEASURE

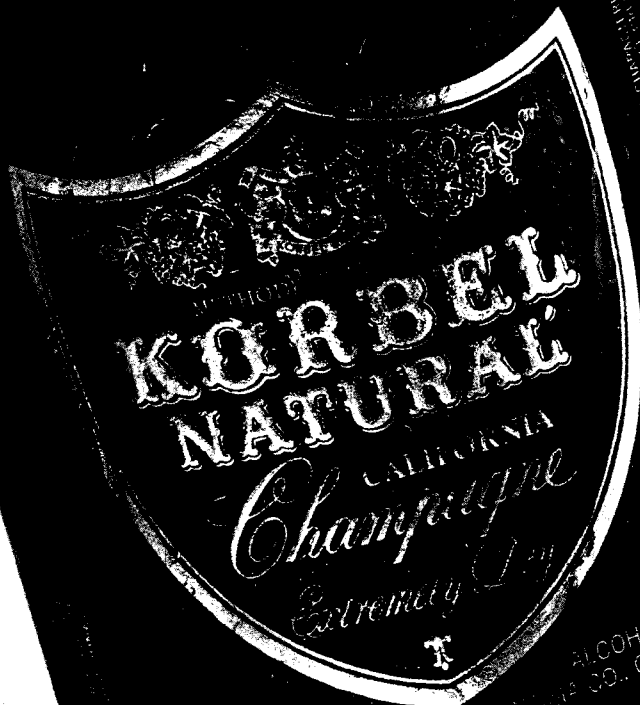
Korbel Natural is a special champagne...rare and lovingly created. Each bottle carries a registration number on the back label to document its noble lineage from harvest to cuvée to the very bottle you pour.

C 768532

Enjoy one of our Registered Release Champagnes; Korbel Natural, Blanc de Blancs or Blanc de Noirs. Share one with someone special...very special!

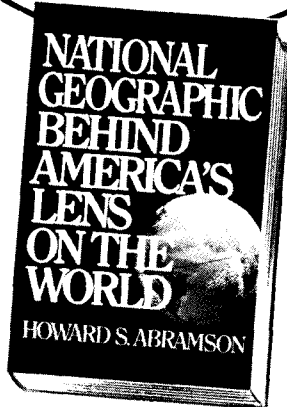


*Uncork
the magic!®*



PRODUCED AND BOTTLED BY
KORBEL BROS. CO., GUERNEVILLE, SONOMA CO., CALIFORNIA 94942

A controversial first look at one of the nation's most powerful and secretive institutions



—The National Geographic Society, for nearly a century the most dynamic force in world exploration, publisher of one of history's most successful magazines, and an institution which generates over \$326 million annually—nearly all tax exempt! Photographs.

\$17.95, now at your bookstore, or send check or money order to Crown Publishers, Inc., 225 Park Ave. South, N.Y., N.Y. 10003. Please add \$1.85 postage and handling, N.Y. and N.J. residents, add sales tax.

CROWN PUBLISHERS Inc.



The Last Worthless Evening Andre Dubus

Dubus' latest collection of short fiction, consisting of four novellas and two stories covers a range greater than in any previous Dubus collection. An Hispanic shortstop among the gringos on a major-league team, an eleven-year-old who meets up with a broken, angry and dangerous Vietnam vet, a suburban girl who grows more beautiful while her mother's beauty fades, and a woman who refuses defeat at the hands of her brutal and pathetic husband are a few of the principles in these powerful and extraordinary tales. "... an action writer, laconic and exciting ..."—*New York Times Book Review*

David R. Godine, Publisher
300 Massachusetts Avenue
Boston, MA 02115 (617) 536-0761

Also available from The Atlantic Bookstore, page 91.

let) and *Push Comes to Shove* (1976, for the American Ballet Theatre), both tongue-in-cheek, she walked around it and surveyed it from afar. More recently, in *Bach Partita* and *Brahms Handel* (both 1984, for the ABT and the NYCB), she has been closing in on it. In *Ballare* she is just inside the gates. It's understandable that Tharp would be suspicious of classical ballet—she set out on her career at a time when modern dance was considered American, wide open, and original, and ballet by comparison seemed foreign, formulaic, and slightly quaint. But I don't think her distrust of classical ballet is the issue it might once have been, since she has come around to an appreciation of Balanchine's work, in which ballet is proved to be at the same time classical and American, classical and innovative.

Tharp's problem is how to choreograph a ballet in a classical mode without letting go of everything that is recognizably hers, how to venture into ballet and still maintain her identity, how to make a legitimate ballet that is authentic Tharp and not imitation somebody else. In the past her solution has been to interject phrases of her own movement into passages of rather perfunctory classical steps, generally with oil-and-water results. As an alternative, she compulsively tinkered with classical positions. But a pirouette with the foot in passé flexed instead of pointed is picayune in its invention and, finally, irksome in the way it calls attention to itself, as if to say, "This is no ordinary classical ballet you're watching." In *Ballare*, Tharp shows the first signs of overcoming this urge, of forswearing her own style—the shoulder rolls, shimmies, wriggles, swift kicks, and nervous ties that are her trademarks—for a vocabulary that is in the public domain. This is Tharp's attempt not simply to extend her range but to go beyond herself.

What makes most classical ballets interesting is not so much the steps themselves as the way they are used. There has always been something slightly stilted about the phrases Tharp makes for women on pointe, something not quite organic about the way the steps are combined, about where the impetus comes from and how the movement is sustained. The effect is calisthenic, as if the dancers were moving through pre-set paces instead of responding to the music or acting on a whim. I occasionally have the same uneasy sensation watching Tharp's classical works as I often have

watching Jerome Robbins's, which is that the *idea* for the movement preceded the movement itself. The craft of choreography is, of course, largely cerebral and there's no question that Tharp has plenty of craft. But before it comes into play, the choreographer must invent material, and at that stage, the start of the process, raw kinesthetic instinct ought to prevail. In Tharp's finest choreography the movement seems to spring directly from the dancers' muscles. At other times it looks once removed—it doesn't resonate in our bodies when we watch it. Tharp is like a recent immigrant to the land of ballet, able to speak the language of her adopted country but still dreaming in her mother tongue. The classical technique is not yet the language of her imagination.

THARP'S WORK is by turns nonchalant and manic, reverent and smart-alecky, elegant and cutesy, tender and brutal, pugnacious and ingratiating, magnanimous and mean-spirited—never boring but often maddeningly double-edged. My response to it, to be frank, is often mixed. There is no question that her best works—*Baker's Dozen*, *Nine Sinatra Songs*, *The Fugue*, *Deuce Coupe*, "The Golden Section" from *The Catherine Wheel*, among them—are masterpieces. But many of the rest—like *Fait Accompli*, *Short Stories*, *Brahms Handel*—don't just leave me cold, they make me cross. And yet one can't help but feel churlish complaining. The course of Tharp's self-education is so clearly laid out in her dances that even when we don't like a particular piece, we can respect her reasons for making it. Occasionally, the point of the dance we're watching seems to be not the dance itself but some other dance that this one will enable Tharp to make five or ten years down the road. Seen in the context of her quest to be better than her best efforts, even her failures are ennobled.

Like Balanchine, Tharp has routinely borrowed movements from other dance forms and grafted them on to her own style. But Balanchine's root stock was classical ballet; Tharp's is her own highly idiosyncratic way of moving. The classical tradition is, by definition, impersonal; her work is subjective, concerned with her progress. Watching a ballet by Balanchine, we sense his calm delight in making it; watching a dance by Tharp, we perceive her impatience to get wherever it is that she is going.

Along the way, Tharp has managed to attract the glamorous and persuade them of her calling. The invitation to the gala for her company's opening night this season began, "Robert Redford and the Board of Directors request the pleasure of your company . . ." and featured the roster of her "Creative Council," a group apart from the board and from the fundraising benefit committee. The members include Richard Avedon, Candice Bergen, Leonard Bernstein, Dianne Brill, Christie Brinkley, David Byrne, Leo Castelli, Glenn Close, Oscar de la Renta, Robert De Niro, Milos Forman, Bob Fosse, Paul Goldberger, Michael Graves, Mark Hampton, John Irving, Norma Kamali, Sherry Lansing, Ralph Lauren, Fran Lebowitz, Annie Leibovitz, Norman Mailer, Louis Malle, Randy Newman, Mike Nichols, Bernadette Peters, Isabella Rossellini, Julian Schnabel, Neil Simon, Paul Simon, Liz Smith, Willi Smith, William Styron, Michael Tilson Thomas, Sam Waterston, and Robin Williams. It isn't clear what this assembly is meant to do, unless it is to provide Tharp with a professional milieu. Are these the people she considers her peers? Is this another aspect of her ambition—to be seen as a fashionable person?

If anyone can succeed in teaching herself how to choreograph classical ballets, it is probably Tharp. Her emotional drive, her intelligence, and her sheer talent will see her through, if only she can harness her ambitions and transform them, so that they don't subvert her work. The qualities that at times make Tharp's dances so off-putting seem to stem from some deep dissatisfaction with herself, some furious awareness that she is somehow less than what she wishes to be. Whatever her shortcomings as she perceives them, Tharp is prepared to work twice as hard to make up for them. Choreographers like Peter Martins and Helgi Tomasson, who, as dancers for the New York City Ballet, inherited the right to inhabit the classical tradition, go about their work with a sense of entitlement. Tharp is determined to earn that right for herself, and she relishes the effort. If she were anyone else, she might reasonably devote the rest of her career to doing the things she has already proved that she does well—doing more of them and doing them even better. But no, Tharp wants it all, and though deep down we sense that even that won't be enough, anything less would be too easy. □

Free Facts That Can Cut Your Exercise Time in Half

A Challenging Workout in Only 12 Minutes

You can get an extensive workout for a longer, healthier life just by doing a special 12 minute routine a few days a week. Find out about it by phoning or sending for our **FREE booklet, GUIDE TO BETTER HEALTH AND FITNESS—A 12 Minute Aerobic Workout by Lifecycle.**

You'll Look and Feel Better

This **FREE, 16-page illustrated booklet** tells you how to improve your cardiorespiratory system, burn calories faster, decrease body fat, alleviate stress and develop a lean, trim body in the privacy of your own home. And it's so easy, your whole family can do it!



Send for the Free Facts Today

All you have to do to get your Free Booklet is return this coupon below to **Lifecycle, Bally Fitness Products, 10 Thomas Road, Irvine, CA 92718**

1-800-544-3004 Dept. M49

Lifecycle
A BALLY FITNESS PRODUCT

YES, I want to cut my exercise time in half! Please send me my **FREE** copy of the **GUIDE TO BETTER HEALTH AND FITNESS—A 12 Minute Aerobic Workout by Lifecycle.** I understand I am under no obligation.

Send For Your FREE Booklet Today!

MAIL TO: **Lifecycle
Bally Fitness Products
10 Thomas Road
Irvine, CA 92718**

(Please Print)

Name _____

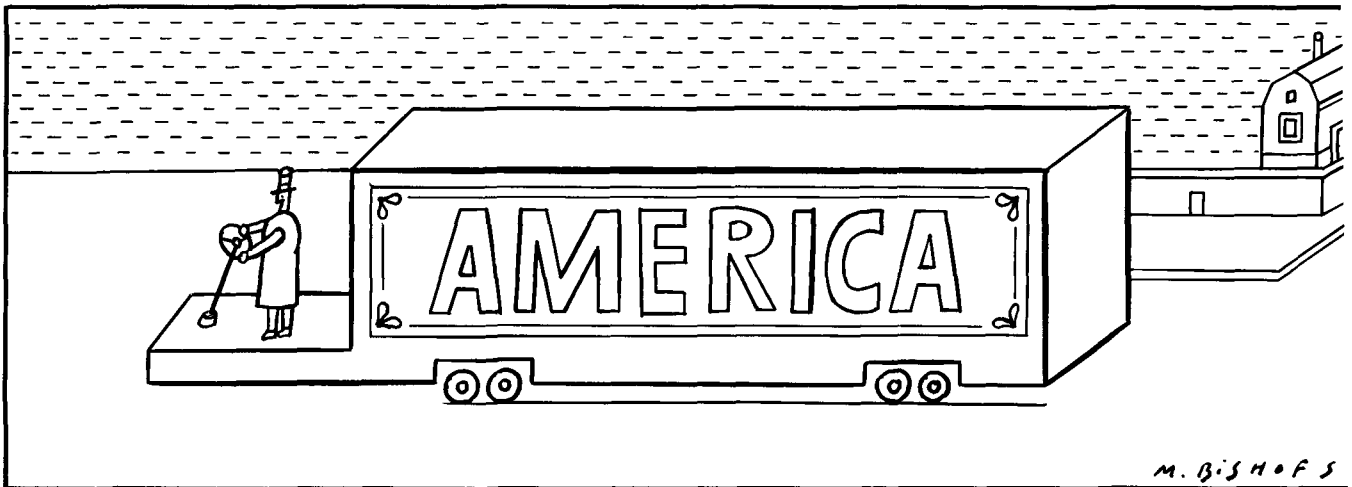
Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Telephone _____

M49

BOOKS



A COUNTRY OF THE MIND

BY JACK BEATTY

REAGAN'S AMERICA:
Innocents at Home
by Garry Wills.
Doubleday, \$19.95.

THIS BOOK IS A work of metapolitics. It is not about the pros and cons of the Reagan Administration. It is about the meaning of Ronald Reagan. Readers of Garry Wills's 1970 book *Nixon Agonistes* will know what to expect—chapter headings from Milton and Chesterton, learned divagations on subjects as varied as “the Look” of Nancy Reagan and the theological roots of American pietism, passages of Catholic-inspired criticism of the sustaining myths of individualism and capitalism, and that combination of vivid writing and fresh thinking that is insight. There are in fact many insights, and over the course of a long book (451 pages) they form a kind of train; when we get to the last chapter, “Original Sinlessness,” we discover where it has been taking us. Wills writes that whereas “the doctrine of original sin states that humankind . . . ‘has a past’” that weighs like fate on the present, “the power of [Reagan’s] appeal is the great joint confession that we cannot live with our real past, that we not only prefer but need a substitute.” Reagan, in short, is the President of our amnesia. He has invented a bogus version of both his own past and our common past, and we don’t

challenge either of these myths, because Reagan has made pretending that they are the truth “the easiest thing we do.” What are we pretending? That we did not lose a war, that we have not lost our economic primacy to peoples more productive than ourselves, and that these things are not the marks of a nation past its meridian but instead, as the President, quoting Tom Paine, has told us, “We have it in our power to begin the world over again.” There is the secret of Reagan’s bond with us. There is his meaning.

Is it indeed? Those who believe that politics is a rich subject will find the high-calorie speculation of *Reagan’s America* irresistible—I certainly did—and yet squirm over Wills’s use of those implicating words *us* and *we*. Who are the members of this “we” who fall for Reagan’s flutulent promises (“begin the world over again,” and so forth)? Clearly, Garry Wills is not among them. *He* is on to Reagan. “We,” evidently, is the electorate. Did “we” vote for Reagan because he allows us to forget the past? Or did we do so in 1980 because we wanted what we now know to be the simulacrum of leadership (certitude preserved by ignorance, inner security by fantasy) after four years of Jimmy Carter’s Hamletism, and in 1984 because inflation had fallen by more than half and interest rates by nearly as much in Reagan’s first term? I prefer the latter explanation. It has the advantage of being measurable, and it does not depict us as saps. Reagan’s mystic bond with the electorate has always been based on performance, as his 21-point fall in the polls after the Iran affair showed. I know that

Wills’s “we” is only a literary device, but it is an inauthentic one. A writer should always test his “we”s against himself. Am I in there? he should ask. And if it isn’t, if the “we” refers only to others to whom he would like to drape certain attitudes as if they were rhetorical tailor dummies, then he should scrap his “we.”

Wills’s book proceeds on a much grander plane than my bleached pragmatism. Much of it is infectiously readable, some of it brilliant. The brilliance begins at the level of the phrase: southern California is a “hick cosmopolis settled by midwesterners still redolent of the farm, Star Wars a “glamorous wish” (“and such wishes are the very stuff of Reagan’s leadership”). It extends to the themes that Wills plays wit for a chapter and then drops: for example, Reagan as the archetype of the “‘non-productive’ verbal new class, derided as parasitical by neo-conservative publicists like Jeane Kirkpatrick. And it reaches to the overarching theme of Reagan as a figure fashioned by collective need.

He casts a surface unity over elements that have long been drifting apart—religious beliefs away from religious posturing, conservative nostalgia from capitalist innovation, interdependence from nonconformism. He spans the chasm by not noticing it. He elides our cultural inconcinnities.

“He is capacious, surrounding contradictions,” Wills says of Reagan. Wills takes on these contradictions in chapters that begin in biography and—recapitulating the movement of his paragraph from modest opening sentences outward in waves of erudition—end in history.

ne enlarged perspective serving to throw new light back on the life. Reagan is the son of an Irish Catholic salesman father ("the salesman traffics in hope") and a strict, river-baptized Protestant mother, who had her son appear in church morality plays. From this parental endowment, Wills gives us to understand, flows Reagan's flagrantly promissuous sincerity—he earnestly believes whatever he says, even though an embarrassing quantity of it is not true. Thus Reagan moved Yitzhak Shamir, then Israel's Prime Minister, by confiding that he had taken films of the death camps or the Signal Corps—even though he never left the States during the war. Thus, heckled by pro-Nicaragua protesters at the World Parliament, Reagan interrupted his speech to say, "They haven't been there. I have." Not in this life. Wills offers many more examples. Reagan is called the Great Communicator, but communication implies a fealty to truth as the ground of community, to which Reagan is a stranger.

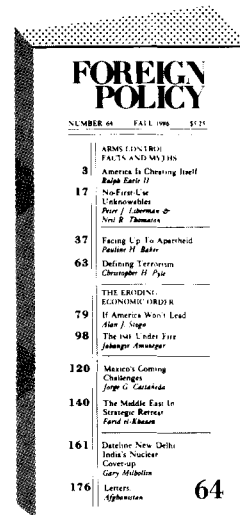
DIXON, ILLINOIS, where Reagan grew up, owes its very existence to government initiatives taken in the time of the Black Hawk War, and its prosperity to government-built canals. Reagan's father and brother got the helping hand of government jobs during the Depression. But that Ronald was thus "cradled in the arms of 'govment'" has not diminished his conviction that "government is the problem, not the solution." When he started saying this back in the fifties, playing the Knute Rockne of capitalism on the mashed-potato circuit, didn't GE executives, fresh from lucrative rendezvous at the Pentagon, cheer him? Manifestly, Reagan isn't the only one who can surround contradictions.

By talking to participants in the celebrated student strike that Reagan lent his voice to at Eureka College, where he went after graduating as the president of his class at Dixon High, Wills establishes that Reagan, in his autobiographical account of the strike, in *Where's the Rest of Me?*, muddled its real issues. No one who has heard his thoughts on welfare or the SDI will be surprised to learn that Reagan muddled them in an oversimple way that reduced complicated political and human realities to the level of one of his mother's morality plays. In a pathbreaking chapter on Reagan's first job after college (and after his years as a Dixon lifeguard, when, yes, he did save seventy-seven people from drowning),

"one of America's premier policy publications . . ."

The Washington Post

"FOREIGN POLICY is an insightful, provocative, and rewarding magazine that contributes to our better understanding of the globe." —MARIO M. CUOMO



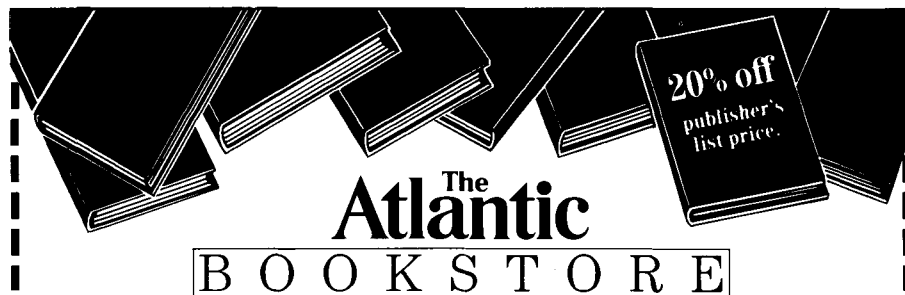
"It offers diverse but authoritative perspectives on issues of immense and immediate significance to our country."

—Howard Baker

"Without FOREIGN POLICY political literature would be dull and impoverished. The wealth of brilliantly edited information and ideas is a never ending source for anyone interested in foreign policy."

—Zeev Schiff

BOX 984 • FARMINGDALE, NY 11737 - 9884 • (202) 797-6428



The books listed below are advertised in this issue. To order please send a check or money order payable in U.S. dollars to the address below. (Please allow 3 to 4 weeks for delivery.)

DISCOUNTED PRICE

- ☐ FOREIGN POLICY MAGAZINE (Annual Subscription, \$21.00) . . . \$16.80
- ☐ JESUS THROUGH THE CENTURIES, Jaroslav Pelikan (\$8.95) . . . \$ 7.15
- ☐ THE LAST WORTHLESS EVENING, Andre Dubus (\$15.95) . . . \$13.55
- ☐ NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC, Howard S. Abramson (\$17.95) . . . \$15.25

TOTAL BOOKS () . . . \$

N.Y. Residents add 5% tax. . . .

Postage & Handling 2.50

TOTAL AMOUNT ENCLOSED . . . \$

Name 3/87

Address

City State Zip

Send to: The Atlantic Bookstore, 633 Third Avenue, New York, NY 10017.

For more information on these titles, please see pages 88, 91, and 95.



There's a lot worth saving in this country.

Today more Americans who value the best of yesterday are saving and using old ships, docks and urban waterfront areas. They're saving energy, materials and the artistry of our historic maritime resources.

Help preserve what's worth saving in your community. Contact the National Trust, P.O. Box 2800, Washington, D.C. 20013.



The COMPACT DISC CLASSICS CATALOGUESM

Quality Classical and Jazz Recordings



For discerning collectors. Critically-acclaimed classical and jazz compact discs. Many hard-to-find titles. Major labels. Imports. Reasonable prices.

C-123
☐ Please send FREE CATALOGUE.
 Print Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____
 State _____ Zip _____

The Compact Disc Classics Catalogue
 106 1/4 Lexington Ave., Dept. K
 New York, NY 10016

Wills suggests that the formative professional influence on Reagan was not the movies but journalism. The florid, sentimental, hilariously inaccurate sports broadcasting of the legendary Graham McNamee was Reagan's model when he was an announcer and sports columnist, and it remains the mother lode of his inspiration as a President who gives pep talks to the nation and makes policy by anecdote.

In his account of the Hollywood years Wills maintains that Reagan, contrary to Lou Cannon's claim in his authoritative *Reagan*, named names in the postwar anti-Communist Hollywood witchhunt. He was FBI informant "T-10," according to his FBI file, which was not released until three years after Cannon wrote his book. Building on the investigative reporting of Dan Moldea and Jeff Goldberg, Wills next turns to certain of Reagan's activities as a president of the Screen Actors Guild. These activities were, to use a polite word, dubious. Reagan entangled himself in one conflict of interest after another in his negotiations with MCA (the Music Corporation of America), his agent, and a firm that wanted favors from Reagan's union. Through one of these deals Reagan came dangerously close to being indicted by the Kennedy Justice Department. It is hard to imagine, but in 1962 the rest of him might have been lost to history.

Besides providing a mercilessly (it must be admitted) selective account of Reagan's life, Wills takes chapter-length excursions into Reagan's beliefs. For example, the burden of his chapter on the idea of the frontier is to show that Reagan, and Frederick Jackson Turner before him, are wrong in depicting the frontier as the locus of rugged individualism. Its social ethos was instead remarkable for its conformity. "William H. McNeill argues," Wills writes, "that comparative study shows 'frontier conditions ordinarily provoked not freedom but a social hierarchy steeper than anything familiar in Europe itself.'" The West, by our standards, was not wild; Dodge City and Abilene, Wills says, averaged only one and a half murders a year in their heydays, and no wonder: these cowtowns had strict gun-control laws policed not by the lone marshals dear to Reagan's heart but by "small armies of law enforcement." Govment strikes again.

It is historical asides like this that make the other Reagan books—Cannon's, Robert Dallek's psychobiography,

Laurence Barrett's inside-the-White House account—look like previews for the main attraction, *Reagan's America*. Some readers, when they get to that last chapter, will feel uneasy about being included in Wills's "we"; others will find the book's disproportions (342 pages devoted to Reagan's early life and the history of his emanations, only forty-on pages of consecutive text given over to his presidency) intellectually disreputable, like expounding a lion from his tail rather than his teeth; others still will dismiss Wills's treatment of Reagan as cultural symbol as the literary man's revenge on politics, and deplore the ravages of learning upon common sense. But more readers, I think, will applaud his determination to go at American politics not only with his intelligence but also with his imagination. □

PRESENT AT THE DISASTER

BY WALTER LAFEVER

THE CLOSEST OF ENEMIES:

A Personal and Diplomatic Account of U.S.-Cuban Relations Since 1957
 by Wayne S. Smith.
 Norton, \$19.95.

AMERICANS "love change, but they dread revolutions," Alexis de Tocqueville observed 150 years ago. He ascribed the dread in part to the political and economic equality that Americans enjoyed. Having been born free in the New World, they had to fight only an anti-colonial war against the British, not a revolutionary struggle to gain equality. Tocqueville added that, moreover, "all revolutions more or less threaten . . . property," and that in democracies "men set the greatest store upon their property."

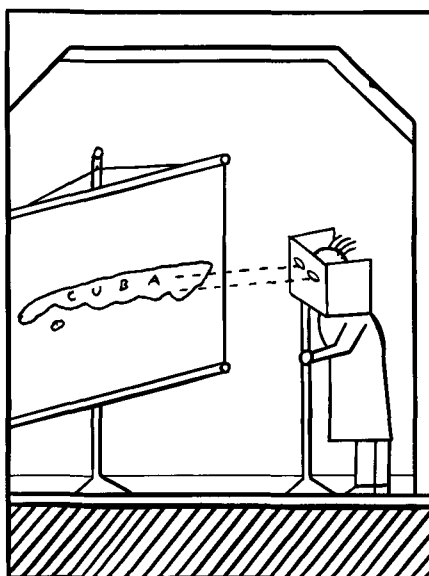
His observations correspond to those made by Wayne S. Smith in *The Closest of Enemies*, Smith's memoir of a quarter-century-long involvement in U.S.-Cuban relations as a U.S. Foreign Service officer. In 1957-1958 the young diplomat witnessed Washington's ill-conceived last-minute attempts to prevent Fidel Castro from coming to power. The thirty-one-year-old revolutionary nevertheless marched into Havana in January of 1959, and for the next two years Smith, stationed in the U.S. Embassy in

Havana, watched Cuba become both a Marxist-Leninist state and a Soviet satellite, dependent on the USSR for military and economic help. As Smith emphasizes, Castro's embrace of communism was ironic. The revolutionary July 26 movement that overthrew the U.S.-supported dictatorship of Fulgenio Batista had long hated the Cuban Communist Party—Castro berated it as too conservative and subservient to Moscow. He was, however, determined to end the dependence and corruption that tied his country to the United States. As he set about breaking these links, seizing property held but little developed by foreign interests, he discovered that he needed both the disciplined organization of the Communist Party and the aid offered by the Soviets. Smith believes that Castro also already had an agenda for becoming the leader of the new so-called Third World bloc. In the early 1960s Castro first made the contacts that climaxed a decade later when thousands of his soldiers flew across the Atlantic on Soviet planes to protect revolutions in Angola and Ethiopia.

The United States responded to the Cuban Revolution by cutting economic and then diplomatic ties. (Smith helped close the embassy, in January of 1961.) At the Bay of Pigs, that April, the Kennedy Administration tried to eliminate the Castro regime in an operation that has accurately been called the perfect failure.

A turning point came, however, with the missile crisis of October, 1962. It led Kennedy to promise that in return for the removal of the Soviet missiles from Cuba there would be no invasion of the island, and forced Castro to conclude that the Soviets, who pulled the missiles without obtaining his consent, were willing to make deals with the United States at Cuba's expense. Within a year Kennedy and Castro prepared to open private talks. After Kennedy's assassination, Castro tried to open channels to Lyndon Johnson. Smith, working on the State Department's Cuban desk at the time, charges that the new President threw away a chance to transform the relationship by refusing to respond. Smith moved on to other posts, but in 1977 he returned to Cuba to help set up a new "interests section" that President Carter hoped would lead to full diplomatic relations. By 1982 Smith's expectations of closer ties had been burst. Angry and disillusioned, he resigned and decided to tell his story publicly.

THIS MEMOIR IS the most provocative and informative insider's account we have on U.S. policy toward Cuba and Central America during the Carter and Reagan years. It should especially enliven the sharpening debate over U.S. policy toward Central America. Smith makes a powerful case that a rapprochement with Castro was possible in 1977–1979. The Cubans were pushing for comprehensive discussions, but their offer was largely dismissed by Carter's National Security Council adviser, Zbigniew Brzezinski, and Brzezinski's aide on Latin America, Robert Pastor. The NSC insisted on viewing Cuba strictly in an East-West context—that is, as an integral part of the Soviet plan to spread revolution throughout the Third World. Smith believes that Castro had his own



interests, which could have been reconciled to Washington's if viewed in a regional, north-south framework. Smith notes, for example, that in late 1978 Castro showed his good faith by preparing to release four Americans jailed in Cuba on political charges. As talks began, however, the NSC (not for the last time) struck out on its own policy without obtaining State Department approval. Brzezinski and Pastor pushed for large U.S.-British air and naval maneuvers to be held off Cuba's northern coast. No warning was given. Castro ordered full mobilization and a war alert, and canceled the plans for the prisoners' release.

Smith stresses that Castro's involvement in African revolutions has soured recent Cuban-American relations, and his story of the mid-1970s crisis in Angola is both startling and instructive. Angolan revolutionaries who

replaced the Portuguese colonials in 1974 had agreed among themselves on governing the new nation. But the CIA, insisting that its own faction take control, delivered \$300,000 worth of covert aid to Holden Roberto's National Front group. As Roberto drove toward the capital city of Luanda, his main opponent, Agostinho Neto, asked both Castro and the Soviet Union for help. Moscow responded with supplies and Castro with 230 advisers. Then, with CIA cooperation, white South African troops invaded Angola to support Roberto. After desperate appeals from Neto, Castro flew in Cuban combat troops on Soviet planes. He responded for his own reasons: his decade-long friendship with Neto, his ambition since 1960 to be the leader of the Third World bloc, and his understanding that fighting South African invaders won friends in many parts of the world. Castro must have known that his intervention would destroy the secret U.S.-Cuban talks that both sides hoped would lead to diplomatic relations. He willingly paid the price and helped Neto triumph. "U.S. bungling," Smith concludes, "had produced exactly what we wished to avoid."

SMITH'S HISTORICAL account is fascinating, but its purpose is to transform present policy. He watched from the inside as in 1981–1982 the Reagan Administration formulated a policy toward Cuba and Central America that depended on threats of military force rather than imaginative diplomacy. The result has been an acceleration of anti-U.S. revolutions, thousands of deaths in Central America, and a Castro regime that "is no less a problem to us today than it was five years ago." Cuba, Smith adds, "has greater respectability in Latin America today than when the Reagan administration came to office." The diplomat looked on as that Administration rejected a Cuban approach for a negotiated settlement in Central America in early 1982, and then publicly lied, by justifying its action with the claim that Castro had not stopped sending military aid to the Nicaraguan government. At that point Smith decided to resign. The U.S. response had been "intellectually dishonest," he writes. "The administration cared not a whit about the facts or the objective evidence" but was "intent on proving an ideological point" instead of settling for "practical solutions which advanced U.S. interests."

"How to tell you how much YS means to me? Not hard at all. I just tell you how breathlessly I await each copy, how enthusiastically I tell my friends about it, how quickly I devour the contents. I have thoroughly enjoyed each copy since its first appearance in my mailbox . . . I thank you for sending YS to me so I can resubscribe to not only your magazine but to your philosophy of the erotic."

JOYCE WOODY
Lincoln Park MI

Yellow Silk

Journal of Erotic Arts



"All persuasions; no brutality."

W.S. Merwin • Ntozake Shange • Susan Griffin • Robert Silverberg • Mayumi Oda Jean Genet • Tee Corinne • Pierre Louys Wanda Coleman • Judy Dater • Marge Piercy • Jessica Hagedorn • William Kotzwinkle • Jane Hirshfield • Eric Gill Victor Hernandez Cruz • Mary Mackey

YS, P.O. Box 6374, Albany CA 94706
\$15/year • Quarterly

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

The Cuban Revolution has become stultified, and the country's economy is as unproductive as its intellectual life. Cuba's tremendous economic problems and overwhelming dependence on the Soviets are no doubt the reasons why Castro has periodically tried to approach the United States during the past quarter century. Smith's account of the lost opportunities is sad but instructive. He demonstrates how those who hope to improve U.S.-Cuban relations and, more generally, successfully adjust American policies to a revolutionary world will have to break with past policies. Explaining why Americans failed to come to terms with revolutions, Tocqueville noted that in the United States "men are in constant motion; the mind of man appears unmoved." Smith's memoir details the results of that paradox. □

BRIEF REVIEWS



ELSA SCHIAPARELLI: Empress of Paris Fashion by Palmer White. Rizzoli, \$40.00. Schiaparelli, whose witty, innovative, swaggering designs enlivened Paris fashion during the 1930s, brought to the business familiarity with the latest trends in art and architecture and no experience at all in dressmaking. According to Mr. White, "She was a gifted bull in a china shop whose ignorance prevented her from recognizing the impossible." The "impossible," lavishly and colorfully presented in this biography, ranged from the occasional aberration (who wants a hat that looks like a lamb chop?) to garments of such beauty and distinction that any clothes lover would be proud to wear them today. Mr. White is a trifle overconscientious in listing every show Schiaparelli ever held, but he can be forgiven, because he has acted out of deep admiration for a woman who was, in her field, a great artist.

BETWEEN THE WOODS AND THE WATER by Patrick Leigh Fermor. Viking, \$18.95. In 1934 Mr. Fermor set out to walk from Holland to Constantinople. His first book on that adventure (*A Time of Gifts*) ended on a bridge over the Danube, which is where this one begins. It is just

as charming as its predecessor, for young Mr. Fermor was observant, well informed, discreetly inquisitive, sympathetic, and ready for any action that came up, while the older Mr. Fermor adds to the tale worldly experience and a wryly humorous view of his juvenile self. The original object of the trek had been to associate only with fellow tramps, but Mr. Fermor was too amusing an oddity to be left on the roads. Hungarian and Romanian aristocrat bounced him from one estate to another and his recollection of what is now a vanished world of long pedigrees and little cash makes delightful, if somewhat wistful, reading.

SUNFLOWER by Rebecca West. Viking, \$18.95. After breaking off her long liaison with H. G. Wells and suffering the humiliating collapse of a proposed love affair with Lord Beaverbrook, West began a novel about the whole frustrating business of trying to get along with brilliant, cantankerous men. She never finished the book, which in any case had a rather strange scheme, for although her portrayals of Wells and Beaverbrook were libelously accurate, she substituted for herself the completely non-intellectual Sunflower, a beautiful blonde actress with no education and a private yen for middle-class domesticity. As Victoria Glendinning, who edited the surviving manuscript, observes, "The difficulty with Sunflower's alleged stupidity and inarticulacy is that her creator cannot, as it were, live down to it. . . ." Indeed she could not. It may have been, as Ms. Glendinning suggests, fear of reprisal that deterred completion of the book, but it may also have been the author's realization that Sunflower was, and always would be, a ludicrous understudy for Rebecca West. The text now published has some fine dramatic scenes and rather more bogs of boredom, and will be of interest primarily to West's devotees.

REINDEER MOON by Elizabeth Marshall Thomas. Peter Davison/Houghton Mifflin, \$17.95. It is a bold, even foolhardy, novelist who announces in a prologue that her first-person narrator is "a spirit of the dead." News like that invites instant disbelief. Ms. Thomas gets away with the device because she has employed it very cleverly to re-create life in an Ice Age tribe (this is the living narrator) and life among the animals with and on which the tribe lives (this is the spirit

narrator). The author's expertise in both anthropology and animal behavior has produced a highly unusual novel.

PAST TENSE by Jean Cocteau. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, \$19.95. Cocteau's diaries, of which this is the first volume, were true diaries, in that the author slammed down whatever came into his head with no attempt at formal organization. He sometimes developed the material for later use, but the diary text remained spontaneous, and it is this obvious lack of correction, second thoughts, and even, at times, common sense, that makes it attractive reading. He is as unposed as Pepys, although his subject matter is vastly different. Cocteau's interest in art and his passion for his work run throughout the pages. His other interests were eclectic and sometimes surprising. Who would expect, from a leader of aesthetic experimentation, a wild enthusiasm for the novels of Dumas père?

LOVING LITTLE EGYPT by Thomas McMahon. Viking, \$16.95. The hero of Mr. McMahon's novel is a penniless youth from Cape Breton Island, which is too small to hold him. Mourly Vold, randomly schooled and unable to see beyond the end of his nose, is nevertheless a prodigy—a natural wizard with telephone equipment. His preposterous talent leads him into collision with Alexander Graham Bell, Thomas Edison, and the telephone company—to name only a few of the real persons and institutions that Mr. McMahon has gleefully misrepresented in this antic, picaresque comedy.

STORIES by Sergio Ramirez. Readers International, \$14.95. Mr. Ramirez is Vice President of Nicaragua, hardly the usual occupation for a fiction writer. He is, however, a notably able writer of fiction, transforming into ironic, tragic, or wryly comic tales the social preoccupations of a small country afflicted with large neighbors whose unpredictable and incomprehensible activities inspire both envy and alarm.

MANET by Kathleen Adler. Salem House/Phaidon, \$50.00. Ms. Adler's intelligent examination of the ideas and intentions underlying Édouard Manet's still somewhat enigmatic paintings is reinforced by a generous supply of well-chosen illustrations.

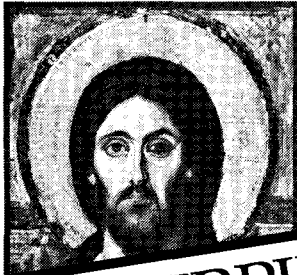
—Phoebe-Lou Adams

NOW IN PAPERBACK

JAROSLAV PELIKAN

JESUS THROUGH THE CENTURIES

His Place in the History of Culture



"MASTERPIECE" —Christian Science Monitor

One of the most popular and significant works of cultural history in years is at last available in paperback. Jaroslav Pelikan's compelling study illuminates the changing image of Jesus in Western civilization

within cultural, political, social, and economic realms.

"An enlightening and often dramatic story...as stimulating as it is informative." —John Gross, *The New York Times*

\$8.95

PERENNIAL LIBRARY
HARPER & ROW PUBLISHERS

Answers to the February Puzzles

"THE NAME OF THE GAME"

Rows. a. MARRIAGE (game 1 anag.); M-A-G-I b. OCEANS (anag.); JAR-GON(c) c. CUB-A; F. LANDERS d. SCALLOP e. METCHAINOL f. AMERICAN g. CASIAN-OVA h. STEWIPOT (wet rev.) i. MAR(ZIP)-AN; LYRA (hidden) j. A-L-COVE; CLIM(b)-A-X k. NASH (homophone); A-PRESS-KI(t) Columns. l. (ham)MOCK; WATCH-MAN (match anag.) m. ACUMEN; CA-BAL-A (a lab rev.) n. RE-BUTTER; ARCS (homophone) o. SHERPAS (hidden) p. I-NACTIVE q. GALL WASIP r. CANO(ODLE) (old anag.) s. PATIENT t. A-GEE; ACRONY-MS u. GORGON (rev.); DVO(RAK) (anag. + r) v. IN-SOLENT; FAX-I

M	A	R	R	I	A	G	E	C	M	A	G	I
O	C	E	A	N	S	A	J	A	R	G	O	N
C	U	B	A	A	F	L	A	N	D	E	R	S
K	M	U	S	C	A	L	L	O	P	E	G	O
M	E	T	H	F	U	P	V	O	A	N	O	L
W	N	T	E	W	L	R	G	J	T	A	N	E
A	M	E	R	A	X	N	C	T	I	C	A	N
T	C	R	P	M	I	Z	S	K	E	R	D	T
C	A	S	A	B	D	E	Y	H	N	O	V	A
H	B	A	S	T	E	W	P	O	T	N	O	T
M	A	R	Z	I	P	A	N	D	L	Y	R	A
A	L	C	O	V	E	S	C	L	I	M	A	X
N	A	S	H	E	A	P	R	E	S	S	K	I

ACROSTIC NO. 19

"On the occasion of a well-publicized theater fire in the Basque country of Spain (in which a number of patrons were crushed . . . trying to escape through the building's one door), F.P.A. philosophized, 'Don't put all your Basques in one exit.'"

—Robert (E.) Drennen, (*The*) *Algonquin Wits*

ACROSTIC No. 20

BY DOROTHY OSBORNE

The letters of clue answers, when put in the appropriately numbered squares, will spell out a quotation. The first letters of clue answers spell the author and source of the quotation.

1	W	2	J	3	U		4	G	5	B	6	K	7	U	8	O	9	P	10	C		11	I	12	N	13	W	14	K	15	V		16	G	17	P	18	D	19	O	20	R	21	C			
22	T			23	I	24	R	25	E	26	Q	27	H	28	O	29	B	30	A		31	T	32	U	33	D		34	Q	35	I	36	V	37	K	38	X	39	E	40	T		41	D			
42	L	43	K	44	B	45	J	46	U	47	R	48	M	49	P			50	F	51	A	52	M			53	H	54	W	55	S	56	A	57	X	58	V	59	C	60	P	61	F	62	V	63	E
		64	K	65	S	66	R	67	L	68	Q	69	N			70	D	71	E	72	C			73	N	74	M	75	L	76	I		77	W	78	E	79	Q			80	U	81	B	82	V	
83	D	84	E	85	J			86	X	87	P	88	F	89	K	90	Q			91	R	92	B	93	K	94	D	95	E	96	X	97	J			98	M	99	K	100	N	101	T	102	X	103	B
104	P			105	D	106	M	107	V	108	C			109	N	110	F	111	U	112	W	113	M	114	D	115	S			116	J	117	T	118	A	119	O			120	D	121	V	122	I	123	L
124	M	125	U	126	C	127	G	128	P	129	B			130	X	131	A	132	O	133	L	134	T	135	F	136	N			137	P	138	S	139	V	140	C	141	I	142	K			143	F	144	X
145	W			146	C	147	M	148	H	149	W	150	N			151	B	152	W	153	G	154	A	155	U			156	I	157	X	158	Q	159	A	160	P			161	L	162	I	163	T	164	N
165	U	166	H	167	S	168	J			169	Q	170	O	171	I	172	U			173	G	174	M	175	J			176	C	177	W	178	G	179	E	180	F			181	A			182	K	183	M
184	E	185	C	186	H	187	V	188	J	189	O	190	X			191	V	192	S	193	H	194	L	195	R	196	B	197	F			198	X	199	K	200	I	201	G	202	C	203	S	204	T		

The solution to Acrostic No. 19 appears on page 95.

- | | | | |
|---|--|---|-------------------------------------|
| A. Cephalopod mollusk | 51 181 131 118 56 159 154 30 | M. Sophocles drama (2 wds.) | 124 106 52 174 98 183 48 113 74 147 |
| B. Disaster film of 1978 | 44 5 81 129 151 29 196 92 103 | N. Davy Crockett's rifle (2 wds.) | 12 164 136 73 100 150 109 69 |
| C. Holder of a steady job (hyph.) | 72 126 21 10 176 140 108 202 185
146 59 | O. Divinity of the <i>Bhagavad-Gita</i> | 19 170 28 132 119 189 8 |
| D. Musty; neglected | 70 18 83 94 33 105 41 114 120 | P. Whimsical American poet (2 wds.) | 17 9 104 160 60 137 128 49 87 |
| E. Site of Eastern Michigan University | 63 25 39 95 84 71 78 179 184 | Q. Played defensively in baseball | 169 158 90 26 79 34 68 |
| F. Mexican folk musician | 110 197 135 88 50 143 180 61 | R. Cooler | 20 91 47 66 195 24 |
| G. Gave prompting to; taught | 16 153 4 127 173 178 201 | S. "Sorry, that's out of the question" (3 wds.) | 203 65 55 192 167 115 138 |
| H. Wickiup-dwelling tribe | 193 27 166 148 53 186 | T. Nonverbal comic bit (2 wds.) | 101 117 163 40 31 204 134 22 |
| I. Previously worn (hyph.) | 11 122 162 141 76 23 200 171 156 35 | U. Fail to impress | 165 46 155 3 7 80 32 111 125 172 |
| J. Helicopter, in naval slang (hyph.) | 85 97 168 116 2 188 175 45 | V. Public nuisance of a sort | 15 121 191 62 107 187 139 58 36 |
| K. Pseudonym of Frederic Dannay and Manfred B. Lee (2 wds.) | 14 37 89 6 99 142 182 199 93
43 64 | W. Lively folk dance of southern Italy | 13 77 82 112 145 1 177 152 149 54 |
| L. Emergency exit | 123 75 194 42 67 161 133 | X. Plant creature from DC Comics (2 wds.) | 102 86 144 130 198 57 157 38 96 190 |

ATLANTIC CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED INFORMATION

THE ATLANTIC is represented exclusively by Russell Johns Associates, Ltd. for classified advertising. The classified rates are \$3.60 per word (minimum ad 15 words), and \$325.00 per column inch for classified display (minimum ad one inch). Three-time rates are available on request. Direct inquiries, classified advertising copy and payments to: *The Atlantic*, P.O. Box 1510, Clearwater, FL 33517. Telephone: toll free (800) 237-9851; in Florida (813) 443-7666.

ART

NORTHWEST COAST INDIAN MASKS. Graphics. Eskimo sculpture, Hopi Kachinas, Navajo rugs, Indonesian and New Guinea art. Box 55277, Sherman Oaks, CA 91413. (818) 789-2559.

ORIGINAL KURZ AND ALLISON LITHOGRAPHS. Historical and scenic. Free catalog. American Print Gallery, 43914 Southeast 139th Street, North Bend, WA 98045. (206) 888-3464.

BOOKS

PUBLISH YOUR BOOK! Join our successful authors. Publicity, advertising, beautiful books. All subjects invited. Send for fact-filled booklet and free manuscript report. Carlton Press, 11 West 32 Street, Department YK, New York 10001.

MANUSCRIPTS INVITED. We're seeking fiction, non-fiction, poetry, scholarly, inspirational and juvenile works for immediate publication. Send for free illustrated brochure. Todd & Honeywell, 10 Cuttermill Road, Department 62, Great Neck, NY 11021.

ANNOUNCING THE SECOND COMING OF CHRIST.... "The Marble Game". Vols. 1-4, by Geoffrey W. Brown, Ph.D. Send \$19.95 plus \$2.00 postage and handling to: Foothills Press, P.O. Box 5194, Dept. B, Orange, CA 92623-5194. Money back guarantee.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

IMPORT-EXPORT OPPORTUNITY. Profitable, world-wide mail order business from home without capital. We ship plan for no-risk examination. Experience unnecessary. Free report. Mellinger, Department A1083, Woodland Hills, CA 91367.

PERSONAL COMPUTER OWNERS earn \$5000 monthly offering simple services part time. Free list 100 best services. A.I.M.A.J., P.O. Box 60369, San Diego, CA 92106.

COLLECTIONS/HOBBIES

BEATLES MEMORABILIA WANTED! Dolls, toys, records, etc. Rick Rann, P.O. Box 877-A, Oak Park, IL 60303.

EDUCATION

MONEY FOR COLLEGE! Computerized scholarship matching. Free information. Write: Scholarship Matchmakers, Box 528A, Winnetka, IL 60093.

BRITISH DEGREES — Somerset University offers degree programmes to mature students by distance learning. For a prospectus, send \$8.00 to: Somerset University, Ilminster, Somerset TA19 0BQ, England.

Speak German like a Diplomat!

Comprehensive, self-instructional audio-cassette courses used by U.S. State Dept. Programmed for easy learning; 47 languages in all. Free catalog. Write:

AUDIO-FORUM Dept. 318, 96 Broad St. Guilford, CT 06437

HANDLE YOUR OWN LEGAL AFFAIRS. Be a paralegal. Accredited attorney instruction. Home study. Free catalog. Southern Career Institute, Drawer 37AT-2158, Boca Raton, FL 33427. (305) 368-2522.

BENNINGTON WRITING WORKSHOPS: Fiction and poetry. June 28 - July 25, 1987. Writing Workshops, Department A, Bennington College, Bennington, VT 05201.

COLLEGE BOUND? Complete Collegiate will send list of dorm essentials, sewing kit, color catalog and \$2.00 coupon. Send \$2.00 p/h to: Collegiate, P.O. Box 1543, West Caldwell, NJ 07007-1543.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

AUSTRALIA WANTS YOU! Big pay. Transportation. New employment directory. \$2.00. International, Box 19107-YO, Washington, DC 20036.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

OVERSEAS—ALL OCCUPATIONS! Transportation. "Worldwide Directory" plus complete information. \$3.00. International Opportunities, Box 19749-YO, Indianapolis, IN 46219.

GOVERNMENT JOBS \$16,040-\$59,230/year. Now hiring. Call: (805) 687-6000, extension R-20061, for current federal list.

OVERSEAS EMPLOYMENT. Newsletter listing openings. \$5.00. 1987 Directory of Hiring Agencies, \$7.00. Free catalog. Mr. Information, Box 955-119, Ganges, B.C., Canada V0S 1E0.

TEACH ABROAD: American/international schools openings list. \$7.00. Special opportunities: France, England, Australia, Japan, \$7.00 each. EISC, 662, Newton, MA 02162-0662.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN EMPLOYMENT Newsletter! Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming. Current openings, all occupations. Free information. Intermountain-2C, 3021 North Hancock, Colorado Springs, CO 80907. (303) 630-0700, extension 203.

FILMS

"GRAND CANYON"—Two-hour spectacular helicopter exploration video. Breathtaking music. Critically acclaimed. Details free. Beerger Productions, 3217-A26 Arville, Las Vegas, NV 89102. (702) 876-2328.

FINANCIAL PLANNING

START YOUR FINANCIAL PLAN TODAY! Rush \$4.00 for questionnaire and details to: Planning, P.O.B. 7112, Deerfield, IL 60015.

INTRODUCING: DOLLARWATCH—Personal Financial Organizer. Convenient, comprehensive, easy way to track accounts, investments, taxes, budgeting, etc. Developed by leading accountants. Leather-like ring binder. Refillable. \$19.95 (tax deductible)/\$3.00 (p&h). Datamax, 132 Nassau, New York, 10038.

GIFTS

BONSAI TREES. Supplies. Catalog, \$2.50 (refundable order). Bonsai Creations, 2700 North 29th Avenue, #204-AT, Hollywood, FL 33020. Phone: (305) 962-6960.

STUDENT CARE PACKAGE for college or boarding school students. Quality items for dorm room and desk. \$22 includes shipping direct to student. Satisfaction guaranteed. Information: Campus Kits, 6112 North Mesa, Suite 206G, El Paso, TX 79912.

HEALTH

CONTACT LENS: Replace your soft lens with Bausch and Lomb extended wear and daily wear. \$25 per lens. Tinted (distance vision only) in blue, aqua, green, brown. \$35 per lens. M.D./O.D. consultants. Send eyeglass or contact lens prescription, check, money order, plus \$1.00 postage, or COD to: F&R Contact Lens, Box 188, Dutton, AL 35744.

LOSE 75 POUNDS! Free information. Money-back guarantee. Act now. P.O. Box 16484A, Winston-Salem, NC 27115.

INSTRUCTION

LEARN SPANISH IN THE PERFECT SETTING — Intensive, thorough instruction at Celle Language School in Cuernavaca. For information, write: Felipe Sotelo Trujillo, Director, Libertad No. 321, Col. Atzingo, Cuernavaca, Morelos, Mexico.

LITERARY INTERESTS

BOOK PRINTING. Quality work, low cost. Offset or typeset. Paperbacks or hard covers. Free catalog and price list. Adams Press, 30 West Washington, Department AA, Chicago, IL 60602.

WRITE ON! Lawrence Block's books, tapes, seminars for writers. Details free. WFYL, 3750-C Estero, Fort Myers Beach, FL 33931.

WRITERS' WORKSHOP: Dublin, Ireland, July 12-24, 1987. Intensive workshop sessions, readings, theatre visit. Leading Irish writers. Enquiries: James McAuley, Eastern Washington University, MS 25, Cheney, WA 99004. (509) 359-2829.

MERCHANDISE

YOU CHOOSE GIFTS! Buy three, get another free. Hundreds of genuine items. Catalog, \$1.00. HB & Sons, P.O. Box 9797-A, Anaheim, CA 92802.

COLLECT WORDS and dictionary notes on Mem-O-Mark® bookmarks: 4x9 cards — both sides rules, punched, loose-leaf binding rings. Ten, \$3.00. 5304 Pyrenees, Wichita Falls, TX 76310.

MERCHANDISE

BOW TIES. Handmade, all silk. Exclusive designs. Free catalog. John Fields, Box 406B, Kenwood, CA 95452.

MISCELLANEOUS

MATTRESS CARE made easy! \$2.00. SASE. EMCA, P.O. Box 1402, South Bend, IN 46624.

MUSIC

LEARN MUSIC INSTANTLY! Exciting teach yourself courses. Amaze your friends. Free catalog. Davidsons, 6727ATT Metcalf, Shawnee Mission, KS 66204.

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS

YESTERDAY'S BOOKS LOCATED FOR YOU by professionals. No obligation. Out-of-State Book Service, Box 3253X, San Clemente, CA 92672-1053. (714) 492-2976.

FREE BOOK SEARCH by specialist bookfinder. Send titles. Continental Book Search, Box 1163-B, New York, NY 10009.

OLD BOOKSCOUT LOCATES out-of-print books. Write: Greenmantle, Box 1324A, Culpepper, VA 22701-7324.

DILIGENT FREE SEARCH. Send author, title to: Hawthorne Boulevard Books, 3129 Southeast Hawthorne, Portland, OR 97214. (503) 236-3211.

BOOKSTOCK FINDS BOOKS! Free search. Prompt reply. No obligation. Box 942A, South Orleans, MA 02662.

MODERN FIRST EDITIONS for the book collector. Catalogues issued. Nouveau Rare Books, Box 12471-AT, Jackson, MS 39236.

BOOKS LOCATED WITHOUT OBLIGATION. Coleman Book Locators, 257-A East Market Street, Long Beach, CA 90805.

REAL ESTATE

GOVERNMENT HOMES from \$1.00 (you repair). Delinquent tax property. Repossessions. Call: (805) 687-6000, extension GH-20061 for current repossession list.

RECIPES

MAMA'S HOMEMADE VEGETABLE SOUP. \$2.00. CAG Enterprises, Box 5405, Atlanta, GA 30307.

IT'S DELICIOUS! Granny Grace's Old South Buttermilk Pie recipe. Send \$1.99/SASE Granny Grace, P.O. Box 4, Graysville, TN 37338.

CHEF'S FINEST RECIPE: Chocolate truffle cheesecake. \$3.00. Sweet Surrender, P.O. Box 1965, Englewood, CO 80150.

HIMALAYAN DELIGHTS: Exotic Nepali recipes, \$3.00. Siobhan, 19 Mitchell Avenue, New Brunswick, NJ 08901.

AUTHENTIC RUSSIAN CUISINE. 25 recipe cards. \$6.00. VVS Enterprises, Department A, 918 Lilac, Pittsburgh, PA 15217.

SERVICES

PSYCHOLOGIST/FINANCIER expert—Grants, business plans, funding, expansion, construction, technical. Theodosia Barry, (800) 626-2723.

COPYRIGHTS, TRADEMARKS. Searches/applications. Your Washington connection. Reasonable rates. Box 30535, Bethesda, MD 20814. (301) 229-7777.

TRAVEL

"ROAM THE WORLD by Freighter"—Facts, destinations, recommendations on unusual cruising. \$3.00. TravLips, Box 188A2A, Flushing, NY 11358.

SOUTHWEST SAFARIS: Natural history expeditions explore New Mexico, Colorado, Utah, Arizona. Bushflying, jeeping, rafting, geology, archaeology, photography. Brochure: P.O. Box 945(A), Santa Fe, NM 87504.

YOUR PERSONAL REPRESENTATIVE in Greece for all travel arrangements. Don Moogk, M.D., Ano Vardates, 35100 Lamia, Greece.

IDAHO'S MIDDLE FORK of the Salmon River. Float with us down the most pristine wilderness river in the nation. Beautiful scenery, thrilling rapids, and dutch oven cuisine. Call or write: Middle Fork Wilderness Outfitters, Kurt and Gayle Selisch, 515A Northwest Columbia, Bend, OR 97701. (503) 388-4363.

Continued on next page

history
and in·fo
to go

at your library

American Library Association

VACATION RENTALS

NANTUCKET ISLAND — Vacation in quiet, historic, gas-lit village. Variety of furnished homes. Waterviews, private tennis courts. Fishers Landing Properties, Box 504, Greenville, RI 02828. (401) 949-2491.

KIAWAH ISLAND, SOUTH CAROLINA: Thirty minutes from historic Charleston. Ten miles of oceanfront! Select one to five bedroom accommodations. Pam Harrington Exclusives, (800) 845-6966.

EUROPE BY CAR

ONE ROCKEFELLER PLAZA, NEW YORK, NY 10020

Phone: (212) 581-3040

9000 SUNSET BLVD., LOS ANGELES, CALIF. 90069

Phone: (213) 272-0424

SAVINGS ON CAR RENTAL • PURCHASE

KIAWAH ISLAND, South Carolina. Privately owned one to five bedroom villas, cottages and homes offer exceptional values in luxury vacations. Free catalog! Beachwalker Rentals, (800) 334-6308; or, (803) 768-1777.

CAPE COD, NORTH TRURO. Four-bedroom classic Cape Cod house. Sleeps six. July, August. (201) 995-4911.

VACATION RENTALS

ITALY—TUSCANY: Large, furnished XVI century farmhouse also efficiency apartment. Convenient Florence, Siena, Assisi. Tansey, CP4 Cortona AR/52044, Italy. Telephone: 575/62512

KIAWAH ISLAND RESORT villa rentals: Near historic Charleston. Ten miles of beach and much more! Free color brochure Call Ravenel Associates, toll-free (800) 845-3911, extensor 253.

NEAR BAR HARBOR — Housekeeping cottages. Wooded area \$400 weekly/\$300 weekly off-season. Electricity, franklin fireplace. Brochure. Kenneth Hutchins, Box 393A, Southwest Harbor, ME 04679. (207) 244-3831.

JAMAICA private waterfront beachhouse: Lit tennis court, pool, fine food served by staff. Car meets you at Montego Bay airport. Six-bedroom house also available. (202) 232-4010.

VIRGIN GORDA, BVI. Contemporary, spacious house. Two bedrooms, two baths, spectacular ocean views, short walk—two beaches, restaurant. Carrow, 914 25th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20037. (202) 337-6820.

SEBAGO LAKE AREA of Maine. Secluded, fully-equipped housekeeping cabins sleeping up to 6. Canoeing, tennis, swimming, private beach, hiking, kayaking, included. \$400 and less, per week. June through foliage. Contact: Mac Gillet, 7906 Sherwood Avenue, Ruxton, MD 21204. Telephone: (301) 825-4922 (October-May).

CLASSIFIED ORDER FORM

WORD RATE: \$3.60 per word (minimum ad 15 words).

DISPLAY RATE: \$325.00 per column inch (one inch minimum order).

The Atlantic's new guaranteed paid circulation is now 450,000. Your classified ad will be reaching a greater audience than ever before. All advertisements must be accompanied by check or money order payable to *The Atlantic* and must be received no later than March 10th for the May issue. Send us your ad today, using the form below.

Please insert my ad _____ times, beginning with the _____ issue.

Heading _____

Enclosed is my check for \$ _____.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Tel. No. and Area Code _____

Signature _____

Copy for Classified Advertising _____

DO NOT send classified ads, payments or related correspondence to *The Atlantic's* publishing office in Boston. This causes needless delay. Mail all materials and payments to:

The Atlantic

Classified Department

P.O. Box 1510, Clearwater, Florida 33517

Toll-free 800-237-9851 □ In Florida 813-443-7666

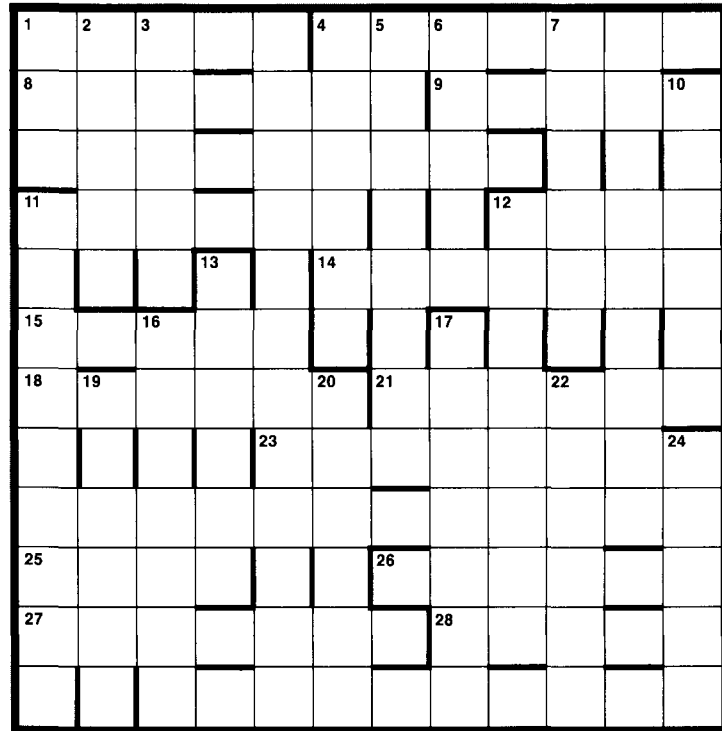
The Atlantic is represented by Russell Johns Associates, Ltd. for classified advertising

THE PUZZLER

BY EMILY COX AND HENRY RATHVON

TALK SHOW

The unclued entries in this month's diagram are exchanges in a venerable dialogue. It is up to solvers to determine the order in which the exchanges occur in the dialogue. Answers to clues include eight proper words.



*The answers to last month's
Puzzler appear on page 95.*

ACROSS

1. Recent arrival left in a state of confusion (5)
4. Central parts of street in ruins (7)
8. Number-one volume in comeback creates sensation (7)
9. Worked in a school with no principal at all (5)
11. Washed-up guy in gang, too outspoken (6)
12. Reflectively sample a site in Italy (4)
14. Boy and Bugs voiced noises (7)
15. One inexperienced league in Austrian region (5)
18. A river rodent going around a high spot (6)
21. French article stocked by high-priced merchant (6)

23. Bad RR was changing RR couplers (8)
25. Far from honorable plan (4)
26. Stick with it, showing social grace (6)
27. Drunken driver's place—turning in (7)
28. Stray name in *Vogue* (5)

DOWN

1. Acoustical unit to represent length (3)
2. Manners requiring piece of meat for chieftains (5)
3. Outside of school, boor put back chewed food (5)
4. Plague makes diggers cross (6)
5. Cold-blooded killer gives an answer to fool lawyer (8)

6. After dinner's conclusion, a Spanish gent has gas (5)
7. Keeping an eye on long GI maneuvers (6)
10. Weep about partly set puzzle (6)
11. Broadcaster covering most of a Washington city cemetery (9)
12. A slow pitch one hit up in an arc (8)
13. Ugly woman raised no spirits (6)
16. Managed to fire rifle (7)
17. City network drops debut of, but picks up finale of, *Today* (7) (*two words*)
19. Bring fresh energy to restructure the ERA (6)
20. Cape Island wine sent north of steamy locales (6)
22. Central American defiled an idol (6)
24. Around lake, search for spruce (5)

Note: The instructions above are for this month's puzzle only. It is assumed that you know how to decipher clues. For a complete introduction to clue-solving, send an addressed, stamped envelope to The Atlantic Puzzler, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass. 02116.

WORD WATCH

BY ANNE H. SOUKHANOV

ear candy *noun*, a light, often short piece of music considered pleasing: "Cuts like the title track . . . are the sure-fire *ear candy* he's grown adept at churning out since his solo career and his Hollywood 'Love Theme' chores . . . caught fire" (*Musician*). "She opened with the obscure but charming Sonata in D Major by Baldassare Galuppi, which functioned mostly as a warmup piece, a bit of *ear candy*" (*The Washington Post*).

BACKGROUND: Coincidence of word choice among pop and classical music critics is rare. An exception is *ear candy*. Unlike *ear music* (improvisational music), which, according to Clarence Major's *Dictionary of Afro-American Slang*, goes back to 1917, *ear candy* seems to be gaining popularity in the 1980s. Other terms used to characterize light music with instant, widespread appeal are *bonbon* (so used by Sir Thomas Beecham), *lollipop*, and *confection*, according to Robert J. Lurtsema, the host of *Morning Pro Musica* on the PBS radio network. He considers Luigi Boccherini's Minuet *ear candy* but Richard Wagner's Prelude to *Die Meistersinger* a very large *lollipop*.

gimme cap *noun*, a cloth cap with a bill, decorated with a product logo or the name of an organization: "He received . . . an armadillo hat, a purple sweatshirt . . . and several *gimme caps*" (UPI).

BACKGROUND: The *gimme cap* derives its name from being used by manufacturers and others as an advertising or public-relations giveaway, according to George H. Haas, the senior editor of *Outdoor Life*. *Gimme* has long been employed as a modifier in expressions such as *gimme game* and *gimme racket*, both of which mean "begging," and in *gimme girl*, which in the Roaring Twenties meant "vamp."

mahosker *noun*, money, especially a paycheck: "'The *mahosker* isn't here. It don't come until later.' 'The what?' 'The

Here are a few of the words being tracked by the editors of The American Heritage Dictionary, published by Houghton Mifflin. A new word that exhibits sustained use over time may eventually make its way into the dictionary.

checks. The company don't bring them here until after two'" (Jimmy Breslin, *Table Money*, Ticknor & Fields, 1986).

BACKGROUND: Jimmy Breslin says that *mahosker* means essentially "anything heavy—power, money, even a badge—or anything conferring power. . . . If a cop goes into a bar and holds up a badge, saying, 'This is the real mahosker,' he might mean 'Here's the power, the badge. Now where's the drink?'" He also suggested a Hebrew or a Yiddish origin for the word. Dr. Joseph Malone, of the Department of Linguistics, Barnard College, who is a well-known authority on New York dialects and a specialist in Gaelic, originally suspected that *mahosker*, with a silent *r* (exhibiting the New Yorker's *r*-dropping pronunciation), "might reflect Irish *mo thosca*, literally 'my business,' with connotations not far from those that the Ital-

ian *cosa nostra*, 'our thing,' has developed." Malone later encountered the word *makhzoke* in *Harkavy's Pocket Dictionary*, a lexicon of New York Yiddish terms, published in 1900. This word means "business; dealings." The similar pronunciations and the not too divergent meanings of the separate Irish and Yiddish words seem to have converged in the English form *mahosker*. Malone says the odds are "around 85 percent that either the Irish or the Yiddish etymology is right on the nose, or at least glancing one nostril" and that the odds for a dual Irish-Yiddish etymology are "better than 15 percent but worse than 85 percent," given the social mingling among the two groups of speakers.

playtza *noun*, a method of body toning and relaxation in which a person is beaten gently with oak leaves and then usually takes a few minutes of steam

followed by a sauna: "After Turkish bath, have any remaining cares driven away by Shiatsu massage, a Swiss needle shower, or the Bulgarian oak *playtza*" (*Business Week*).

BACKGROUND: The background of *playtza* is obscure. The only thing certain about is its pronunciation in English: *plätza*. Although the evidence suggests a Bulgarian connection, several specialists in Bulgarian have said they are unfamiliar with it. One native speaker of that language suggests that *playtza* may be derived from, or otherwise related to, a Bulgarian verb meaning "to slap," whose stem resembles *playtza*. If the Bulgarian connection proves valid, *playtza* will join a very small number of borrowings into English from that language, most of them referring to matters explicitly Bulgarian. These words include *lek* and *stotinka*, which denote coins, and *Sobranje*, the name of Bulgaria's national parliament and of a type of tobacco.

'zine or zine *noun*, a special-interest publication, usually produced by amateurs, for subscribers who are fans of science fiction, skateboarding and so forth: "It's good to see that 'zines in this class—including *K.D.S.*, *Geek Attack*, *Free zine*, *Rag Read*, *Spunk*, *Crank Joke*, and others—don't take their scene or themselves too seriously" (*Thrasher*).

BACKGROUND: The word *'zine* is a clipped form, like *'cuda* from *barracuda*. *Zine* is ultimately derived from the last syllable of *magazine*, a syllable that has come in recent years to be used with other words to yield terms like *fanzine*, *amazine*, *skatezine*, *newszine*, *free zine*, and *prozine*. Of these, a but *prozine* refer to strictly amateur publications produced chiefly with photocopyers and stencils. *Prozine* refers to a publication with special-interest appeal (for example, one devoted to science fiction) to which professional writers (for example Isaac Asimov) contribute pieces.

